



J. W. delin.

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MDCCLXXIII



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LONDON
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MDCCLXXIII

THE
LADIES
Complete Letter-Writer ;

TEACHING

The Art of INDITING LETTERS

On every Subject that can call for their Attention, as

DAUGHTERS,
WIVES,
MOTHERS,



RELATIONS,
FRIENDS, or
ACQUAINTANCE.

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY LADIES,

Not only on the more important RELIGIOUS, MORAL,
and SOCIAL DUTIES, but on Subjects of every
other Kind that usually interest the FAIR SEX :

THE WHOLE FORMING

A Polite and Improving MANUAL,

For their Use, Instruction, and Rational Entertainment.

With many other IMPORTANT ARTICLES.

*What's Female Beauty, but an Air Divine,
Through which the Soul's unsully'd Graces shine ?
That, like a Sun, irradiates all between ;
The Body charms, because the Mind is seen.*

Incert. Auſt.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold by T. LOWNDS in Fleet-Street.
MDCCLXIII.

Company of the



Q. U. E. N.

MADAM

OW that the present Design
of which is to instruct the
Ladies in the art of Rhetorick
and Writing, of which you are so
perfect a Mistress, is a most
engaging and most useful Quality
and more than they are actually
possessed of, and be added to
no Person with such Propriety as
to my Sovereign's whole Pre-eminence
in every Remark Accomplishment
as well as the exalted
Station, fully places Her at the
Head

* See the Letter to the Right of the above, inserted at
the End of Part III. in the Collection in French.

T O T H E
Q U E E N.

MADAM,

A WORK, the peculiar Design of which is to instruct the Ladies in the Art of Epistolary Writing, of which you are so perfect a Mistress *, to add that engaging and most useful Qualification to those they are naturally possessed of, can be addressed to no Person with such Propriety as to my Sovereign; whose Pre-eminence in every Female Accomplishment, as well as Her exalted Station, justly places Her at the
A Head

* See the Letter to the King of *Prussia*, inserted at the End of Part III. in this Collection.

DEDICATION.

Head of the *British* Fair; whose Piety, whose Conjugal and Maternal Excellencies, will for ever render Her an illustrious Example to Her Sex in present and future Times. Accept then, most gracious Queen, these well-meant Endeavours of one whose highest Ambition it is to be of Service to the rising Generation.

That your Majesty may long enjoy all the Blessings of this Life, that your Domestic Happiness may be unmixed with the least Disturbance or Anxiety, is the sincere Wish and Prayer of,

ROYAL MADAM,

Your most dutiful Subject,

And most obedient,

Most humble Servant,



The Editor.

P R E F A C E.

THAT no Book of this Kind has ever been thought of for the Use of the Fair Sex particularly, has often raised my Wonder; Letters calculated for their Use and Instruction, being scattered promiscuously throughout most of the Publications I have seen, and many even of those selected with very little Judgment. To remedy this Defect, I have taken great Pains to gather, from every former Compilation, the very best and most approved Forms of Female Epistolary Writing, rejecting the numerous idle and improper Letters to be found in them all. Most of those I have made choice of, at the same time that they render the Fair Reader Mistress of an elegant Stile, are fraught with such Instructions as cannot fail of having the best Effect upon her Mind; inculcating the Practice of every Moral and Social Duty, and tending to make

her happy, by making her wise and virtuous. Others are replete with Entertainment, and all of them the Production of the most celebrated Authors. To these I have added many Original Letters never before published; and as they are not the Issue of my own Pen, but supplied by the Friendship of Persons of approved Sense and delicate Manners, I may, without any Impropriety, say that they are not inferior to those already spoken of.

Chastity and Purity of Sentiment has been consulted in this Compilation; nothing trifling or absurd is to be found therein. I have not borrowed from the *French* Letter-Writers; the Manners of their Females are such as would fit but ill upon the *English* Ladies, and there is a flimsy Kind of Gaiety in their Epistolary Correspondence, that would be displeasing to the more grave and sensible Turn of Mind of the *British* Fair. I have also carefully avoided inserting Letters written by the Ladies of yore, so plentifully strewed through other Books, as they seem very improper Models of Composition for the present Race of Beauties.

Fashion

P R E F A C E.

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Fashion has introduced the Method of sending Messages on Cards; and therefore I have inserted several Forms thereof, which may be varied as Circumstances require.

In a Word, nothing is omitted that can render this Book a polite, a useful, and entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, of every Age and Station: And that they may have the happy Effects intended, is the sincere Wish of

Their most devoted Servant,

The Editor.

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INTRO.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE little Attention paid to the Instruction of the fair and most amiable Sex, in the Art of Letter-Writing, is too visible to be denied; and, though Nature has bestowed on them a Delicacy and Ease of Expression calculated at once to delight and captivate the Heart, yet when they commit their Thoughts to Paper (saving a very few extraordinary Instances) nothing can appear, in general, more trifling and empty than their Language and Sentiments: Whereas the Epistolary Style and Manner may be as easily acquired, as the Knowledge of any Branch of Domestick Employment or Oeconomy.

We well know, that the softer Sex are blessed with such nice Discernment, and the Almighty has added to their engaging Forms such a Quickness and Readiness of Apprehension, as abundantly facilitate the Task of opening their Minds, and the Cares bestowed upon their Education. So that no more seemed necessary than to lay before them Examples of elegant Letters on every useful as well as entertaining Subject, that, by frequent Perusal and Imitation, they may attain that so desirable Addition to their other Embellishments, the Art of conducting their Epistolary Correspondence with Beauty and Propriety. It is well known that the Ladies abroad, particularly in *France*, value themselves and are greatly extolled for their Skill in writing Letters; and surely the *British* Fair are not inferior to them in Understanding; and when such a Method, as the following Pages exhibit, is planned out for

them, we may expect they will equal, nay exceed the *Lamberts*, *Sevignes*, and the *D'Anois's* of our rival Neighbours, in the Graces of the Pen, as much as they excel in the Charms of their Persons.

If it is too general a Complaint of the fair Ladies, that when their Husbands or Lovers are removed, by Business or the Duties of their Stations, from the immediate Influence of their Attractions, they frequently grow cool, or become inconstant and false; Letters are an Expedient to charm at a Distance, and to secure that Empire over the Mind, in Absence, (by the Conveyance of their fond Wishes, their Languishments, and the Allurements of their Understanding, to the remotest Climes; by *waisting their Sighs from Indus to the Pole*) that their Personal Beauties had acquired over the Heart when present, and to insure the Objects of their Concern from Levity or Forgetfulness.

In the Joys of Friendship, but particularly in the Affairs of Love, how wretched must that Woman be, who cannot give a becoming Dress to her Esteem or her Fondness by Letter! How mortifying to call in the Aid of a third Person, to intrust, perhaps, not only a Stranger, but a treacherous Underminer and Supplanter, with her dearest, choicest Secrets; or, on the other hand, by her unmeaning, ill-spelt, unsentimental Scrawl, to hazard the Loss of that Esteem or Tenderness she would wish should last for ever. In short, we may place the Disadvantages the Want of this Knowledge lays them under, and the manifest Benefits arising from a Skill in this Matter, in as many Lights as we please; it is only employing one's self in the idle Task of proving a self-evident Proposition, which requires it no more than to prove that two and two make four, which no Man in his Senses will deny: I shall therefore, without more Words, endeavour to lay down some general Rules for acquiring an easy Stile and elegant Manner of writing Letters.

The first and most evident Step the Young Lady, or others, should take, should be to attend to the many excellent Letters, on every Subject, presented to them in the following Pages, which are so selected as to come home to every Occasion that can, almost, arise,

in



in the Course of their Lives, as Daughters, Wives, Mothers, Relations, or Friends. By frequently perusing, copying, and imprinting the Language of them on their Memories, they will soon learn to express themselves with Grace and Freedom upon all Manner of Subjects.

At the same Time, Conversation with the polite and intelligent Part of their Sex, but above all the frequent Perusal of the most approved Writings in their native Tongue, as the *Lucubrations* of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Connoisseur*, and *Adventurer*, (Productions which will ever be the Standards of fine Sense and fine Writing amongst us) will aid them most powerfully in their Pursuits, and fashion not only their Manner of Writing, but their Manner of Thinking also; for, if polite Company inspires an Air of Politeness, there can be not the least Doubt that reading the purest and politest Authors, will have a similar Effect upon the Manner of Thinking and Writing. Indeed, if my Advice is taken, my fair Readers should learn first to speak with becoming Correctness and Ease, and in their Epistles express themselves in the same Terms, and with the same Freedom and unconstrained Air, that they would in their common Discourse; avoiding all Affectation of hard Words or Sublimity, and not committing the least Trespass upon Nature and Common Sense; at the same Time using no mean, low, and common Phrases, which should be left to those Walks in Life which we will suppose most of our Readers to be situated much above.

If our fair Readers would write clearly, they must endeavour first to think clearly, to revolve the Matter they are about to write upon in their Minds, and then to clothe their Sentiments in such Language as the Thoughts immediately dictate, observing the Quality of the Person wrote to, as well as their own; for it would be absurd to address a Lover with those Expressions that should be used to a Father, or to write as familiarly to a Lady of Quality, as to your Waiting-Woman.

When the Letter is finished, a careful Revisal of it will be necessary, and if it is thought expedient to erase out

many Expressions and substitute others, better liked, in their Room, it would be better to transcribe the Whole fairly over again, than to expose a Number of Blots and Interlineations to your Correspondent.

I have subjoined some Directions relating to the mechanical Part of Letter-Writing, which may not be improper for Persons very ignorant in this Respect: We are sensible the generality of Ladies are well acquainted with such Things, and multiplying Rules would be impertinent and confusing; when I declare I know no other Method of forming a pure Stile, and writing with Grace and Propriety, than that before given, which, if the natural Capacity is good, cannot fail of producing the desired Effect; but if a Deficiency of Common Sense is laboured under, or Nature has denied that Acuteness to any Reader, which she generally bestows most particularly on the Female Sex, I fear no Instructions, no Plan, though ever so plain and intelligible, will suffice: However, even to such Persons, this little Manual may afford a very useful and rational Entertainment; they may inform their Minds, though they cannot acquire a Facility in Writing, and may be made wise, religious, and virtuous; which will stand them in more Stead than all the other Accomplishments of Life.

1. When you write to your Superiors, never make a Postscript; and (if possible) avoid it in Letters to your Equals; especially complimentary Postscripts to any of the Person's Family or Relations, to whom you write; as it shews Disrespect in your neglecting such Persons in the Body of your Letter: Wherefore it is best to keep up to Form, if you write to the Ancient, the Grave, or the Proud; such Persons being most commonly jealous of Disrespect, and expect to be treated with Deference.

2. When you write to your Inferiors, you are at liberty to act as you think proper as to the last Caution; and take care, that you are not too familiar, or free in your Stile, lest it should make you contemptible.

3. If your Letter consists of several Paragraphs, begin every fresh, or new one, at the same Distance from the Left-hand Margin of the Paper, as when you began

gan the Subject of your Letter ; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper Stops ; otherwise no Person will be able to come at the *Sense* or *Meaning* of your Letter ; which Neglect very often causes *Mistakes* and *Misunderstandings* : And be careful to put a Period or Full Stop at the End of every Paragraph, thus :—

4. When the Subject of your Letter is finished, conclude it with the same Address as at first, as, *Sirs*; *Madam* ; or, *May it please your Grace, Lordship, Ladyship, &c. &c.* and always subscribe your Name in a larger Hand than the Body Part of your Letter.

5. Letters should be wrote on *Quarto* fine gilt Ppst. to Superiors ; if to your Equals, or Inferiors, you are at your own Option to use what Sort or Size you please : But take care never to seal your Letter with a Wafer, unless to the *latter*.

6. When your Letter is sealed, you must write the Superscription (if it be to your Superior, or Equal) in the following Manner, *viz.* Write the Word *To*, by itself, as nigh the Left-hand upper Angle, or Corner of your Letter, as is convenient : Then begin the Title, or Name of the Person, about an Inch lower, and almost in the Middle or Center of it, according to the Length of the Person's Name or Title ; and write the Place of his Abode in a Line by itself at the Bottom, in a larger Character than the other Part, thus :

<p>To</p> <p>The Right Hon.</p> <p>The Earl of Warwick,</p> <p>at</p> <p>Warwick Castle.</p>
--

RULES for addressing PERSONS of DISTINCTION either in Writing or Discourse.

To the ROYAL FAMILY.

TO the King's Most Excellent Majesty, *Sire*, or,
May it please your Majesty.

To his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, *Sir*, or,
May it please your Royal Highness.

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family, altering the Addresses according to the different Ranks and Degrees of Dignity.

To the NOBILITY.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it please your Grace*, or, *your Grace.*

To the Most Noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis*, *your Lordship.*

To the Right Hon. A. Earl of B. *My Lord*, *your Lordship.*

To the Right Hon. C. Lord Viscount D. *My Lord*, *your Lordship.*

To the Right Hon. E. Lord F. *My Lord*, *your Lordship.*

The *Ladies* are addressed according to the Rank of their *Husbands.*

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by Courtesy of England, the Title of *Lord*, and *Right Honourable*: And the Title of *Lady* is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stiled *Honourable*, and all their Daughters *Honourable.*

The Title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoner, excepting those who are Members of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council, and the three Lord-Mayors of *London*, *York*, and *Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

To the PARLIAMENT.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, *My Lords*, or, *May it please your Lordships*.

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses in Parliament assembled, *Gentlemen*, or, *May it please your Honours*.

To the Right Honourable A. O. Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, *Sir*.

To the CLERGY.

To the Most Reverend Father in God W. Ld. Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord*, or, *your Grace*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God W. Lord Bishop of S. *My Lord*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God T. Ld. Bishop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord*.

To the Reverend A. B. D. D. Dean of C. or Archdeacon or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Reverend Doctor, Mr. Dean, Reverend Sir*, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of other inferior Denominations, are stiled *Reverend*.

To the OFFICERS of his MAJESTY'S Household.

They are for most part addressed according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeably to the Nature of their Office; as, *My Lord Steward, my Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain*, &c. and in all Supercriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's Employments, their Stile of Office should never be omitted; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

To the COMMISSIONERS and OFFICERS of the CIVIL LIST.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain; Earl Marshal of England, one of his Majesty's

Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or of the Treasury, or of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lords, your Lordships.*

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp-Office, Salt-Duty, Navy, &c. must be stiled *Honourable*; and if any of them are Privy Counsellors, 'tis usual to stile them collectively, *Right Honourable, Sir, your Honour.*

To the SOLDIERS and NAVY.

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Esq; Lieutenant-General, Major General, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-Guards, Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

All Colonels are stiled *Honourable*; all inferior Officers should have the Name of their Employment set first; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain T. H. &c.

In the Navy all Admirals are stiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers according to their Rank in the Army.

To the AMBASSADORS, SECRETARIES, and CONSULS.

All Ambassadors have the Title of *Excellency* added to their Qualities; as have also all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Justices of Ireland.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his *Britannic Majesty's* Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the *Ottoman Porte*, *Sir, your Excellency.*

To his Excellency E. F. Esq; Ambassador to his Most Christian Majesty, *Sir, your Excellency.*

To his Excellency the Baron d'A. his *Prussian Majesty's* Resident at the Court of Great-Britain, *Sir, your Excellency.*

To Seignior W. G. Secretary from the Republic of Venice, *Sir*.

To G. H. Esq; his *Britannic Majesty's* Consul at Smyrna, *Sir*.

To the JUDGES and LAWYERS.

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are stiled *Right Honourable*; as for Instance,

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain; *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Honourable P. V. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, your Honour*.

To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Justice of the King's-Bench, or of the Common-Pleas, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron, *Sir, or, may it please you, Sir*.

To the Right Honourable A. D. Esq; one of the Justices, or to Judge T. *Sir, or, may it please you, Sir*.

To Sir R. H. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General, *Sir*.

All others in the Law, according to the Offices and Rank they bear, every Barrister having the Title of *Esquire* given him.

To the LIEUTENANCY and MAGISTRACY.

To the Right Honourable G. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant and *Custos-Rotulorum* of the County of Durham, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Honourable D. C. Knt. Lord Mayor of the City of London, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace have the Title of *Esq;* and *Worshipful*; as have all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of London are stiled *Right Worshipful*; as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To P. S. Esq; High Sheriff of the County of Y. *Sir, your Worship*.

To the Right Worshipful F. F. Esq; Alderman of Tower Ward, London, *Sir, your Worship*.

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of London, *Sir, your Worship.*

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. which consist of Magistrates, or have any such among them, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, or *Worshipful*, as their Titles allow.

To the GOVERNORS under the CROWN.

To his Excellency G. Lord S. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *My Lord, your Excellency.*

To the Right Honourable C. Earl of D. Governor of Dover Castle, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are called Lieutenant Governors.

Those appointed by Proprietors, as the *East-India Company*, &c. are stiled Deputy Governors.

To INCORPORATE BODIES.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable; as, To the Honourable Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants trading to the *East-Indies*, *Your Honours.*

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the *South-Sea Company*, *Your Honours.*

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England, *Your Honours.*

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Mercers.

'Tis usual to call a Baronet and a Knight *Honourable*, and their Wives *Ladies*.

To the Honourable C. D. Baronet, at E. near F. *Sir, your Honour.*

To the Honourable W. H. Knight, at G. Surry, *Sir, your Honour.*

To T. Y. Esq; at Wickham, or to Mr. Y. ditto, *Sir.*

To MEN of TRADE and PROFESSIONS.

To Doctor M. R. in Bloomsbury-Square, London, *Sir, or Doctor.*

To Mr. G. D. Merchant, in Tower-Street, London, *Sir,* But

But the Method of addressing Men of Trade and Business is so common, and so well known, that it does not require any further Examples.

Proper DIRECTIONS for addressing Persons of every Rank or Denomination, at the Beginnings of Letters, and the Supercriptions.

Beginnings of Letters.

TO the KING. *Sire*; or, *Sir*; or, *Most Gracious Sovereign*; or, *May it please your MAJESTY*.

To the QUEEN. *Madam*; or, *Most*, &c.

To the PRINCE of WALES. *Sir*; or, *May it please your Royal Highness*.

To the PRINCESS of WALES. *Madam*; or, *May it please your Royal Highness*.

To the PRINCESS Dowager. Ditto.

Note, All *Sovereigns* Sons and Daughters, and Brothers and Sisters, are intitled to *Royal Highness*.

And to the rest of the Family. *Highness*.

To a DUKE. *May it please your GRACE*.

To a DUTCHESS. Ditto.

To a MARQUIS,

EARL, VISCOUNT, LORD.

} *My Lord*; or, *May it please your Lordship*.

To a Marchioness; an Earl's

Wife, Viscountess; or a

Lord's Wife.

} *May it please your Ladyship*.

To the Archbishops. *May it please your Grace*; or, *My Lord*.

To the rest of the Bishops. *My Lord*; or, *May it please your Lordship*.

To the rest of the Clergy. *Reverend Sir*.

Note, All younger Sons of a *Marquis*, *Earl*, *Viscount*, and *Lords* Sons, are stiled *Honourable*, and are *Esquires*.

To either of these. *Sir*; *Honoured Sir*; or, *May it please your Honour*.

Also the Title of *Lady* is given to the Daughters of *Marquisses*, &c. *Madam*; or, *May it please your Ladyship*.

To

To a Member of Parliament. *May it please your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London.

My Lord; or, May it please your Lordship.

Note, That Generals, Admirals, and Colonels, and all Field Officers, are Honourable.

All other Officers, either in the Army or Navy, have only the Title of the Commission they bear, set first on the Superscription of their Letters; and at the Beginning, *Sir; or, Honoured Sir; or, May it please your Honour.*

An Ambassador. *May it please your Excellency; or, Sir.*

All Privy Counsellors are Right Honourable; and all

Judges that are not Privy Counsellors, Honourable.

Baronets are Honourable.

Justices of the Peace, and Mayors, are stiled Right Worshipful.

Likewise Sheriffs of Counties, &c.

All Governors under his Majesty are stiled Excellency.

Superscriptions of Letters.

To his Most Sacred MAJESTY; or, To the KING's Most Excellent MAJESTY.

To her Most Sacred MAJESTY; or, To the Queen's Most Excellent MAJESTY.

To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To her Royal Highness the Princess, &c.

To her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Sisters.

To his, or her Royal Highness.

To the rest of the Royal Family. *Highness.*

To his Grace the Duke of K ——— n.

To her Grace the Duchess of N ——— k.

To a Marquis,
Earl, Viscount, Lord.

To the Right Honourable
the Marquis of; Earl
of; *Ld. Viscount* F — h,
the *Ld. H — w.*

To a Marchioness. To the Right Honourable the Marchioness of, &c. An Earl or Viscount's Wife. To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess of, &c. To a Lord's Wife. To the Right Honourable the Lady, &c.

To

To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Lord, *To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann F——h.*
 Note, The Wives of Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, and Brigadier Generals, are *Honourable*.
 Also, The Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals, Ambassadors, &c. *To the Honourable Mrs. ———*
 To an Archbishop. *To his Grace the Bishop of Canterbury.*
 To other Bishops. *To the Right Reverend Father in God John Lord Bishop of, &c.*

[*It may not be improper, in a Manual for the Ladies, to point out the Precedence they obtain by Marriage.*]

The Rank and Order of PRECEDENCE, according to the several Degrees of Honour in *Great-Britain*, as settled by Act of Parliament.

THE Degrees of Honour observed in this Kingdom are pertinently distinguished under two Heads: First the Nobility or Peers under the several Titles of

Dukes	Viscounts
Marquisses	Bishops and
Earls	Barons.

The second Order consists of that of the Garter, (if not also otherwise dignify'd) viz.

Knights Bannerets	Knights Batchelors
Baronets	Esquires
Knights of the Bath	Gentlemen.

As to the Rank or Precedency of the first Order of Men amongst us, viz. *Peers*, they take Place according to their Creation or Date of their Patents, unless of the Blood-Royal; then they precede all others of the same Degree, viz. the *Sons, Grandsons, and Brothers* of King or Queen.

The Great Officers of State do likewise break through this general Rule, and claim Precedency of the other Nobility, viz. Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Archbishop of *York*, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord President, and Lord Privy-Seal.

Another

Another Degree of Precedency is claimed by the Great Officers at Court, *viz.*

Ld. Chamberlain of <i>England</i>	Lord High Admiral
Ld. High Const. of <i>England</i>	Lord Steward
Earl Marshal	Lord Chamberlain of the Household.

These take Place of all others of the same Degree : So a Secretary of State, if he is only a Baron, precedes all other Barons ; or if an Earl, he precedes all other Earls, provided those Earls are not superior Officers of State : After which they follow in their several Orders, *viz.*

Dukes	Justices and Barons of the said Courts
Marquisses	Masters in Chancery
Dukes eldest Sons.	Viscounts younger Sons
Earls	Barons younger Sons
Marquisses eldest Sons	Knights of the Garter, if not otherwise dignify'd
Dukes youngest Sons	Baronets
Viscounts	Knights of the Bath
Earls eldest Sons	Field and Flag Officers
Marquisses younger Sons	Knights Batchelors
Bishops	Colonels
Barons	Serjeants at Law
Viscounts eldest Sons	Doctors
Earls younger Sons	Esquires
Barons eldest Sons	Justices of the Peace
Privy Counsellors	Barristers at Law
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Lieutenant-Colonels
Chief Justice of the K. Bench	Majors
Master of the Rolls	Captains
Chief Justice of the Common Pleas	Gentlemen
Chief Baron of the Exchequer	Citizens
	Yeomen
	Burgesses

All Ladies have Precedency according to the ignity of their Husbands.

All Colonels are Honourable, and by the Law of Arms precede Knights : So do all Field Officers, Masters of the Ordnance, and Quarter-Masters General, &c.

P A R T I.

LETTERS of ADVICE to Young Ladies and others, from Parents, Relations, and Guardians, on the most important Subjects, with ANSWERS to many of them.

L E T T E R I.

*From Lady *** to her Daughter, a Girl twelve Years old, under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country.*

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no Precepts, under my Mother's Care, to instruct you in all Moral and Religious Duties, yet there are some Things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your Mind, so as to make that Figure in the World, I could wish you to do. I am certain you will be kept to your Music, Singing and Dancing, by the best Masters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Housewifery is a most commendable Quality. I would have you indeed neglect none of these Branches of Education; but, my Dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached

to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at least, every Day, to Reading. My Father left a Collection of very excellent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in being ; and as you are tolerably acquainted with the *French* and *Italian*, I would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not so) very much elevates the Ideas, and harmonizes the Soul ; and well-wrote Novels are an Amusement, in which sometimes you may indulge yourself ; but History is what I would chiefly recommend ;—without some Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable Trifler.—I would have you gay, lively and entertaining ; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I must warn you to beware with what Disposition you sit down to read Books of this Nature ; for if you lightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your Curiosity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Research will afford you little Advantage :—You must, therefore, consider what you read ; mark well the Chain of Accidents which bring on any great Catastrophe, and this will shew you that nothing happens by chance, but all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power ;—in distinguishing the true Causes of the Rise and Fall of Empires, and those strange Revolutions that have happened in most Kingdoms of the World, you will admire Divine Justice, and be far from accusing Providence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the Good dethroned, all Rites, both Human and Divine, sacrilegiously trampled upon, a mock Authority established in the Place of a real one, and lawless Usurpation prosper ; because at the same Time you will see that this does not happen till a People, grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppression ; and though innocent Individuals may suffer in the general Calamity, yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a just Sense
of

of their Transgressions, and turn them from their evil Ways.—This the historical Part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless Instances; and this the Calamities which at different Times have befallen every Kingdom and Commonwealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these Cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe Prejudices which will pervert your Judgment, and render you guilty of Injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my Commands, which will always be for your Improvement and Emolument, never be remiss in this Point.

Next to History, I shall be glad to see you have some Smattering in Natural Philosophy. You have already read several little Treatises in that agreeable Science, and you may be furnished with more and better where you are. The same Person that brings you those Necessaries you desired me to send, will also deliver to you Glasses of various Kinds, by the Help of which you may discover plainly the Form of many Insects, which to the naked Eye appear but so many moving Motes. Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents nothing that affords not infinite Matter for a delightful Speculation, and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure. I expect your next will be filled with no Enquiries on new Fashions, nor any Directions to your Millener; nor shall I be better satisfied with an Account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a Piece of fine Work: This may inform you that it is other Kinds of Learning I would have you versed in.—I flatter myself with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you, more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To a Young Lady, cautioning her against keeping company with a Gentleman of a bad Character.

Dear Niece,

THE sincere Love and Affection which I now have for your indulgent Father, and ever had for your virtuous Mother, not long since deceased, together with the tender Regard I have for your future Happiness and Welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by Letter than by Word of Mouth, that the Town rings of your unguarded Conduct, and the too great Freedoms that you take with Mr. *Free-love*. You have been seen with him (if Fame lies not) in the Side-Boxes at both *Theatres*; in *St. James's Park* on Sunday Night, and afterwards at a certain *Tavern*, not a Mile from thence, which is a House (as I have been credibly informed) of no good Repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at *Ranelagh Assembly*, *Vauxhall Gardens*, and what is still more flagrant, at *Cuper's Fire-Works*. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the least prejudiced, or speak out of any private Pique; but let me tell you, your Familiarity with him gives me no small Concern, as his Character is none of the best, and as he has acted in the most ungenerous Manner by two or three very virtuous young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who entertained too favourable an Opinion of his Honour. 'Tis possible, as you have no great Expectancies from your Relations, and he has an Annuity, as 'tis reported, of 200*l.* a Year left him by his Uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his Address an Offer to your Advantage: 'Tis much to be questioned, however, whether his Intentions are sincere; for notwithstanding all the fair Promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whispered, that he's privately engaged to a rich, old, doating Lady not far from *Hackney*. Besides, admitting it to be true, that he is really intitled to the Annuity above-mentioned, yet 'tis too well known that he's deep in Debt; that he lives beyond his Income,

and

and has very little, if any Regard for his Reputation. In short, not to mince the Matter, he's a perfect Libertine, and is ever boasting of Favours from our weak Sex, whose Fondness and Frailty are the constant Topics of his Raillery and Ridicule.

All Things therefore duly considered, let me prevail on you, dear Niece, to avoid his Company as you would a mad Man; for notwithstanding I still think you strictly virtuous, yet your good Name may be irreparably lost by such open Acts of Imprudence. As I have no other Motive, but an unaffected Zeal for your Interest and Welfare, I flatter myself you'll put a favourable Construction on the Liberty here taken by

Your sincere Friend, and affectionate Aunt.

L E T T E R III.

From a Young Lady, in answer to a Letter she had received from her Mamma, advising her to persevere in the Christian Duties she had been instructed in.

Most Honoured Madam,

I AM at a Loss for Words to express the Joy I felt at the Receipt of your Letter; wherein you are pleased to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave my dear Mamma greater Pleasure and Satisfaction, than the Account I have given her of the Conduct I observe in my spiritual Affairs; and, that I may still add to that Comfort, (which shall ever be my Study when an Opportunity offers itself) I presume to continue the Information.

When I have properly discharged my Duty to that Divine Being to whom I am indebted for my Existence, I repair to my Toilette; but not with an Intent to apparel my Body (which I know must sooner or later fall into Corruption) with vain Attire, but with such as is decent and innocent; regarding fine Robes as the Badges of Pride and Vanity; keeping those Enemies, to our Sex in particular, at too great a Distance, ever to dare an Attempt upon my Mind.

When

When public Prayers and Breakfast are over, I apply my Thoughts to the Duties of the School; and divide the Time appointed for them, as equally as possibly I can, between the several Branches of Education I am engaged in, both before and after Dinner.

When School is finished for the Day, I, accompanied by a young Lady who is my Bedfellow, and of a like Disposition, retire to our Room, where we improve ourselves by Lecture. Books of Piety are our most common Choice: These warm our Wills, and enlighten our Understandings: They instruct us in the Cause of our Misconduct, and prescribe to us a Remedy: They neither flatter a dignified Title, nor insult the Peasant that tills the Ground; but, like painted Bustoes, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will; and, in a delightful Manner, cultivate both Virtue and Wisdom.

Having finished our Reading, either of Piety or History, which we prefer next, (especially such as relates to our own Country) and Supper and Prayers are over, I retire alone to my Room, to take an impartial View of the Actions of the Day. If my Conscience doth not accuse me of having committed any Thing criminal, I give glory to God; and with bended Knees, and an humble Heart, return him my unfeigned Thanks for protecting me against those Temptations which the Enemy to Mankind is ready to allure us with: For, I am persuaded, it was not my Strength of Virtue that withstood the Temptations, but his assisting Grace that enabled me to overcome them; and if I am conscious to have done amiss, I sue for Pardon, and lay not my Body to Rest till I have procured Peace to my Soul.

If at any Time I am permitted to pay a Visit (which Liberty your Indulgence has allowed) I take care to time it properly; for there are certain Times when Visits become rather troublesome than friendly: Wherefore I avoid it when much Company is expected, or when I am certain that Family Affairs will not admit of sufficient Leisure to receive them: The former on my own Account; the latter on my Friends: That is,
much

much Company assembled together, serves rather to confuse our Ideas, than to enliven them: Wherefore, when I am so unfortunate as to ill-time a Visit, I withdraw as soon as Civility and Ceremony will permit me; for, in my weak Opinion, Madam, long Conversations grow dull, as few of our Sex are furnished with a sufficient Fund of Materials for long Discourses, unless it be to comment upon the Frailties of the Absent, and turn their Misfortunes into a Subject for our most cruel Diversion.

This, Madam, is a Vice you have often cautioned me against, and I shall be particularly careful to avoid; it being both an unchristian and disingenuous Principle, to feast ourselves at another's Expence.

This is all I have to offer at present; and am, with great Humility,

Most honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

From a Young Lady to her Mamma, requesting a Favour.

Dear Mamma,

THE many Instances you have given me of your Affection, leave me no Room to believe that the Favour I presume to ask will be displeasing: Was I in the least doubtful of it, I hope my dear Mamma has too good an Opinion of my Conduct, to imagine I would ever advance any Thing that might give her the least Dissatisfaction.

The Holidays are nigh at hand, when all of us young Ladies are to pay our several personal Respects and Duties to our Parents, except one; whose Friends (her Parents being dead) reside at too remote a Distance for her to expect their Indulgence in sending for her: Besides, were they to do so, the Expence attending her Journey would be placed to her Account, and deducted out of the small Fortune left her by her Parents.

This

This young Lady's Affability, Sense, and Good Nature, have gained her the Friendship and Esteem of the whole School: Each of us contending to render her Retirement (as I may justly call it) from her native Home and Friends, as comfortable and agreeable as we possibly can.

How happy should I think myself above the rest of our young Ladies, if you will give me Leave to engage her to spend the Holidays with me at home! And I doubt not but her Address and Behaviour will attract your Esteem, among the rest of those she has already acquired.

Your Compliance with this Request will greatly add to the Happiness I already enjoy from the repeated Indulgences and Favours conferred on her who will always persevere to merit the Continuance of them.

I am, with my Duty to Papa,

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER V.

From a Young Lady to her Papa, who embarked for the East-Indies, in the Company's Service, but was detained at Portsmouth by contrary Winds.

Dear Papa,

I Flatter myself you are too well convinced of my steady Adherence to my Duty and Affection, ever to imagine I will omit the least Opportunity that offers, to pay you my most humble Duty.

I beg my dear Papa may not be offended if I say, that it gives me a secret Satisfaction to hear you are still within the Reach of a Post-Letter: And though I cannot have the Pleasure of a paternal Embrace, yet I rejoice in the Expectation of receiving the wished-for Account of your Health's Continuance; which to me, my dear Mamma, and Brother, is the greatest Blessing that Providence can possibly bestow upon us.

Oh!

Oh! Sir, though short to some the Interval of Time since I received your Blessing, ere your Departure from us, to me it seems an Age! And when I reflect how many *such* I am doom'd to bear the Absence of the best of Parents, I am inconsolable! And if it were possible that Nature could subsist on Sleep alone, I could with Pleasure renounce every Amusement whatever, and make the silent Pillow my Retreat.

Oh! may the Divine Being be your Protector against the many Dangers of that boisterous Element you are obliged to traverse! May he direct such gentle and favourable Breezes that may conduct you to your destined Port! May he add to this, a happy and successful Voyage, and, to crown all my Wishes, grant you a speedy and safe Return!

I have nothing worthy Notice to advise you of, but that we are all (God be praised) in the same good Health you left us, and are in great Expectation of the same comfortable Account in your Answer to this, from,

Dear Papa,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER VI.

From a Young Woman just gone to Service, to her Mother at Home.

Dear Mother,

TIS a Fortnight, this very Day, that I have been at Mr. *Johnson's*; and I thank God, I begin to find myself a little easier than I have been: But, indeed, I have suffered a great deal since I parted from you, and all the rest of our Friends. At our first coming hither, I thought every Thing looked so strange about me: And when *John* got upon his Horse, and rode out of the Yard, methought every Thing looked stranger and stranger; so I got up to the Window, and looked after him till he turn'd into the *London Road*, (for you know we live a Quarter of a Mile on the farther

ther Side of it) and then I sat down and cried; and that always gives me some Relief. Many a time have I cried since; but I do my best to dry up my Tears, and to appear as chearful as I can.

Dearest Mother, I return you a thousand Thanks for all the kind Advice you were so good as to give me at parting; and I think it over often and often: But yet, methinks, it would be better if I had it in Writing; that would be what I would value above all Things: But I am afraid to ask for what will give you so much Trouble. So, with my Duty to you and my Father, and kind Love to all Friends, I remain ever

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER. VII.

Her Mother's Answer.

My dear Child,

I AM very sorry that you have suffered so much since we parted: But 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in Time. I have had my Share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you used to say you loved to do in every Thing. You must consider, that we never should have parted with you, had it not been for your Good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the Family will love and esteem you. You will get new Friends there; and I think I can assure you, that you will lose no Love here: For we all talk of you every Evening; and every body speaks of you as fondly, or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best Way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Business of your Place; and be always ready to assist your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Business. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them: And then you will soon have as many Friends about you there, as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill
of

of any body living, for I know you never us'd to do it : But if you hear a bad Story of any body, try to soften it all you can ; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your own Mind as soon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them ; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better. If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions : That's an Exercise which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily, I might have said hourly : And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any thing of your Health in your last ; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you were well, by Mr. Yates's young Man, who said he called upon you in his Way from London, and that you looked as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird. — You know James's Way of Talking. — However, I was glad to hear you was well ; and desire you would not forget to mention your Health yourself in your next Letter. Your Father desires his Blessing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you, my dear Child ! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate Mother.

L E T T E R VIII.

The Daughter to her Mother.

Dear Mother,

THO' we begin to have such cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked, I am grown almost quite easy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindness that is already shewn me in the Family. Betty and I are Bedfellows ; and she, and Robin, and

C

Thomas,

Thomas, are all so kind to me, that I can scarce say which is the kindest. My Master is sixty-five Years of Age next *April*; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy, smiling Look; and is very good to all his Servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the Chambers, or in the Passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's Work go on the more pleasantly. My Mistress is as thin as my Master is plump: Not much short of him in Age; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be; for I have never yet heard my Master say a single Word to any one of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My Master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a great deal of Money while he was in Business, with which he purchased this Estate here, and another in *Sussex*, some Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good House in *London*, as well as this here; but my Master and Mistress both love the Country best, and so they sometimes stay here for a whole Winter, and all the Summer always; of which I am very glad, because I am so much the nearer you: And I have heard so much of the Wickedness of *London*, that I don't at all desire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'tis thought that *Betty* (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way; and, to say the Truth, I am apt to believe, that they are actually promised to one another. Our Coachman, *Thomas*, seems to be a very good, worthy Man; you may see by his Eyes, that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing for any of the Neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his Father has a good Farm of his own in it, and rents another. *Robin*, the Footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I'm sure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as heartily as he does. With such Fellow-Servants, and such a Master, I think it would be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I assure you, I am,
and

and begin to be pretty well in Spirits ; only my Heart will heave a little still every Time I look toward the Road that goes to your House. Heaven bless you all there ! and make me a deserving Daughter of so good a Mother.

M. C.

LETTER IX.

The Mother's Answer and Advice.

Dear Child,

THE next Piece of Advice that I gave you, was, "To think often, how much a Life of Virtue is to be preferr'd to a Life of Pleasure ; and how much better, and more lasting, a good Name is than Beauty."

If we call Things by their right Names, there is nothing that deserves the Name of Pleasure so truly as Virtue : But one must talk as People are used to talk ; and, I think, by a Life of Pleasure, they generally mean a Life of Gaiety.

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with Difficulties in the procuring them, and Fatigue in their very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleasure among the Great, must be a very laborious Life : They spend the greatest Part of the Night in Balls and Assemblies, and fling away the greatest Part of their Days in Sleep : Their Life is too much oppos'd to Nature to be capable of Happiness : 'Tis all a Hurry of Visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendship or Esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either) ; a perpetual Seeking after what they call Diversions ; an Insipidity, and Want of Taste, when they are engaged in them ; and a certain Languishing and Restlessness when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant Endeavour

to cheat themselves out of the little Time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad Constitution, make it worse by their absurd Way of Life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one Thing more ridiculous, than the seeing their wrinkled fallow Faces all set off with Diamonds. Poor mistaken Gentlewomen! they should endeavour to avoid People's Eyes as much as possible, and not to attract them; for they are really a quite deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a standing Lesson against the strange Lives they lead.

People in a lower Life, 'tis true, do not act so ridiculously as those in a higher; but even among them too there's a vast Difference between the People that live well, and the People that live ill; the former are more healthy, in better Spirits, fitter for Business, and more attentive to it; the latter are more negligent, more uneasy, more contemptible, and more diseased.

In Truth, either in high or in low Life, Virtue is only another Name for Happiness, and Debauchery is the High-Road to Misery; and this, to me, appears just as true and evident, as that Moderation is always good for us, and Excess always hurtful.

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty, — to be follow'd and admired, — to have Presents offer'd from all Sides to one, — to be invited to all Diversions, and to be distinguished by the Men from all the rest of the Company? — Yes, my dear Child! All this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Presents, and if this Distinction of you was to last always: But the Mischief of it is, that these Things cannot be enjoyed without increasing your Vanity every Time you enjoy them, and swelling up a Passion in you, that must soon be baulked and disappointed. How long is this Beauty to last? There are but few Faces that can keep it to the other Side of five and twenty; and how would you bear it, after having been used to be thus distinguished and admired for some Time, to sink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted,
by

by the very Persons who used to pay the greatest Adoration to you ?

Do you remember the Gentleman that was with us last Autumn, and his presenting you with that pretty Flower one Day, on his coming out of the Garden ? I don't know whether you understood him or not ; but I could read it in his Looks, that he meant it for a Lesson to you. 'Tis true, the Flower was quite a pretty one ; but though you put it in Water, you know it faded and grew disagreeable in four or five Days ; and had it not been cropped, but suffered to grow on in the Garden, it would have done the same in nine or ten. Now a Year is to a Beauty, what a Day was to that Flower ; and who would value themselves much on the Possession of a Thing which they are sure to lose in so short a Time ?

Nine or ten Years is what one may call the natural Term of Life for Beauty in a young Woman : But by Accidents, or Misbehaviour, it may die long before its Time. The greater Part of what People call Beauty in your Face, for Instance, is owing to that Air of Innocence and Modesty, that is in it ; if once you should suffer yourself to be ruined by any base Man, all that would soon vanish, and Assurance and Ugliness would come in the room of it.

And if other bad Consequences should follow (for other bad ones there are, of more Sorts than one) you would lose your Bloom too, and then all's gone ! But keep your Reputation, as you have hitherto kept it, and that will be a Beauty which shall last to the End of your Days ; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by Time : That will secure you Esteem, when all the present Form of your Face is vanished away, and will be always mellowing into greater and greater Charms. These my Sentiments you'll take as a Blessing, and remember they come from the Heart of a tender and affectionate Mother.

E. C.

LETTER X.

*To a peevish Young Lady. From a Relation.**Dear Cousin,*

I AM sure you are sensible that I am not wanting in Love and Respect to you. I have given you some Proofs of it, and whenever it is proper I shall not be backward to shew you more. I say thus much that you may be prepared to regard what I am going to write to you as you ought; for beside the Affection of a Friend and a Relation, I think I have some Right to give you my Advice, both from my Years, and from the Readiness I have shewn to serve you.

I thought I had settled you as happily as a Woman could wish to be settled, when I had married you to a young Man of Merit and Industry; and had put him in a Way of making use of his Talents to Advantage, by setting him forward in a genteel Manner. Pray understand me rightly; though I esteem him very much, yet all this was done for your Sake, and not for his: It is you that are my Relation, and what I have done was to make you happy. I believe any Woman in the World would be so in the Situation you are in, except yourself; but the Peevishness of your Disposition threatens otherwise. Pray remember how uneasy you made all the Company last Night, and think if there was any thing to give Cause to it. Your Husband acted like a Man of Sense and Good-Nature, to hide as much as he could all that you was so much to blame about, from the Company, and to seem to overlook it at the same Time himself; but you may be sure he feels it, and what he feels he will remember. My dear Cousin, People that are uneasy in themselves, are those who make every body else so. And I am sure you are not only unhappy now, but if you do not govern your Temper in Time, will be much more. Pray take my Word for it, that nothing is so unbecoming as chiding Servants before Company; and nothing could give those who had a Respect either
for

for him or you so much Disquiet, as to see you return the Good-Nature with which he attempted to carry that off, with Sharpness to himself.

My Dear, Husbands are Lords and Masters; and let them be as civil as they will, either out of Love or Policy, they will remember it. You have no Fault that I know in the World but this one, but it grows upon you; and take my Word for it, if you do not resolve to get the better of it in time, you will, before you expect any such Thing, find your Husband possessed of an Aversion to you, and all your Friends ashamed and weary of you. I tell you *truly* that I am as much inclined to overlook your Faults as any body, and yet I would not upon any Consideration spend another Evening so disagreeable as the last. I think you had Reason to respect those who were present, as much as any Company you could ever see; and I protest I did not perceive any thing that should put you out of Temper. If you could not be good-humoured on such an Occasion, I know none that can require it of you. And I think, that unless you take an immediate Resolution against it for the future, there is no Hope of your ever amending of it.

Do not take it ill that I speak so freely to you. You have no Father nor Mother, and I do not know of any body that has so much Right to advise you. People are often ruined by their Follies, as perfectly as by their Vices; and I assure you I think you in the greatest Danger. I need not say any more, for it is enough to point out Errors to Persons of your natural Understanding. You have Sense enough to see what is right; God give you Grace to use it. This is the sincere Prayer of, dear Cousin,

Your affectionate Friend.

LETTER XII.
From the peevish Young Lady. In answer.

Honoured Madam,

I Have read your Letter, over with great Surprise, as well as great Sorrow. I am sure you have given Proofs of your Affection enough to shew your Thoughts are inclined to be favourable: But, good God! is it possible a Person can be so much to blame as you tell me I am, and yet so little sensible of it! However, I will take your Word; and I promise you to take all the Caution that is possible to avoid giving you farther Occasion of Offence, or to endanger any more the Happiness I at present enjoy in my Husband's perfect good Opinion.

I think myself happy in the Favour of my Friends. God forbid I should do any thing to lose their good Opinion; but, Madam, all these are little Considerations in respect of my Gratitude to you; and if any thing in my Life could give you Content, to think that I was wanting in that, I should deem myself the most miserable, and the worst of Women. When I read that you would not be prevailed upon to visit us again, there is but one Consideration which keeps me from being distracted. I know that you will be as rejoiced to see my Amendment, as you was grieved at my Fault; and, as I am sure there is nothing you could bid me do, if it was only for your Pleasure, that I should not for that Reason have the greatest Satisfaction in observing; much more, when you tell me a Fault which sets all my Happiness at stake, shall I observe the Cautions you give me with the greatest Punctuality.

Believe, dear Madam, that you see a true Penitent, although I do not know of the Crime. I beg you will be pleased to call upon us very soon, and that you will tell me whether I have not cured myself of what was so very blameable. I have communicated the Sense of your Letter to my Husband, though I did not dare

to

to read the Words to him. It was not, that I questioned whether I was guilty of what you mention, but I did it as a first Penance for the Fault.

He told me, he had often been uneasy, though he did not know how to mention it to me; but, had you seen the good-natured Manner in which he said this to me, the Readiness that appeared in his Face to forgive me, and the Pain at thinking I should be uneasy to be told of it; you would know that it is impossible for me to offend so much Good-Nature, and that all your Admonitions are unnecessary.

He has as strong a Sense of his Obligation to you as I have: He sees that he owes every thing to you; and every Advantage that accrues from his Industry he places to the Account of his Debt to you. I am sensible that you have given both to him and me the Opportunity of being the happiest People in the World; and God forbid I should be the Occasion of our forfeiting it.

I have written a great deal, because my Heart is very full. Mr. *Spencer* and you are the Persons whom I ought, and whom I wish to please; and what must I think of the Danger of offending both of you! It all means, that my Love to him, and my Duty to you, are either of them sufficient to make me conquer any bad Habit; and that both will make the Amendment as immediate as it will be certain. I humbly beg you will excuse my Faults that are past, and believe that they never shall offend you again; but that you will, in this and in all Things, find a perfect Obedience in, Madam,

Your most grateful,

And most dutiful, &c.

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LETTER XII.

From an Aunt in the Country to her Niece, on hearing of her Imprudence.

Dear Niece,

WHEN I put you to Mrs. *Marshall*, I thought I did that for you, which both you and your Friends would thank me for as long as you lived; but it is not always that Things happen according to *their* Designs who mean ever so well. Notwithstanding I live so far off, I hear of your Behaviour, and I am afraid you are turning all that I meant for your Good to your Destruction. Mr. *Norton* is just come from *London*, and he says he was several Times at the Shop, but never found you there; but, on the contrary, that he never was at any Place of Idleness and Pleasure but he met with you. When he was at *Greenwich-Park*, *Betty* was rolling down the Hill with a Sweetheart at each Side, and one before her: When he was at the Place where the Man dances upon the Wire, there was *Betty* eating Shrimps with a young Man with a Silver Tassel to his Hat: When he was at *Chelsea* Masquerade, there was *Betty* among the People at the Road-side seeing them go; and he says, he is told that your young Sparks that take so much Notice of you, pay People for going on your Business, and so get you to these Places.

You might think I should write to Mrs. *Marshall* about this; but I chuse first to tell you of it; and if you have any Regard for yourself, or any Love for me, you will take care to mend. Dear *Betty*, I am under great Concern: One or other of these young Men may be your Ruin; and if not, they take you off from your Business, and you will never be Mistress of it. As to any Hope of mending your Condition by Marriage, I would not have you think of it, at least not in this Way. If I hear rightly about your Companions, they are young Men of no Expectations,

pectations; and would only make you and themselves miserable by such an Alliance.

Indeed, Child, no Gentleman will ever be for marrying a Person in your Station; so do not think of it; and if you ever better yourself by Matrimony, it must not be by your Face, but your Behaviour. You may get the Liking of some Person in Trade, by minding your own Affairs, and being discreet; and more than this you must not think of. My Dear, I have written all this to you, to advise you which Way to pursue your own Good. You will find it best, and I hope you will observe it, and so God will bless you; and you shall have all that you can reasonably desire from

Your affectionate, but afflicted Aunt.

LETTER XIII.

The Niece's Answer.

Honoured Madam,

I Have read over the Letter you wrote to me a great many Times, and I am convinced that I deserve a more severe Reprimand. But, Madam, this shall have the same Effect as if you had written ever so harshly, or had told my Mistress of my Faults; for you that are so far off know them better than she does. Madam, I own every thing Mr. Norton says is true: But indeed no Person whatsoever has offered me any Injury. It was a youthful Folly: Indeed, Madam, you shall never hear any more of my doing wrong in this Manner; for it is not only my Duty to obey you, but I find you are in the Right in all you tell me; and if a Stranger had advised me the same, I would have followed the Counsel. You shall never hear after this Day but that I follow my Business as I should do; and if any Person offers to me that seems fit to better my Condition, I shall tell him before I make any

Answer,

Answer, I must ask your Approbation, and by that I will be guided in every thing. I am very sensible of my Folly, and am,

Honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful and thankful Niece,

LETTER XIV.

From a young Woman of Family, who had left her Relations; to her Mother.

Honoured Madam,

I Am sensible that it has been great Uneasiness to you not to have heard of me in the Time I have been absent; and indeed it has been as great a Concern to me that I could not write to you, knowing what must be your Fears and your Grief about me. I thank Providence I can now write so as to give you Comfort: And I was determined, that whatever I suffered, or whatever I even supposed you felt for me, I would not write any thing till it was in my Power to do so. I have a strange Story to tell you, but I shall be brief in the relating it.

You cannot have been insensible, Madam, of Sir George's Civilities to me. Indeed I have often thought that they made you secretly uneasy, although you could not conveniently speak of it. To me they have been a continual Torment; and had there been no Danger of my Reputation, I would have fled to avoid the Persecution. I have not, Madam, been bred under your Instructions to so bad a Purpose, as not to fear Dishonour more than Death. I therefore was not in Danger with respect to Virtue; but, Madam, to one who is truly virtuous, it is a Pain beyond bearing to be solicited. I knew your Dependence upon this bad Man, and therefore I never complained to you, since I would not give you Uneasiness where you could have no Remedy; but long before I left you I had determined to escape from him.

The Evening that you was with his Lady, and only the Maid at home with me, he made Excuses to send her

her out of the Way, and was insolent to a Degree that I tremble now to think of: I pretended an Apology for a Minute, and I went out, determined never to return again. This, Madam, is the true Story of my leaving you. Be pleased to consider that I could not run into the Way of Dangers so great as that I left behind. The Waggon was to go out the next Morning; and I went with it for *London*. It is now eleven Days that I have been here. The little Money I had has more than served me for the Time, and I am now — I almost dread to tell you; yet what should it signify for me to depend solely upon you, an Expence and a Burthen while you live, and destitute afterwards, should it please God for me to out-live you—I am, at this Time, in the Service of the Lady *Sherwin*, the best Woman in the World; and I am as happy as if I were one of her Children.

You know very well, Madam, that the Ladies now keep nothing above a Chambermaid: The Place of Companions and Waiting-Women is quite unknown: I do not therefore pretend to set my Condition at all better than it is; but indeed, Madam, it is a very happy one. I have great Content, and very little Trouble. My Lady is very kind, and I have the Respect of other Persons. There are two Things disagreeable, the Name of a Servant, and the sitting down to eat with Servants. But, for the first, it is a false Pride, that teaches those who have not wherewithal to support a higher Title, to blush at it; and as for the other, all the Time I spend among them is just while dining, for my Lady is better pleased to have me near her, than below Stairs amongst the others.

I do not put on this Appearance of Satisfaction, Madam, to deceive you. I feel justly what I express: To be sure there is something cutting to one born your Daughter, and bred to Plenty, and Affluence, and Respect, to sink into a Servant; but this is all, and the Pain that it gives, so truly is my Spirit humbled to my Condition, is nothing to the Satisfaction that attends it. The being freed from the Importunities of a Man whom I hated, but dared not offend;
the

the being sensible that I am no longer burthensome to you, whose Income is full little enough for yourself; and the Peace of Mind I enjoy, are all together a Purchase very worthy this Price, though it be a great one.

I shall tell you, Madam, how I met with this good Fortune. Although I did not come so entire a Stranger to *London*, as some unhappy Persons do, yet it was the same Thing to me, for I could apply to none that I knew on such an Occasion. I had been told of the Difficulty of getting good Places; and I had been warned of the Danger of falling into bad Hands. I went to an Office of Registering, and I desired to see the Master of it. I to'd him all that happened to me: I informed him of what Family I was, and what had made me leave my Relations. He spoke to me with great Friendship and Respect: He promised me a Place fit for so virtuous and well-born a Person, and he has kept his Word; for it was he that recommended me to this. I have told you all, Madam; you'll forgive me, and not be offended at the Step I have taken, since there wants nothing but your *Forgiveness* to make me *easy*, and nothing but your *Approbation* to make me the *happiest Person* in the World.

I am, honoured Madam,

Your obedient Daughter.

LETTER XV.

The Mother's Answer.

Dear Daughter,

YOUR Letter has been the greatest Comfort to me. I knew not what to guess was become of you, and indeed I feared the worst. I taxed Sir George with knowing of your leaving me, but I found he knew nothing of it; and he seemed so concerned at it, that I was terrified with the Thought that you had resented something from him by laying violent Hands upon yourself. God be praised it's no worse than it is. I do not pretend to be quite easy under the

the Thought of your present Situation. I little believed once that any Child of mine would come to wait upon another : And your Father would not rest in his Grave to think his own Want of Care had been the Occasion of it. But it is in vain to talk of that. You write so reasonably, that I cannot contradict any thing you say. God, that has given you Understanding to distinguish so properly, give you Strength to continue to bear what may be disagreeable in your new Station. I will not ask you to leave it, although it grieves me to think you should descend to it. However, my dearest Child, nothing is shameful that is honest. Comfort yourself with that Thought : It shall be my greatest Comfort too. I shall pray that you may not repent of what you have done ; and I desire you often to write to me. My Dear, farewell ; it will ease Sir George's Mind, tho' he scarce deserves it, to tell him that you are safe ; but he shall never know where. My dear Child, farewell.

Your affectionate Mother.

L E T T E R XVI.

To a Young Lady on her first going to London, containing proper Advice on that Occasion.

My dear Sally,

AS your Brother informs me you are going to *London*, a Place replete with every Kind of Vice, you must give me leave to offer you some Instructions with regard to your Conduct there ; for there, my Dear, you may expect many Sollicitations will be made, and Snares artfully laid, to rob you of your Innocence and your Virtue.

As we have so many more Male than Female Writers, it is no Wonder that the Vices and Foibles of Women are most maliciously satirized, and placed in an unfavourable Light, while little Notice is taken of the villainous Behaviour of our Masters the Men ; these Lords of the Creation, who trample Innocence and

and Justice under Foot, and rejoice in the Power that is given them.

In their Transactions with each other, they are obliged to keep up an Appearance of Probity, while, with regard to us, every Stratagem, every Deceit is put in practice, to corrupt the Innocent and betray the Unwary. But why it should be less a Crime to deceive an innocent, unexperienced Girl, whose Age and Situation render it impossible she should know the World, than it would be to direct a blind Man to the Extremity of a Precipice, I am at a Loss to imagine; yet Custom, that Tyrant Custom, has taught us this and many more Absurdities.

As Example, however, is more prevalent than Precept, I shall illustrate what I have said by the following Story, which upon Enquiry you will find true, and which I hope will have a proper Effect on your Mind, and in some measure influence your future Conduct.

Mrs. Jenny **** having lately lost her Father, that she might not be a Burthen to her Mother, who had for her own Support but a small Annuity, determined to apply to a Relation in *London*, for her Assistance in getting her a genteel Service. In order to this, she took a Place in a Stage-Coach; the other Passengers were an elderly Gentlewoman and her Son, a Lad of about Fifteen, and three Gentlemen. The early Hour of setting out, and their being entire Strangers to each other, kept them almost silent for the first ten Miles: By this time the young Spark grew exceeding sick, and the indulgent Mother insisted on being set down at the first Town they came to, saying, her Child's Health was dearer to her than all the *Londons in the World*. They were now near the Town where the Coach usually puts up that the Company might breakfast. They no sooner arrived, than the young Man and his Mother retired to a Chamber, leaving our Country-Woman to pursue her Journey without any of her own Sex to accompany her. The first Day was past without any more than the common Civility of bearing her Expences, which were equally divided between the three Men; only now and then a Smile of Approbation, accompanied with a Sigh, seemed as it were to escape

escape from the genteelest and best-dress'd of them, whenever she by chance cast her Eyes on his. At Supper he shewed the utmost Affinity to please her, insisted on her being lodged in the best Room in the House, and, in short, spared neither Pains nor Expence to render himself agreeable. Thus they went on for the first three Days; but, on the fourth, which was to be the last of their being together, he appeared discontented and uneasy. At Noon, he intreated her to permit him to walk with her, in the Garden of the Inn where they dined, for a few Minutes: There he made the warmest Professions of Love, mixed with the most solemn Appeals to Heaven, that he had no other Views than those which were for her Honour and Interest; he told her, he must unavoidably be unhappy if she refused to let him know where he might see her again. To all this she replied, that Providence had placed her in such a Situation, that it was impossible she should grant his Request, since she did not know where she should be fixed; as her Business in Town was only to get a Service. A Service! he returned with some Emotion; No, no, that must never be the Case, while I have an Estate to maintain, or Hands to work for you. I am at present possess'd of upwards of 400*l.* a Year; and expect, by the Death of an Uncle, more than double my Fortune. If, dearest Creature, I am so happy as not to be disagreeable to you, consent to share it with me. By this Time the Coachman called, which relieved *Jenny* from her Embarrassment. At length they arrived at their Journey's End. She was met at the Inn by her Cousin, to whose House she went for that Night. As they were getting into a Hackney-Coach, she observed her Lover speak to the Coachman, and look earnestly at the Coach-Door, but she knew not what this meant. Next Day she was surprized at hearing herself called by a Voice she knew to be her Fellow-Traveller's. This Interview was the Fore-runner of many more; till at last, after a strict Enquiry into his Character and Circumstances, she consented to be his Wife; but as their Marriage was to be kept private, he proposed the *Fleet* as the most proper Place for the Performance of the Ceremony. This

with

with some Reluctance, she agreed to ; when, as if recollecting himself, he cried, There can be no Occasion for our running the Hazard of being seen, since a Minister will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This also, weak and unthinking, she consented to. The next Day they went to a Tavern, and he ordered a Drawer, whom he asked for at the Bar, to go for a Clergymen from the *Fleet*. This same Drawer served for both Father and Clerk. The solemn Ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel Lodgings at the Court End of the Town; where he behaved with the utmost Tendernefs for three Months.—She was now with Child, and he began to be less frequent in his Visits; when one Day, on her desiring Leave to acquaint her Mother with her Happinefs, he told her, that Happinefs was hers no longer than she kept it a Secret, and immediately left her. She saw him no more for several Days; and when he came home, he was in the Height of Ill-Humour, and told her he was going out of Town for a Fortnight. She asked him for Money for her Support, when flinging her a Guinea, he flounc'd out of the Room. This Behaviour, so different from what she had Reason to expect, filled her Heart with Anguish, and her Eyes with Tears. But who can describe the Astonishment, the Misery, the Torture of this poor Creature, when the Woman of the House told her, she must provide herself with other Lodgings; for the Gentleman whom she called her Husband, had paid her to that Time, and told her, she must expect no more from him! She ran—— she flew to the Tavern where she was married; but, on Enquiry, found the Drawer had been discharged two Months before: She then asked, if any of the Family knew the Minister that was sent for by Mr. ****, but they all pretended Ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every Resource, to whom could she apply for Justice? The Wretch that betrayed her was flown; her Kinswoman refused her Succour, called her an infamous Creature, and, to complete her Misery, told her, that she had the Week before received a Letter, which gave an Account of the Death of her Mother. Loaded with Grief, she returned to her Lodgings: The Woman had Compassion
enough

enough to let her remain there that Night, and the next Morning she was in a high Fever. The Expences of an Apothecary and Nurse soon dissipated her little Store, and the Pity of her Landlady did not continue much longer. By this Time the Strength of her Constitution got the better of the Distemper; and she lives to feel more Distress.

Pray think of this, my Dear, and believe me to be,

Dear Sally,

Your most affectionate humble Servant.

LETTER XVII.

From an Aunt to her Niece, containing some Instructions for Young Ladies to judge of Proposals of Marriage made to them.

Dear Polly,

THE Friendship I had for your dear Mother, and the entire Confidence she always placed in me, will make me ever solicitous for the Welfare of her Family; you'll therefore pardon me, I hope, if in my Letters I sometimes presume to offer you Advice. I don't pretend to be wiser than you, my Dear; but yet I know some things that you have not had the Opportunity of being acquainted with; and if what I have learned with Pains and with Expence, can be conveyed to you gratis, and without any Trouble, you are sure to be no Loser by the Bargain. You are now, my Dear, removed to London; where your personal Charms, and Endowments of Mind, will attract many Admirers; and your Fortune, which is large, will probably engage many more. Your Business, my dear Polly, is to distinguish the one from the other, and to make a due Difference between him who makes love to your Person, and him whose Affection is centered solely in your Pocket. But this will be difficult for you to do without the Advice and Assistance of your Friends and Guardians; make them therefore your Confidants in
this

this Affair; and never lend your Ear to impertinent Go-betweens and infamous Match-makers, who are bribed by the Sharpers and Coxcombs about Town to betray Ladies of Fortune into their Hands: And this, according to their general Method, they will perhaps attempt by representing to you, "That some fine
" Gentleman of great Merit and Fortune is deeply in
" love with you.

" That he has seen you at some public Place, and is
" impatient to make to you a Declaration of his Pas-
" sion.

" That he would not willingly make any Overtures
" to your Guardian till he knows what Reception he
" shall meet with from yourself.

" That your Guardian may probably raise such Ob-
" jections as may be altogether groundless.

" That in case he has any Daughters of his own,
" he may possibly be inclined to see them disposed of
" first.

" That your Fortune being in his Hands, he may
" have Occasion to make use of it, and consequently
" be unwilling to part with it.

" That he may have private Views in marrying you
" to some Friend of his own, without consulting your
" Inclination or Interest.

" That it would be improper, therefore, for your
" Guardian to be intrusted with the Secret till you have
" seen the Party proposed.

" That, after all, it lay in your own Breast, either
" to admit of, or decline his Offer.

" That the Proposer, for her Part, was altogether
" disinterested in the Affair, and had no other View
" than the bringing about a Match that might prove
" equally happy for both Parties.

" That, in a Word, there could be no Harm in
" accepting of a Line from the Gentleman, if an Inter-
" view should be thought improper."

Discountenance with Warmth and Resentment all
such officious Busy-bodies, and boldly assure them,

" That you are determined to listen to no Proposi-
" tions, how seemingly advantageous soever, without
" the

“ the Approbation and Consent of your Guardians,
 “ or other judicious Friends.”

For they, you may be assured, are the People who study your Happiness.

Such a prudent Conduct as this, my Dear, will make your officious Confidants, or Interveners, (if they have any Sense of Shame) desist from their Designs upon you ; and hereby you will be convinced, that such Persons are altogether undeserving of your good Opinion or Acquaintance. By such a Conduct you will never lose an humble Servant that is in the least worthy of your Encouragement. For, if the Person really loves you, and is possessed of the Fortune he pretends, he will readily apply to your Guardians, and entertain a very favourable Opinion of your Prudence and Discretion : And in case he declines his Suit, you may justly conclude that his Intentions were basely to betray you ; and then you'll have just Reason to rejoice, that you turned a deaf Ear to all his artful Insinuations.

But if, without the Assistance of a Go-between, a young Fellow should presume to send you Letters, without first making a regular Application to your Parents or Guardians, you should get some Friend to write to him in the following Manner ; but be sure you do not write yourself.

SIR,

I am to inform you, that Miss Jones thinks herself obliged to every one who has a good Opinion of her. But she begs that you will not give yourself, or her, the Trouble of any more Letters : For Things are so circumstanced, that she has neither Inclination nor Power to encourage your Addresses.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

But if a Proposal should come in this Manner, that you have Reason to think is not unworthy some Attention, your Business, my dear Polly, is to rebuke the Attempt of a clandestine Address, which you may do by getting some Friend to write in the following Manner, or at least to the same Purport.

SIR,

It may not be improper to acquaint you that Miss Jones is so happy as to have a Friend of Experience and Probity,

Probity, in Mr. Williams of New Bond-Street, who is her Guardian, and without whose Advice she undertakes nothing of consequence; you may therefore reasonably suppose that she will not care to admit of any Proposals of Moment to her, that have not passed his Approbation. This she hopes will save her and you the Trouble of any further Application.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant.

Thus, my dear Polly, (emboldened by your Friendship and good Opinion of me) I have endeavoured to offer you some Instructions, which by and by you may find useful; and I doubt not but you will pay a proper Regard to what I have said, since you know it comes from the Heart of one, who will be ever solicitous for your Prosperity, as her Happiness must in a great measure depend upon yours.

I am, my Dear,
Your ever faithful and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XVIII.

From a Mother to her Daughter, on Modesty, and the Art of Pleasing.

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to your welcome Letter, and the Enquiries and Doubts it contained, let me answer, that you can never be happy but by Virtue, and scarce ever unhappy but by ill Conduct. Whoever examines themselves strictly, will find that they never had any grievous Affliction but they occasioned it themselves, by some Fault, or by being deficient in some Duty. Anxiety always succeeds the Loss of Innocence, but Virtue is ever attended with an inward Satisfaction that is a constant Spring of Felicity to all its Votaries.

Do not, however, imagine, that your only Virtue is Modesty: There are abundance of Women that have no Notion of any other; and fancy, that by practising it they discharge all the Duties of Society: They

They think they have a Right to neglect all the rest, and to be as proud and censorious as they please. Make nobody pay for your Chastity; think rather that it is a Virtue that regards only yourself, and loses its greatest Lustre, if it be not attended with the other Virtues. We should be very tender in our Modesty: Inward Corruption passes from the Heart to the Mouth, and occasions loose Discourse. The most violent Passions have need of Modesty to shew themselves in a seducing Form; it should distinguish itself in all your Actions; it should set off, and embellish your Person.

Let the chief Part of your Finery, then, be Modesty; it has great Advantages; it sets off Beauty, and serves as a Veil to Ugliness: Modesty is the Supplement of Beauty. The great Misfortune of Ugliness is, that it smothers and buries the Merit of Women. People do not go to look in a forbidding Figure for the engaging Qualities of the Mind and Heart; 'tis a very difficult Affair, when Merit must make its Way, and shine thro' a disagreeable Outside.

You do not want Graces to make you agreeable, but you are no Beauty; this obliges you to lay up a Stock of Merit: The World will compliment you with nothing. Beauty inspires a pleasing Sentiment which prepossesses People in its Favour. If you have made no such Impressions, you must expect to be taken to pieces. Take care that there be nothing in your Air, or Manners, to make any body think that you do not know yourself. An Air of Confidence in an ordinary Figure is shocking enough. Let nothing in your Discourse or Dress look like Art; at least let it not be easy to find it out. That Art is the most refined that never lets itself be seen.

You are not to neglect the Accomplishments and Ornaments proper to make you agreeable, for Women are designed to please; but you should rather think of acquiring a solid Merit, than of employing yourself in trifling Things. Nothing is shorter than the Reign of Beauty: Nothing is more melancholy than the latter Part of the Lives of Women,
who

who never knew any thing but that they were handsome. If any body makes their Court to you for the sake of your agreeable Accomplishments, make their Regards center in Friendship, and secure the Continuance of that Friendship, by your Merits.

It is very difficult to lay down any sure Rules to please. The Graces without Merit, cannot please long; and Merit, without the Graces, may command the Esteem of Men, but can never move them. Women, therefore, must have an amiable Merit, and join the Graces to the Virtues. I do not confine the Merit of Women merely to Modesty; I give it a much larger Extent. A valuable Woman exerts the manly Virtues of Friendship, Probity and Honour, in the punctual Discharge of all her Obligations. An amiable Woman should not only have the exterior Graces, but all the Graces of the Heart, and fine Sentiments of the Mind. There is nothing so hard as to please, without being so intent upon it, that it shall look a little like Coquetry. Women generally please the Men of the World more by their Faults than their good Qualities. The Men are for making their Advantages of the Weaknesses of amiable Women; they would have nothing to do with their Virtues; they do not care to esteem them; they had much rather be amused by Persons of little or no Merit, than be forced to admire such as are virtuous.

In short, my dear Child, one must know Human Nature if one designs to please: The Men are much more affected with what is new, than what is excellent. To keep up this Taste of Novelty, we must have a great many Resources, and various Kinds of Merit in ourselves: We must not stick only at the agreeable Accomplishments; we must strike their Fancy with a Variety of Graces and Merits, to keep up their Inclinations, and make the same Object afford them all the Pleasures, or fancy'd Pleasures, of Inconstancy.

Women are born with a violent Desire to please. As they find themselves barred from all the Ways that lead to Glory and Authority, they take another Road to arrive at them, and make themselves amends
by

by their Agreeableness; yet remember there is but a very small Number of Years Difference between a fine Woman and one that is no longer so. Get over this excessive Desire to please; at least keep from shewing it; But, I am sensible, my dear Daughter, to a young Woman of your Discernment, I have said enough on these Heads; and shall conclude, with subscribing myself,

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

EUPHEMIA.

L E T T E R X I X.

From the same, on the Regulation of Pleasure.

My dear Daughter,

I Desire you to be very cautious, now you are with your Relations in London, on the Article of Plays, and the like public Diversions. There is no Dignity in shewing one's self continually, nor is it an easy Matter to preserve a strict Modesty in a constant Hurry of Diversions. 'Tis mistaking one's Interest to frequent them: If you have Beauty you must not wear out the Taste of the World, by shewing yourself continually: You must be still more reserved if you want Graces to set yourself off. Besides, the constant Use of Diversions lessens the Relish of them.

When all your Life has been spent in Pleasures, and they come to leave you, either because your Taste for them is over, or because your Reason forbids you the Enjoyment of them, your Mind is itself in a very uneasy Situation, for want of Employment. If you would therefore have your Pleasures and Amusements last, use them only as Diversions to relieve you after more serious Occupations. Entertain yourself with your own Reason; keep up that Correspondence, and the Absence of Pleasures will not leave you any Time upon your Hands, nor any Hanking after them.

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It

It behoves us, therefore, to husband our Tastes : There is no relishing Life without them, but Innocence can only preserve them in their Integrity ; Irregularity is sure to deprave them. When we have a sound Heart, we make an Advantage of every thing, and turn it into a Source of Pleasure. We come frequently to Pleasures with a sick Man's Palate ; we fancy ourselves nice, when we are only surfeited and out of Taste. When we have not spoiled our Mind and Heart by Sentiments that seduce the Fancy, or by any flaming Passion, 'tis easy to find Delight : Health and Innocence are the true Fountains of Joy. But when we have had the Misfortune to habituate ourselves to vehement Pleasures, we become insensible to moderate ones. We spoil our Taste by Diversions, and use ourselves so much to violent Pleasures, that we can't take up with those that are simple and regular.

We should always dread such great Emotions of the Soul, as leave us flat and out of sorts. Young Persons have the greater Reason to fear them, as they are less capable of resisting what flatters their Senses. Be temperate : Temperance makes the Health both of Mind and Body ; with it one has always a pleasing and an equal Joy ; one has no need of Diversions and Expence ; Reading, Work, and Conversation, afford a purer Joy than all the Train of the greatest Pleasures. In a Word, innocent Delights are of most Advantage ; they are always ready at hand ; they are beneficent, and are never purchased at too dear a Rate. Other Pleasures flatter, but they do Mischief : They alter the Constitution of the Mind, and spoil it like that of the Body. Adieu, my *Amelia* ! be regular in all your Views, and in all your Actions, and you will not only secure your own Felicity, but greatly add to that of

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

EUPHEMIA.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

*From an Elderly Lady ; with Rules for the Education of
a Young one.*

Madam,

WE cannot, methinks, have an Eye too soon to the Education of the little Creature. Every Age of Life requires a particular Attention ; but 'tis in these first Years especially that the Mind receives Impressions which are never after effaced, and that the Ideas of Good and Evil take their Places in the Imagination. It is therefore of infinite Importance not to disturb their natural Order, and to take care to assign to the first Thoughts the Rank they are to occupy. Consequently she must be inspired betimes with an awful Idea of God and Religion : These sublime Topics ought to be mentioned to her in a moving and affecting Manner ; for 'tis only by touching the Heart that we can influence and work upon the Mind. Too happy, if in the Sequel of her Life her Sentiments have but the Deity for their Object !

That Education may have a proper Effect, the Person intrusted therewith must command Respect, and give a great Idea of herself. We ought not to be too familiar with Children. 'Tis proper to keep up a Gravity, and carry something of a severe Hand over them. We must likewise be upon our Guard against their childish Endearments, which they know how to manage with great Advantage to extort what they want of us. These budding Charms conceal a Number of Defects, and we must not suffer ourselves to be seduced by them.

The greatest Enemy our Sex has to struggle with is Self-love or Vanity. We cannot too soon labour to weaken it, and great Caution ought to be used not to confirm it by Praises ; for this is one of the great Dangers of Education. By this we swell the Idea the little Things have of themselves ; we arm their Pride, and set them above their Equals ; they grow vain,

difficult to be corrected, apt to take Offence: And all this forms a very unamiable Character. We must also beware of letting them see how dear they are to us, and what an Interest we take in them. The contrary would bring them to fancy we ought always to be doating on them, and would consequently strengthen their Vanity. Do but let them alone; whatever Application you may use to destroy this Principle, it will still maintain its Ground against you. With modest and bashful Children, indeed, Praises might be used to give them Courage; but our little One is full of Vivacity, and doth not want this Assurance, but rather to be checked and held back. Not, again, that I am for entirely banishing Praises; they are a Help to Education and virtuous Dispositions: But we must know how to place them properly, and not bestow them as seduced by our Affection, or the Children's Charms, but with Reflection. Besides, they must never be commended on account of external Beauties, (for they may hence deceive themselves so far, as to think that they supply the Place of every thing) but for their good Actions only.

They must be inspired with a great Love for Truth, and taught to practise it even at their own Cost. We must instil into them the Opinion, that nothing is so great as to say ingenuously, *I am in the Wrong*; and beware of punishing them for the Faults they confess.

Again, Children must be made to have a vast Opinion of Honour, and taught to look upon Disgrace as a Thing above all others to be dreaded. We often amuse them with frivolous Tales that awaken all the timorous Passions; 'twould be much properer to keep up their Apprehension for Dishonour, that they might look upon Esteem as the first of Benefits, and Contempt as the greatest of Evils. When once you have worked them up to a Sense of Esteem, and of the Shame attending Faults, you have gained a great Point in their Education. Shame will then serve for a Punishment, and Esteem supply the Place of Rewards.

It is of infinite Importance to persuade them thoroughly, that Happiness is attached only to laudable Actions;

Actions; and we ought to grant them their Requests, not as Recompenses, but as the necessary Consequences of their good Deeds. They bring themselves thereby to fancy, that what they ask is bestowed on, and belongs to worthy Actions only.

If the little Presents you make them consist of Eatables, you increase in them the Love of Pleasure, which is only to be barely suffered; if they are for Dress, you strengthen the Notion they have of Trifles, which they must be taught to despise. Children take a Pride in being treated like reasonable Folks. This Kind of Pride must be kept up, and made use of as Means to lead them whither we please. Reproof must be administered with Caution, and they be made to believe, that they have rather been guilty of Forgetfulness, than Failing.

'Tis necessary to break the Wilfulness of Children, to render them pliant and supple, to make them bend to the Authority of Reason, and teach them not to give way to their Desires. They have sometimes Tears of Obstinacy, and, not being able to compass their Will, they endeavour, by their Whinings, to maintain the Right they fancy they have to do what they please. We must beware yielding to these Fits of Obstinacy. Distinguish likewise their natural Wants from meer Whims of Fancy, and allow them to ask for nothing but real Necessaries. What gives Strength to our Desires is, the Liberty we are indulged in of expressing them; and whoever allows himself to change his Wishes into Requests, is not far from fancying that People are obliged to grant him every thing he desires. Besides, we can more easily bear a Denial from ourselves, than from other People. The Person who is with young Miss has a great deal of Merit, and ought to supply the Place of Reason with her. When we are not accustomed in our Childhood to submit our Wills to the Reason of others, we shall find it very difficult to listen to, and follow the Dictates of our own, in a more advanced Age.

Children's Minds must be armed with Courage; for a Firmness, which consists in a settled Insensibility of Soul, is the best Shield we can oppose to Evils.

the Support of Virtue, and a Rampart against the Approaches of Vice. Sensibility of Soul doth but lengthen out and eternize Misfortunes, and without Courage it is next to impossible to remain firm in our Duty. Nothing is more useful, also, than to make them susceptible of Friendship and Gratitude. 'Tis the Heart that must be wrought upon; we have no sure and lasting Virtues but by its Means. 'Tis well also to accustom them to a just Mind and an upright Heart. Inspire them with Liberality, and a Notion of dividing what they have with others. They must be persuaded that the Giver is the best off, since he hath for his Share the Glory and Pleasure of obliging.

Children often delight in mimicking others, and, when they do it with a Grace, we are apt to be diverted with them. But this is a dangerous Talent. We do not seek to imitate what is good; that would not raise a Laugh: 'Tis the Ludicrous we try to hit. Do not let them fancy any Agreeableness in Apéry. Nothing is easier than to divert, at other People's Cost, whilst we are helped and encouraged by the Maliginity of the Hearers. It ever requires much more Wit to please with Good-Nature than with Malice.

Besides these general Rules for all Children, there are some peculiar to each Temper, which 'tis an easy Matter to find out with the least Application. Little Miss, for Instance, is tractable and endearing. This is a Qualification useful to those that possess it, but dangerous for others. It imposes on superficial People; and who is not so? Do we take the Trouble to dive into the Bottom of Characters? No; we yield to outward Appearances, which hide many Defects. Those who perceive how it serves their Turn, are all Talk and Outside in the common Course of Life, and depart from the Virtues of Society and Affection. Such only as do not deal in bare Appearances, pay us with Realities, and are under a Necessity of being true and solid, which others wholly depart from.

I am afraid also that the little Thing is inclined to Vanity and Giddiness. They are Foes to Modesty; and what can be done with a Woman that wants Modesty? Timidity, or Bashfulness, ought to be the Characteristic

characteristic of Women, for it secures their Virtue ; and Bashfulness and Modesty are Twin-Sisters, and are so near alike, that they are often taken one for the other. I think it high Time now to set about correcting her. She gets forward in Years, and these little Imperfections, which may seem nothing to those who love her, are nevertheless the Seeds of Vices. You know better than me, Madam, how a Philosopher, meeting with a Child, reproved him for some Fault, and that, upon the Lad's telling him he chid him for a meer Trifle, he replied, *No habitual Defect can be a Trifle.*

I am sensible, Madam, that what I here offer is very imperfect ; but I was willing to leave you the Pleasure of improving it with your own Thoughts, and the Right of correcting mine. I am, Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From a Lady to her Niece, on the Subject of Dress.

Dear Biddy,

I AM much of your Opinion, that the Make of a Woman's Mind greatly contributes to the Ornament of her Body. Behold Lady *Viviers* ! she has the largest Share of Simplicity of Manners, perhaps, in her whole Sex. This makes every thing look native about her ; and her Cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, Part of her Person. Every one that sees her, knows her to be of Quality ; but her Distinction is owing to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of Allurement. There is such a Composure in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the Garb you one Day see her in, for any thing so becoming, till you next Day see her in another. There is no Mystery in this, but that, however she is apparelled, she is herself the same ; for there is so immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Gestures, that a Woman must think well to look well : This I have no Doubt

of your endeavouring to do, my Dear; which will give the utmost Satisfaction to

Your affectionate and tender Aunt,

LÆTITIA.

LETTER XXII.

From a Mother to her Daughter, who had expressed her Wonder that any Woman should be base or wicked.

Dear Hebe,

Whatever high Ideas you may have entertained of the Perfection of our Sex, the Truth is, they, like the other, vary in their Characters; and your Discourse last Night brings to my Mind a Passage in one of the *Faithers*: “The ordinary Class of the Good or the Ill, have very little Influence upon the Actions of others; but the Eminent in any Kind are those who lead the World below them. The Ill are employed in communicating Scandal, Infamy, and Disease, like Furies; the Good distribute Benevolence, Friendship, and Health, like Angels. The Ill are damped with Pain and Anguish at the Sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The Virtuous are touched with Commiseration toward the Guilty, the Disagreeable, and the Wretched. There are those who betray the Innocent of their own Sex, and solicit the Lewd of ours. There are those who have abandoned the very Memory, not only of Innocence, but Shame. There are those who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are also who visit the Beds of the Sick, lull the Cares of the Sorrowful, and double the Joys of the Joyful. Such is the destroying Fiend, such the Guardian Angel, Woman.”

You, Child, whom it has been the Study of my Life to adorn with every valuable Principle, I make no Doubt, will be an Honour to your Sex, and a perpetual Source of Comfort to

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

MARY CAREFUL.

PART

PART II.

LETTERS relating to LOVE, COURTSHIP,
MARRIAGE, and the Conduct of a
Married Life.

LETTER XXIII.

*From a Young Lady to her Mother, on her having received
a Proposal of Marriage.*

Dear and honour'd Madam,

MY Duty and Affection both oblige me to inform you, that since I have been here, I have received several Visits from one Mr. Coles, an Ironmonger of this Place, who professes to have entertained a sincere Affection for me. His Person is not disagreeable, and my Aunt gives him an extraordinary Character: She tells me, that he has been set up for himself these three or four Years, and has a considerable Trade; that he began with a Capital of a thousand Pounds, and bids fair for being a wealthy Tradesman: She also says, that she has known him from his Infancy, and that he was always remarkable for the Excellence of his Temper. But, notwithstanding this favourable Description, I hope,

you will think me sincere, when I assure you, that he has not yet made the least Impression on my Heart. It was contrary to my Inclinations that he was ever brought into my Company, or allowed to profess a Passion that wanted your Approbation; but as my Aunt has considerable Dealings with him, she was unwilling to disoblige him, by refusing to let him see and speak to me. I have, however, ventured to tell him, that as he has neglected writing to you, I have resolved to do it myself, and that I insist upon his not paying me another Visit, till I have received your Answer. The Remembrance of your Indulgence and Affection would have made me reproach myself for ever, had I not now taken the first Opportunity to inform you and my Papa of this Affair, and to beg your Advice, while I am in a Condition to take it. I am, with my humble Duty to you and my dear Papa, honoured Madam,

Your dutiful and obedient Daughter.

LETTER XXIV.

The Mother's Answer, on a Supposition that she does not entirely disapprove of the young Man's Addressee.

Dear Lucy,

YOUR Father and I are equally pleased with the Instance you have given us of your Duty and Discretion. Our tender Affection will induce us to take the first Opportunity to enquire into Mr. Coles's Character; and if it be answerable to our Hopes, we shall gladly consent to an Union that affords you an agreeable Prospect of Happiness. However, it is necessary that you should still keep yourself on your Guard. His Professions may be nothing more than the idle unmeaning Flattery of a Person who has no other View, but that of trifling away a leisure Hour: His Designs may be even most dishonourable; he may seek your Ruin, only for the Gratification of his own loose Desires: And even supposing

supposing all you have heard of him be true, he may have private Vices that may tarnish all his good Qualities. Do not think, my Dear, that these Suppositions are a Proof of an uncharitable Spirit: His not acquainting your Father or me with his Intentions gives but too much Ground for such injurious Suspicions; and the Importance of an Event, on which our Happiness or Misery must depend, calls for the utmost Caution. Keep him, therefore, at a Distance. Desire your Aunt to intimate to him, (if she or you have not done it already) that you are not at your own Disposal. But if you find you have an Aversion to his Person, or if any Part of his Behaviour is so disagreeable, as to make it impossible for him to gain your Affection, I would not have your Aunt give him any Hopes that my Approbation will be of any Advantage to him; for let him be ever so worthy of your Esteem, we shall never desire you to marry the Man you cannot love. I shall endeavour to obtain as perfect a Knowledge of him as possible; and if your Father and I have Reason to think him worthy of our Child, and you are disposed to favour his Passion, we shall rejoice in contributing all in our Power to your Felicity. Your Father sends you his Blessing with mine. I am, my dear Lucy,

Your tender Mother, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From a Maid-Servant to her Mother in the Country, to ask her Advice whether she should marry her Master's Apprentice.

Honoured Mother,

LONDON is certainly the best Place in the World for those who are to maintain themselves by their own Labour, provided they have good Sense enough to withstand the Temptations and Snares they are daily subject to, and which they cannot be too much guarded against. I have a very good Place, and am well respected by my Master and Mistress. I there-
fore

fore return you my Thanks in the most dutiful Manner, for persuading me, though contrary to my Inclinations, to come to Town.

But the particular Reason of my writing at this Time is to inform you, that a young Man who is an Apprentice to my Master, presses me to marry him; he has good Friends, and has served five Years; but as my Master or Mistress might be displeased with him, were they to know it, I have concealed it from them, tho' I thought it my Duty to write to you to know whether you approve of it. I am,

Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXVI.

The Mother's Answer.

Dear Child,

I AM very glad to hear you are in a good Place, and that you are so happy as to please your Mistress. I am sure you have Reason to believe, that I always gave you the best Advice in my Power, and you have in more than one Instance, when it has crossed your Inclinations, found it of great Advantage; I therefore desire you to pay a strict Regard to what I am going to say. I do not doubt but you are pleased with the Thoughts of being Mistress of a Shop, and keeping Servants of your own; but let me tell you, that by marrying an Apprentice you would take a most unlikely Method of obtaining that Happiness. You tell me, the young Man has served five Years: He has then two to serve; but what Difficulties would he labour under, and how uncomfortable would those two Years be to you? I almost tremble at the very Thoughts of what you would suffer. In this Time, you probably would have one Child, and be far gone with another; while your Husband had no honest Means of supporting his increasing Expences. The Difficulties he would labour under, and the Knowledge of this imprudent Step, would

would destroy his Credit; and if his Friends should at last forgive him, and furnish him with Money to open a Shop of his own, you would both begin the World under the greatest Disadvantages, under great Expences, and a shattered Credit; but if they should never forgive him, he would be obliged to become a Journeyman, and, at the same Time, be burdened not only with a Family, but with a Load of Debt; which he would never be able to pay. In either of these Cases, can you imagine, that the continual Uneasiness of his Mind, and the Sights he received from all his Friends, and even from those whom he now looks upon as his Inferiors, would not sour his Temper, and make you still more wretched by his Ill-Humour? He will reflect, with Anguish of Heart, on what he might have been, had he never known you; and what Quarrels, what Distress, what Misery, would then be your Portion!

Let me, therefore, my dear Child, advise you by all Means, and as you have a Regard for your own Happiness, not to marry him till he is out of his Time; and not even then, till he has obtained the Consent of his Friends. Mean while, be careful of allowing him even innocent Liberties; and, if possible, never give him an Opportunity of being with you alone: If you cannot do this where you are, let no Considerations of present Advantages prevent your leaving your Place. God grant that you may follow this Advice; and with my earnest Prayers that you may, I remain

Your tender, and fearful Mother.

LETTER XXVII.

From a Mother to a Gentleman, who had asked Permission to address her Daughter.

S I R,

THE Letter which you have done me the Honour to write to me, speaks you to be a Gentleman, and a Man of Sense. I am sorry to acquaint you,

you, that after such a Prepossession in your Favour, I am for more than one Reason desirous to decline the Offer you are pleased to make toward an Alliance in my Family. My Daughter is very dear to me; and I think she has cast an Eye elsewhere: I wish she may have employed her Attention as worthily. The Manner also of your Application does not quite please me: I think there is something indelicate and improper in this wild Manner of engaging in an Attachment, and in pleading in Favour of it. I wish you had known my Daughter more before you spoke so much, and had met with me among our Acquaintance to have mentioned it. I am convinced, Sir, that I do not think more of you than I may with Justice, when I confess to you that I believe you would be more than an equal Match for my Daughter; for though she has (and suffer me, Sir, although I am her Mother, to say it) great Merit, her Fortune, though not quite inconsiderable, is not great. You will see, Sir, that I waver in my Opinion on this Subject; but you must attribute it to the true Cause; and believe that every thing which has, be it ever so remote, a Tendency to my Daughter's Welfare, will make me very cautious of determining. To give you my final Sense, (at least what is final to me at present) I have not a Thought of asking who it is that has thus favour'd us, nor would advise my Daughter to remember it. I thank you, Sir, in her Name, as well as my own, for the Honour you intended us, and am,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Answer of an Aunt to a Gentleman who desired her Interposition with her Niece, supposing the Gentleman deserves Encouragement.

S I R,

I Cannot say I have any Dislike, as to my own Part, to your Proposal, or your Manner of making it, whatever my Niece may have ; because Diffidence is generally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Respect. She is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deserves with us all : So I cannot say what will be the Event of your Declaration to her. Yet so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your Request ; but on her Return to me To-morrow will break the Ice, as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions ; and I shall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me ; and is not so mean-spirited, as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happiness (permit me, tho' her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character ; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

L E T T E R XXIX.

The Answer of a Lady to a Gentleman's Letter, in which he professes his Tenderness for her.

S I R,

I F Modesty be the greatest Glory in *our* Sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in *yours*. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either
Man

Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more, on this Occasion, would little become me: To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive as you ought this Frankness from

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXX.

Letter from a Lady, encouraging her Lover to a further Declaration.

S I R,

I AM very little in Love with the fashionable Methods of Courtship: Sincerity with me is preferable to Compliments; yet I see no Reason why common Decency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your Stile, that when I know whether you are in Jest or Earnest, I shall be less at a Loss to answer you. Mean time, as there is abundant Room for rising, rather than sinking, in your Complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lower End. If this be the Case, I know not what your succeeding Addresses may produce: But I tell you fairly, that your present make no great Impression, yet perhaps, as much as you intend, on

Your humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

The Lady's Answer to his Reply, which contained his farther Declaration, putting the Matter on a sudden Issue.

S I R,

AS we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary Trouble, as well as unnecessary Compliments, I think proper to acquaint you, that Mr. *Dunford*, of *Winchester*, has the Management of all my Affairs; and is a Man of such Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters of Consequence without him. I have no Dislike to your Person; and if you approve of what Mr. *Dunford* can acquaint you with in Relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I shall be far from shewing any Gentleman that I have either an insolent or a sordid Spirit, especially to such as do me the Honour of their good Opinion. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXXII.

A facetious Young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

Dear Aunt,

IAM much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. *Richards* to me for a Husband: But I must be so free to tell you, he is a Man no ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the *honest* Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Finger Ends, that it was very cold;

cold ; and politely blowed upon *his*. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm ; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over ; and, looking about him, asked, with the Tranquillity of a Man a Twelve-month married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country : I said, I hoped very well ; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam !—— And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire ; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause——

I have heard, said he, a most excellent Sermon just now : Dr. *Thomas* is a fine Man truly : Did you ever hear him, Madam ? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-Church. That's right, Madam, to be sure : What was your Subject To-day ? The *Pharisee* and the *Publican*, Sir. A very good one truly : Dr. *Thomas* would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*. A good Subject, Sir ; I doubt not the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O ay, Madam, he can't make a bad one upon any Subject. I rung for the Tea-kettle ; for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unasked ; and how many Boys they had put out 'Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit, and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say (for I began to be horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word, I find) a very excellent one truly ; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O ay, Madam, to be sure ; every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No Doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O ay, Madam, no Doubt, as you say : I am sure I have found it ;

blest

blessed be God : And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Husband ! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave ; for I would not ask him to stay Supper : And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. Helen's. And then (tho' I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time ; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion or Gravity ; at least, I believe so) he pressed my Hand, looked *frightfully* kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear, in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband !

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the *Land of Matrimony*, as far as I know ; but I cannot help wishing for a little more *Entertainment* on our *Journey*. I am willing to believe Mr. *Richards* an honest Man ; but am, at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a *solemn Appearance*, than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

LETTER XXXIII.

Her Aunt's Answer, reproving her ludicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin Jenny,

I AM sorry you think Mr. *Richards* so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man : And surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family, those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the greatest Advantage from

from them. But he talks of the *Weather* when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have him directly fall upon the Subject of *Love*, the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after the Sermon, on a *Sunday*; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of *Security* to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart, could not make a *bad Man*, or a *bad Husband*. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing *Psalms*, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of *others*, would take still greater Care of *his own*.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Enquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath him, in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin *Jenny*, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the Land of *Matrimony*, but to the Land of *Happiness*, with Respect as well to the *next World as this*. And it is to be hoped, that the *better Entertainment* you so much wish for on your *Journey*, may not lead you too much out of your *Way*, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have to your *Journey's End*.

In short, I could rather have wished, that you could bring your Mind nearer to *his* Standard, than that he should bring down his to your *Level*. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that *solemn Appearance*, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in *him* is much more than *meer Appearance*.

Upon the whole, Cousin *Jenny*, I am sorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted; tho', at the same Time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband; and wish you, and Mr. *Richards* too, since you are so *differently* disposed, matched more suitably to each other's Mind than you are likely to be together: For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXXIV.

From a Young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

AS young Mr. *Lowewell*, whose Father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has, during your Absence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Passion for me, and press'd me closely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might seem to be, till I had your Thoughts on so important an Affair; and I am absolutely determined either to discourage his Addresses, or keep him at least in Suspense, till your Return, as I shall be directed by your superior Judgment. I beg Leave, however, with due Submission, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions,

tions, and to be no ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in regard to good Sense, or good Manners.——I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addresses with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assured, however, that I am not so far engaged, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Offers inconsistent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction therefore in so momentous an Article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXXV

From a Daughter to a Mother upon the same Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

S OON after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. *Prudence*, a Governess of a noted Young Ladies Boarding-School at the Court End of the Town, to act as her Assistant. She has treated me, ever since I have been with her, with the utmost Good-Nature and Condescension, and has all along endeavoured to make my Service more easy and advantageous to me than I could reasonably expect. On the other hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Interest my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my constant Care to oblige my Governess, have not only gained me the Love and Esteem of the whole House, but young Mr. *Byron*, the Dancing-Master who attends our School weekly, has cast a favourable Eye upon me some Time, and has lately made me such Overtures of Marriage, as are, in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great Favourite of Mrs. *Prudence*, a Man of unblemished Character,

Character, and very extensive Business, I thought it would be an Act of the highest Ingratitude to so indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair whereon my future Happiness, or Misery, must so greatly depend. As to his Person, Age, and Temper, I must own, Madam, with a Blush, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself very happy, should you countenance his Address. I flatter myself, however, that I have so much Command of my own Passions, as in Duty to be directed in so momentous an Affair by your superior Judgment. Your speedy Answer therefore will be looked upon as an additional Act of Indulgence shewn to

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

The Mother's Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the Overtures of Marriage made you by Mr. *Byron*, and as that is a very weighty Affair, I shall return to *London* as soon as possible, in order to make all due Enquiries. And in case I find no just Grounds for Exception to the Man, I have none to his Occupation, since 'tis suitable enough to that State of Life for which you seem to have a peculiar Taste. However, though I should rejoice to see you settled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and though you seem to entertain a very favourable Opinion of his Honour, and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate: Don't be too hasty, my Dear; consider, all is not Gold that glitters: Men are too often false and perfidious; promise fair, and yet, at the same Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Desires. I don't say that Mr. *Byron* has any such dishonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not; for which Reason I would only have you act with Discretion

tion and Reserve; give him neither too great Hopes of Success, nor an absolute Denial to put him in Despair. All that you have to say till you see me is this, that you have no Aversion to his Person; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your Mother in an Affair of so serious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Application to me on my first Arrival; and you may depend upon it, no Care shall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happiness and Advantage. I am,

Dear Daughter,

Your truly affectionate Mother:

LETTER XXXVII.

From a Young Lady to her Father, expostulating against a Proposal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

I Never till now thought it could be a Pain to me to answer any Letter that came from my dear Papa; but this last of yours distresses me to the greatest Degree, as I know not how to send an Answer that is consistent with the Duty I owe, and the Affection I bear, to the best of Parents, without at the same Time offering up my Sincerity, and making a Sacrifice of my Peace and Happiness.—Ah! dear Sir, reflect, do reflect on the real Worth and Use of Riches: Do they purchase Health? Do they purchase Peace? Do they purchase Happiness? No—Then why am I to barter Health, and Peace, and Happiness, for Riches?—The Man you propose to me I know you would never have thought on but for his immense Wealth, for he has nothing else to recommend him. And I, who can live upon a little; I, who at present have no Canker in my Heart, and am happy in the Company of my dear Papa and Mamma, can never think of giving up this Peace and Tranquillity, and of throwing myself at the Mercy of a Brute, that I detest, for the sake of being thought worth a large Sum

of

of Money that I don't want, and can make no Use of. These are Truths that I am afraid will be disagreeable to you, and therefore 'tis with Pain I write them; but, my dear Papa, what Pain wou'd it give you to see me made for ever miserable! I know, what would shorten my Days, would put an End to yours, so great is your Affection for me. The Sense of that Affection, and my own Love and Gratitude to you, the best of Parents, will make me submit to any thing. Do by me as you please, but pray think of the Consequences; and believe me to be,

Honoured Sir, your most dutiful,
affectionate, and obedient Daughter.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From a Daughter to a Father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match he had proposed to her, with a Gentleman much older than herself.

Honoured Sir,

THO' your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own secret Inclinations, yet I am not insensible, that the Duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful, should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgence towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequence thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman you recommended to my Choice, may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady of more Experience, and of a more advanced Age, should, in my humble Opinion, be a

E

much

much fitter *Help-Mate* for him. To be ingenuous, (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man, almost in his grand Climacterick, can never be an agreeable Companion for *me*; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourself in every innocent Amusement, be over-agreeable to *him*. Tho' his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarr'd of every Diversion suitable to my Years, tho' never so harmless and inoffensive; permitted to see no Company; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recess; and there, like my Lady Grace in the *Play*, sit pensive and alone, under a *green Tree*. Your long-experienced Goodness, and that tender Regard which you have always express'd for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great an Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Plea in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Husband is but a Trifle, where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory Commands upon me to resign up all my real Happiness and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am to ready to submit to your superior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown; and that my Compliance with so detested a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of

His ever obedient Daughter.

L E T

LETTER XXXIX.

From a Young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

S I R,

IT is a very ill Return which I make to the Respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that tho' the Day of our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long Conversation we have had at those Times that we were left together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind. I was obliged to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both hear and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a secret Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for the tenderest Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will on this Occasion let Reason take place of Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in Store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in Recompence of your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit. I am,

Sir, your most humble Servant, M. H.

LETTER XL.

From a Young Lady, to a Gentleman who courts her, and whom she suspects of Infidelity.

S I R,

THE Freedom and Sincerity with which I have at all Times laid open my Heart to you, ought to have some Weight in my Claim, to a Return of the same Confidence: But I have Reason to fear, that the best Men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or confess that you have used me not as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss Peacock; your Earnestness of Discourse also shewed me that you were no Stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what Sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, after making me believe that you wish to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular; and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; though perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other. I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLI.

From a Lady to her Lover, who expressed, in a Letter, his Suspicions of her receiving the Addresses of another.

S I R,

IF I did not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your

your Letter to the single Cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any thing that should justify such Treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have seen: However, I wonder that other Eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for, instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice, as your's by undeserved Suspicion.

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute, for I do not think so lightly of Lovers Quarrels as many do, I think it proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself; and I shall add, that if the Fault of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry, you will not see me in that State with any other, nor courted by any Man in the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness; and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a Fault in my natural Disposition; but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not insult my Weakness on that Head; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon, and might not be so easily overlook'd, though I should wish to do it. I should say, I will not see you To-day, but you have an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come to me.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLII.

The following Letter is from an unknown Lady, to a Young Gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fixed her Affections; but as she never had it in her Power to make any proper Impressions on him, or a better Opportunity of having her Inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.

S I R,

I Rely on your Goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own? It is now a Year and a Half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you; but frequent Sight of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Desire to know who I am, I shall be in the *Park* To-morrow exactly at Two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person altogether is what the flattering World calls handsome; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reason to find fault with it. I doubt you will think such a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridiculous; but, if you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so. My Hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

L E T -

L E T T E R XLIII.

The Gentleman did not give himself the Trouble to meet the Lady, but took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter, though reprov'd for it by his Acquaintance ; which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, she sent him the following.

S I R,

YOU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a slighted Correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once ; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindness and Want of Generosity in exposing my Letter, because the Man, that is so unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Resentment ; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and so cruelly to sport with the Misery of a Person whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you ?

For your own Sake, I am loth to speak it, but such Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Defect of Understanding ; but whatsoever be the Reason, amidst all my Disappointments, I cannot but think myself happy in not subscribing my Name ; for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conquest ; and how great my Confusion must have been, to be exposed to the Scorn, or at least to the Pity of the World. I may guess from the Mortifications I now feel from seeing my Declarations and Professions returned without Success, and in being convinced by the rash Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour

hath been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen (who I hear universally condemn it) than force myself to say any thing severe; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserved it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That pretty Face, which I have so often viewed with a mistaken Admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for your Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of your Discovery who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former: If you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLIV.

From a Mother to a Daughter, jealous of her Husband.

My dear Polly,

I AM very much concerned at your thinking you have any Reason to suspect the Fidelity of your Husband: Let me intreat you, as you love your own Happiness, to suppress these early Risings of a Passion, that can procure you nothing but the keenest Anguish of Heart; and to give no Ear to the idle Tales of those officious and wicked People, who, perhaps, may find an Interest

rest in setting you at variance. O my Child, take care of a Suspicion, which will not only give you present Uneasiness, but by spoiling your Temper, wean from you the Affections of your Husband. If he is innocent, your Suspicions are one of the greatest Injuries, one of the highest Marks of Injustice that can be offered him; and you are in Danger, if you give a loose to your Resentment, of precipitating him on the Course you dread, and rendering those Evils real, which are now only imaginary. I say imaginary,—for I cannot think a Man of his Sense can be guilty of any thing so base and so foolish.

But supposing that what you have heard is but too true, your Reproaches would only make him fly from home, and from you, to one who will side with him, and harden his Heart against you. Thus would you yourself contribute to her Triumph, while he, seeing that he can no longer have Occasion for Reserve, will grow hardened in Vice, and pursue that Course openly, which he would otherwise, for fear of its coming to your Knowledge, have followed privately and by stealth. Let me, therefore, beg of you to summon all your Prudence; instead of loading him with Reproaches, and by your Ill-Humour driving him to her you would have him shun, strive to make Home agreeable to him, and let him see, that it is not in the Power of a Strumpet to surpass you in Sweetness of Temper, and an obliging Behaviour; and though he is so abandoned as to forget *his* Duty, you will keep steadily to yours. By this Means you will, in time, over-power him by your Goodness; you will force Conviction into his Soul, and obtain the noblest of all Conquests; you will recover his Heart, and, perhaps, save him you love from eternal Ruin. This Conduct your own Conscience will approve, and your Children will have the greatest Reason to rejoice in the Prudence of such a Mother.

I am,

My dear Daughter, &c.

E S

L E T.

LETTER XLV.

Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married.

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in her Grooming Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Posslets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrops, and applying Poultices.

Bless'd Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After six Months Marriage, to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But prythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town, in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice, at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St. James's Park* together. If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hyde Park* together, you
are

are ruined for ever ; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Playhouse, or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation ; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World ; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Porcia, Sabine, &c. Roman Wives*, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into public in the Habit, as well as Air, of a *Roman Matron*. You make already the Entertainment of Mrs. *Modish's* Tea-Table ; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs *Wedlock* has given to you ; but she says she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellamour*, to transform him to a mere sober Husband ; 'twas unpardonable ; You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

LYDIA.

LETTER XLVI.

Harriot's Answer to the above.

BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town ; I shall frequent no public Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy ; you, and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpose, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of

of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession; the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost the End of my Devotion; half my Prayers are for his Happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish you Happiness; but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter, that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modish*; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Husband is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in Old-Age.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

HARRIOT.

L E T.

LETTER XLVII.

The following agreeable entertaining Letter was written by our Poet Waller, to the Lady Sidney, on the Marriage of her Sister.

To my Lady Lucy Sidney, upon the Marriage of my Lady Dorothy, her Sister, to my Lord Spencer.

Madam,

IN the common Joy at *Penshurst* * I know none to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Loss of a Bed-Fellow being almost equal to that of a Mistress: And therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to, the Imprecations of the Deserted; which just Heaven no doubt will hear!

May my Lady *Dorothy* (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her: And may this Love, before the Year go about, make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Womankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother! May her First-born be none of her own Sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

May she, that always affected Silence, and Retiredness, have the House filled with the Noise and Number of her Children; and hereafter of her Grand-Children! And then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declined by fair Ladies,—Old-Age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where, we are told, *There is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage*; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal Interest in her again! My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall

* They were married at *Penshurst*, July 11, 1639.

befall their Posterity to the World's End and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may in good Time be happily supply'd with a more constant Bed-Fellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your Hands, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Widow Lady, to dissuade her from a second Marriage, from an elderly Lady, her Relation.

Dear Cousin,

I Was accidentally in Company, the other Day, where you was mentioned with great Respect; but it was said that you were about to marry again. I may be impertinent in what I have to say on this Subject, because the Observations may come too late: Yet I think that can hardly be the Case, because this is the first Time I have heard of your designing it, and then but casually. I know how ready the World are to interpret the slightest Acquaintances into Courtships; and I think, had this been any thing more, I should have heard of it earlier, and with more Certainty; nay, I will not believe but you would have written to me of it yourself.

As I will persuade myself from these Reasons that you have not gone so far in this Matter, if you have made any Step in it, as to have made it too late to go back; I shall, with all that Freedom which our Acquaintance and Affinity support me in using, give you my Reasons why I think you do wrong. You are very happy at present, and those who do not know when they are well commonly change for the worse. It is a Maxim among the Gamesters, that nobody ought to play but those who have nothing to lose; and I think it ought to hold as good with those who marry after they

they are thirty. When there is a Bloom of Youth upon a Face, a Man may be tempted to do a great many Things to purchase it; but when that is gone, I should be always afraid that the Desire of winning the Bet might go farther than the Love of Play. If that is the Matter, wretched is she who is caught, for the Winner will be as ready in this Case, as the Losers in the other, to break the Tables.

But to talk in plain Words, and argue the Matter like People of this World, I should imagine that any Woman who had been married a dozen Years, let it have been ever so happily, would have seen enough of the Condition not to be in an Humour to enter upon it again when the best Season of it was over. I talk very freely to you, Cousin; but I love you, and you know it: You will therefore excuse me; nay, I believe you will thank me. I advise you against Marriage, but I do not know who you are going to marry: There is one Test of Affection, and there is but one, and if your Lover's Affairs will bear that, why I shall give up half my Objections. The Man who has nothing may deceive you when he says he loves you, whether you have nothing, or have a Fortune; for in the one Case he may just like you enough for a Month's living together, and, as it is all one to him where he lives, he may resolve upon bidding Good-bye to you afterwards: In the other, he may very reasonably be in love with your Fortune, and may think no Incumbrance of your Person too much for the Advantage: But if the Lover have a Fortune more than equal to your own, take it for granted he is in earnest, and give yourself no Trouble but about his Constancy. It would not be worth while to marry a Man you was sure liked you To-day, but who, it was fifty to one, might change his Mind To-morrow: And as to him, who it was impossible to know whether he liked you or no, you, who will be too wise to fall into absolute Green-Sickness Love, would be distracted to venture upon.

Which of these, or whether either of these Descriptions, belongs to your present Admirer, I am entirely ignorant. You see I am a great Enemy to your marrying at all; but I have told you there is a Sort of
Man

Man that I think you may venture upon: She will have good Luck, however, that finds him.

It would be easy to be grave upon this Subject; but, dear Cousin, it is not easy to be grave without being dull; and I have not a mind you shall throw away my Letter without reading it. You have a great many Years probably to come, and you have a Right to be happy in them. You have the Means in your own Hands, and in the Name of Wisdom keep them there. You have Relations who will want your Money, when you can make no more Use of it; and why should you rob them of it in Favour of a stranger? Beside, I have that true Affection for you, that I should be unhappy to see you in Difficulties.

Consider all these Things, for you have Gratitude and Generosity; and consider yourself, for you have Prudence. You may be happy in yourself, and a Blessing to others these forty Years; or you may be miserable, and a Burthen to your Relations: This is the Chance; and, I protest, I believe the Choice is now before you. Dear Cousin, farewell; I only repeat it to you, consider.

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER XLIX.

From a Lady, with an Extract from the Spectator.

Dear Miss,

WHATEVER that rude, unthinking Mortal, said against Matrimony last Night, (and indeed it was not the only Discourse, from him that I perceived caused Blushes to glow in every modest Cheek) we have this Comfort, that the wisest and best of Men have always held it to be a most excellent and amiable Institution: I send you inclosed the Sentiments of the *Spectator* on this Head, as I casually hit upon them in turning over those excellent Volumes, my usual Custom at Breakfast; and if any thing strikes me, my Husband, who is the most kind

kind and obliging Man in the Universe, adds to my Pleasure by reading them in a Manner, that, if possible, gives new Graces to the Diction. Pray, dear Miss, read them, and see how differently Men of Sense talk, in this Respect, from Coxcombs and Fools.

I am, dear Miss, your affectionate Friend.

SOPHIA EASY.

I HAVE long entertained an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World has consented in an Error: But our Unhappiness in *England* has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turned it all to the Gratification of ungoverned Desires, in spite of Good-Sense, Form and Order; when in Truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire no way to be indulged or attained? and have we Appetites given us, not to be at all gratified? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Institution calculated for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Persons who have chosen each other, out of all the Species, with Design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The wiser of the two (and it generally happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own Sake, keep Things from Outrage with the utmost Sanctity. When this Union is thus preserved, the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifications. The married Man can say, *If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think herself obliged to double her Kindness and Caresses of me, from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast.* I need not
dissemble

‘ *dissemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there,*
 ‘ *that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.*

‘ This Passion towards each other, when once well
 ‘ fixed, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kind-
 ‘ ness flows as easily and silently as the Blood in the
 ‘ Veins. When this Affection is enjoyed in the most
 ‘ sublime Degree, unskilful Eyes see nothing of it;
 ‘ but when it is subject to be changed, and has an
 ‘ Allay in it that makes it end in Dislike, it is apt to
 ‘ break into Rage, or overflow into Fondness before
 ‘ the rest of the World.

‘ *Uxander* and *Virimira* are amorous and young,
 ‘ and have been married these two Years; yet do they
 ‘ so much distinguish each other in Company, that
 ‘ in your Conversation with the dear Things, you
 ‘ are put to a Sort of Cross Purposes. Whenever
 ‘ you address yourself in ordinary Discourse to *Viri-*
 ‘ *mira*, she turns her Head another Way, and the
 ‘ Answer is made to the dear *Uxander*; if you tell a
 ‘ merry Tale, the Application is still directed to her
 ‘ Dear; and when she should commend you, she says
 ‘ to him, as if he had spoke it, *That is, my Dear,*
 ‘ *so pretty*—This puts me in mind of what I have
 ‘ somewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the
 ‘ famous *Cervantes*, where, while honest *Sancho*
 ‘ *Pancho* is putting some necessary humble Questions
 ‘ concerning *Rosinante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings,
 ‘ the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever
 ‘ improving the harmless lowly Hints of the Squire
 ‘ to the poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, in Con-
 ‘ templation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

‘ On the other side, *Diogenes* and *Maria* are for
 ‘ ever squabbling, and you may observe them, all the
 ‘ Time they are in Company, in a State of Impa-
 ‘ tience. As *Uxander* and *Virimira* with you all gone
 ‘ that they may be at Freedom for Dalliance; *Diogenes*
 ‘ and *Maria* wait your Absence that they may speak
 ‘ their harsh Interpretations on each other’s Words
 ‘ and Actions during the Time you are with them.

‘ It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils
 ‘ attending this Condition of Life, arises from
 ‘ Fashion. Prejudice in this Case is turned the
 ‘ wrong

• wrong Way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laugh'd into a Prepossession that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfaction.

• With all Persons who have made Good-Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is described as the State capable of the highest Human Felicity.

• *Spencer* speaks of each Kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take place between two married Persons.

• Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
• When all three Kinds of Love together meet,
• And to dispart the Heart with Power extreme,
• Whether shall weigh the ballance down; to-wit,
• The dear Affection unto Kindred-sweet,
• Or raging Fire of Love to Womankind,
• Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet;
• But of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
• Methinks the gentle Heart should most assured bind.

• For natural Affection soon doth cease,
• And quenched is by *Capit's* greater Flame;
• But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,
• And them with mastering Discipline doth tame,
• Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame.
• For as the Soul doth rule this earthly Mass,
• And all the Service of the Body frame,
• So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
• No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest Brass.

• THE married Condition is very often unhappy, for want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The Truth is, we generally make love in a Stile, and with Sentiments, very unfit for ordinary Life. They are half theatrical and half romantic. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in Human Life; and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we are enamoured of, as Subject to Ill-Humour, Age, Sickness,

ness, Impatience or Sullenness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, Human Nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering Things in their right Light, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our own Fancies and Appetites would have them. He then, who took a young Lady to his Bed with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire; as that Desire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: From hence must follow Indifference, Peevishness and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of Human Life, both in Body and Mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new Cares and new Relations; such a Lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumstances. This latter Person will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity, instead of Anger; and when they run over his Head, he is not disturbed by their Noise, but is glad at their Mirth and Health. *Tom Trufty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his Attention to the most intricate Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are applied, make a Noise in the next Room: On the other side, *Will Sparkish* cannot put on his Perriwig or adjust his Solitaire at the Glass, for the Noise of those damn'd Nurses and squalling Brats; and then ends with a gallant Reflection on the Com-

‘ sorts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and
 ‘ drives to the Chocolate-House.

‘ According as the Husband is disposed in himself,
 ‘ every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Tor-
 ‘ ment or Pleasure. When the Affection is well
 ‘ placed, and supported by the Considerations of
 ‘ Duty, Honour and Friendship, which are in the
 ‘ highest Degree engaged in this Alliance, there can
 ‘ nothing rise in the common Course of Life, or from
 ‘ the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man
 ‘ will not find Matters of some Delight unknown to
 ‘ a single Condition.

‘ He who sincerely loves his Wife and Family,
 ‘ and studies to improve that Affection in himself,
 ‘ conceives Pleasure from the most indifferent Things;
 ‘ while the married Man, who has not bid adieu to
 ‘ the Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town, is
 ‘ perplexed with every thing around him. In both
 ‘ these Cases, indeed, Men cannot make a sillier
 ‘ Figure, than in repeating such Pleasures and Pains
 ‘ to the rest of the World; but I speak of them only
 ‘ as they fit upon those who are involved in them.
 ‘ As I visit all Sorts of People, I cannot indeed but
 ‘ smile when a good Lady tells her Husband what ex-
 ‘ traordinary Things the Child spoke since he went
 ‘ out, Things which would afford very little Enter-
 ‘ tainment to one not turned to Reflection: But I
 ‘ love to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which
 ‘ Things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-
 ‘ satisfaction and Triumph. I have known an ill-
 ‘ natured Coxcomb, for want of this Disposition,
 ‘ silence the whole Family as a Set of silly Women
 ‘ and Children, for recounting Things which were
 ‘ really above his own Capacity.

‘ I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful
 ‘ in Human Life, is to be enjoyed in greater Perfec-
 ‘ tion in the married, than in the single Condition.
 ‘ He that has this Passion in Perfection, in Occasions
 ‘ of Joy can say to himself, besides his own Satis-
 ‘ faction, *How happy will this make my Wife and*
 ‘ *Children!* Upon Occurrences of Distress or Dan-
 ‘ ger can comfort himself, *But all this While my*
 ‘ *Wife*

' *Wife and Children are safe.* There is something in it
 ' that doubles Satisfaction, because others participate
 ' them ; and dispels Afflictions, because others are ex-
 ' empt from them. All who are married without this
 ' Relish of their Circumstances, are either in a tasteless
 ' Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be at-
 ' tained ; or else live in the hourly Repetition of sharp
 ' Answers, eager Upbraidings, and distracting Re-
 ' proaches. In a Word, the married State, with and
 ' without the Affection suitable to it, is the completest
 ' Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of re-
 ' ceiving in this Life.'

' IF Love be any Refinement, CONJUGAL LOVE
 ' must be certainly so in a much higher Degree. There
 ' is no Comparison between the frivolous Affectation of
 ' attracting the Eyes of Women with whom you are
 ' only captivated by way of Amusement, and of whom,
 ' perhaps, you know nothing more than their Features ;
 ' and a regular and uniform Endeavour to make your-
 ' self valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one
 ' whom you have chosen to be the Companion of your
 ' Life. The first is the Spring of a thousand Foppie-
 ' ries, silly Artifices, Falshoods, and perhaps Barba-
 ' rities ; or at best rises no higher than to a kind of
 ' Dancing-School Breeding, to give the Person a more
 ' sparkling Air. The latter is the Parent of substan-
 ' tial Virtues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates
 ' the Mind while it improves the Behaviour. The Pas-
 ' sion of Love to a Mistress, even where it is most sin-
 ' cere, resembles too much the Flame of a Fever ; that
 ' to a Wife is like the vital Heat.

' I have often thought, if the Letters written by
 ' Men of Good-Nature to their Wives, were to be com-
 ' pared with those written by Men of Gallantry to
 ' their Mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any
 ' Inequality of Stile, would appear to have the Ad-
 ' vantage. Friendship, Tendernefs, and Constancy,
 ' dressed in Simplicity of Expression, recommend them-
 ' selves by a more native Elegance than passionate Rap-
 ' tures, extravagant Encomiums, and slavish Adoration.
 ' If we were admitted to search the Cabinet of the
 ' beautiful

beautiful *Narcissa*, among Heaps of Epistles from
 several Admirers, which are there preserved with
 equal Care, how few should we find but would make
 any one sick in the Reading, except her who is flatter-
 ed by them ! But in how different a Stile must the
 wife *Benevolus*, who converses with that Good Sense
 and Good-Humour among all his Friends, write to a
 Wife who is the worthy Object of his utmost Affection !
Benevolus, both in public and private, and all
 Occasions of Life, appears to have every good Qua-
 lity and desirable Ornament. Abroad, he is reve-
 renced and esteemed ; at home, beloved and happy.
 The Satisfaction he enjoys there, settles into an ha-
 bitual Complacency, which shines in his Counte-
 nance, enlivens his Wit, and seasons his Conversa-
 tion. Even those of his Acquaintance, who have
 never seen him in his Retirement, are Sharers in the
 Happiness of it ; and it is very much owing to his
 being the best and best-beloved of Husbands, that he
 is the most stedfast of Friends, and the most agree-
 able of Companions.

There is a sensible Pleasure in contemplating such
 beautiful Instances of domestic Life. The Happi-
 ness of the conjugal State appears heightened to the
 highest Degree it is capable of, when we see two
 Persons of accomplished Minds, not only united in the
 same Interests and Affections, but in their Taste of
 the same Improvements, Pleasures, and Diversions.
Pliny, one of the finest Gentlemen and politest Wri-
 ters of the Age in which he lived, has left us his
 Letter to *Hispulla*, his Wife's Aunt, one of the most
 agreeable Family-Pieces of this kind I ever met with.
 I shall end this Discourse with a Translation of it ;
 and I believe the Reader will be of my Opinion,
 that CONJUGAL LOVE is drawn in it with a Deli-
 cacy which makes it appear to be, as I have repre-
 sented it, an Ornament as well as a Virtue.

Pliny to Hispulla.

" AS I remember the great Affection which was
 " between you and your excellent Brother, and know
 " you

“ you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only
 “ to express the Tenderness of the best of Aunts,
 “ but even to supply that of the best of Fathers;
 “ I am sure it will be a Pleasure to you to hear that
 “ she proves worthy of her Father, worthy of you,
 “ and of your and her Ancestors. Her Ingenuity is
 “ admirable; her Frugality is extraordinary. She
 “ loves me, the surest Pledge of her Virtue; and
 “ adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning,
 “ which she has acquired from her Affection to me.
 “ She reads my Writings, studies them, and even gets
 “ them by heart. You’d smile to see the Concern she
 “ is in when I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy
 “ she shews when it is over. She finds Means to have
 “ the first News brought her of the Success I meet
 “ with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree
 “ is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot
 “ refrain from placing herself privately in some Cor-
 “ ner to hear, where, with the utmost Delight, she
 “ feasts upon my Applauses. Sometimes she sings my
 “ Verses, and accompanies them with the Lute, with-
 “ out any Master except Love, the best of Instructors.
 “ From these Instances I take the most certain Omens
 “ of our perpetual and increasing Happiness; since
 “ her Affection is not founded on my Youth and Per-
 “ son, which must gradually decay; but she is in
 “ love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and
 “ Reputation. Nor, indeed, could less be expected
 “ from one who had the Happiness to receive her Edu-
 “ cation from you; who, in your House, was accus-
 “ tomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent,
 “ and even began to love me by your Recommenda-
 “ tion. For, as you had always the greatest Respect
 “ for my Mother, you were pleased from my Infan-
 “ cy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to pre-
 “ sage I should be one Day what my Wife fancies I
 “ am. Accept, therefore, our united Thanks; mine,
 “ that you have bestowed her on me; and her’s, that
 “ you have given me to her, as a mutual Grant of
 “ Joy and Felicity.”

LETTER L.

A Letter to a Young Lady, on her going to be married to a rich Old Man.

Dear Cleora,

YOU tell me that you are like to be teized by your Friends into a Match with *Avarus*, who has been hitherto your Aversion. Consider, all your Happiness is at stake upon this important Point. Will you then be influenced by Persuasion, or the false Glare of outward Show, to sacrifice all the substantial Enjoyments of Life? Romantic Notions of Love are what you and I have disclaimed: Yet there should be a sufficient Stock of the belle Passion to balance all those little Anxieties which naturally arise in that State: Your Good-Sense will never suffer your Affections to run counter to your Judgment: Virtue and Honour, and all the manly Qualifications only will attract your Heart. Suppose *Avarus* divested of all his Riches, would you debate a Moment whether you would accept of him for an Husband? It is plain then, that from his Wealth you propose your Happiness; but can a gay Equipage, or splendid Apartments compensate the Want of Good-Sense or Good-Nature? O *Cleora*! you are not to be told, that inward Peace of Mind, is the true and only Source of Happiness: The good Things of this World may improve and extend it, but are too weak to lay the Foundation of it. This is supposing *Avarus* would make you Mistress of all his Fortune; but a Man of his Turn, and in the Decline of Life, will be afraid of furnishing you with Arms against himself.

Let us consider this Affair in another Light, and see whether it is not a sort of Prostitution to marry the Man you disapprove, for the sake of his Fortune. I know you startle at the Word; but how is she, who, to support herself in pressing Want, gives up her Person to the first that will pay for it, more criminal than she, who with an easy Fortune gives herself up to the Man she secretly detests, for the sake of enjoying more

than she wants ? You will not find it the least of your Uneasiness to quit the Diversions of Life for the Company of one so disproportionate to you in Age and Temper, who neither knows nor can relish half your Merit. Further, *Avarus* will carry you to his House as his Purchase ; for he must be sensible he can have no Property in you but what he has paid for.

Study well your Man. Where there is Love, the Duties of a Wife are easy ; where Interest is the only Motive, they are little better than Slavery. The Infirmities of Old-Age increase with Years. Tenderness, Obedience, and Observancy are especially required of an old Man's Wife, and frequently attended with Jealousy.

Arm yourself then against all Persuasions to a Match that has nothing to recommend it, but that in point of Fortune it is more than you could expect. Never doubt but you will live to be happy in a Man who shall have Good-Sense to know your Worth, Generosity to reward it, and a Fortune and Inclination to make you perfectly easy.

The Woman who has a Competency of her own, makes but an ill Compliment to herself, when she changes her Condition for Superfluities, if she has not superior or stronger Motives. It is neither just nor honest to marry where there can be no Love. I am

Your faithful Friend,

ESTIPHANIA.

LETTER LI.

Sentiments of a Lady, a few Weeks before her Marriage.

Dear Madam,

MY Imagination has been lately employed in building a pleasing Fairy Castle concerning the Life I would lead, whenever I become the Wife of *Florio* ; for notwithstanding the Affectation of some Women, who assert that they are married quite accidentally,

cidentally, and without having once thought of it; yet such a Scheme of Life passes, I believe, in every Woman's Head, concerning the Man whom she thinks well enough of to desire to marry him. There are some, perhaps, who go no farther than the Visiting-Scene, dressed in white Satten to receive their Company; while others in their Imaginations follow the sad Remains of their rich Husbands to the Grave, and plan out their Scheme of Widowhood or a future Marriage.

The two Ideas, Husband and *Florio*, are now so closely connected in my Fancy, that the former cannot be mentioned without the Image of the latter's becoming its pleasing Companion. I consider him as the Husband of my Mind, the Husband of my voluntary Choice, selected from among the rest of Mankind by the joint Consent of my Judgment and Inclination; and could I be prevailed on to marry any other Man, I might justly be deemed guilty of the highest Ingratitude and Treachery. To be bribed, from the Consideration of Wealth and Grandeur, to become the Wife of one Man, while my Heart is fixed upon another; to marry a Man in whose Conversation I could have no Enjoyment; to sit at the upper End of one Man's Table, a very common prudential Motive to Marriage, and at the same time to wish another in his Place—what Prudence! what Goodness! It is a sort of Policy I could never fathom.

Whenever I read the Speech which *Shakespeare* has put into the Mouth of Queen *Catherine*, in his *Henry VIII.* wherein she says,

‘ I have been to you a true and faithful Wife,
 ‘ At all times to your Will conformable,
 ‘ Ever in fear to kindle your Dislike;
 ‘ Yea, subject to your Countenance; glad or sorry
 ‘ As I saw you inclin'd. When was the Hour
 ‘ I ever contradicted your Desire,
 ‘ Or made it not mine too?’

just such a Wife I think I could with Pleasure make
 to *Florio*.

I never could hear *Portia*, in the *Merchant of Venice*, freely and without reserve giving herself and all her Riches to the Disposal of *Bassanio*, without ardently wishing for the Power of using the same Words, and acting in the same Manner, to *Florio*.

How is my Heart warmed when I read of the Faith and true Affection of the Roman *Arria* to her *Petus*! and how often have I wished in this manner,

‘ My Heart let *Florio* most strictly prove;

‘ There’s *Arria*’s Truth, her Innocence and Love!’

It is not, however, the Death, but the Life of *Arria* which is to me so exemplary. In what manner my Fears might be alarmed at the Approach of immediate Dissolution, I pretend not to say, nor as a Christian can I think it justifiable, or even excusable, to give my Husband such a Proof of my Affection. But when I reflect on *Arria*’s Gentleness of Spirit, her chusing Retirement with her Husband before all the most alluring Baits of Grandeur, her placing her chief Enjoyment in her innocent Endeavours to make *Petus* happy, the joining her own Cares with his in the Education of their Children; and when *Petus* lay ill with a Fever in one Room, and their youngest favourite Child dead in the next, her walking to and fro as if the Child was yet living; feigning also a Chearfulness which her Heart was unable to feel; these are the Virtues which raise my Admiration, and it is her tender, her affectionate Behaviour, throughout her whole Life, that I could wish to imitate.

Frequently have I thought within myself, to be placed in the Bosom of my *Florio*, not as a treacherous Snake, but as a faithful Friend; to have his entire Confidence; to be indulged by him, because he sees me capable of gratefully receiving such Indulgence, without crying like a humoured Child, for want of finding out my own Desires;

—— “ is a Consummation

“ Devoutly to be wish’d!”

There

There is a haughty Pride of Mind that scorns even Indulgence itself, as it implies a Superiority in the Person who bestows it; but there is no Idea of Pleasure my highest Imagination ever could form equal to that of being indulged by the Man I love.

The great Error that Women fall into about marrying, is the seeking Wives instead of Husbands. The Fear of having it thought that they have Submission enough in their Tempers to be governed, raises a monstrous Disturbance in their Breasts. To join the Ideas of Love and Obedience is not in their Power. If a Woman would marry sensibly, let her chuse the Man whom she can obey chearfully. To marry *Florio*, and then to obey him, ever appeared to me as if I was commanded, as *Desdemona* says upon another Occasion,

——“ To do peculiar Profit
“ To my own Person ;” ——

It is a Command to follow the Bent of my Inclinations; for so far am I from thinking the Vow of Obedience in the matrimonial Service a Burthen, that it will be my utmost Pleasure. With *Florio*, how joyfully shall I pursue the same Studies, partake all his Pleasures, and share, or rather monopolize, all his Grievs! As in my Choice of him I am determined by nothing but himself, no outward Circumstances, no Situations, no Opinions besides my own, will have any Influence on my Mind.

But it would be endless to exhibit the various Pictures of Delight which my Imagination has formed, on the Thought of being his Wife. Very justly does an ingenious Poet say, that to a reflecting Mind

‘ On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows,

‘ In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows.’

And with such a Companion as my *Florio*, every Shrub, every Bush, every Flower of the Field, must all become Objects of the highest Pleasure. With my principal Wish thus fully gratified, what an inexpressible Lustre must be thrown on every outward Object, while

I place my Delight in my Husband's Friendship, esteem his Understanding, make his Will a Law of Liberty, and spend my whole Life in giving him every Moment fresh Instances of what, in my Opinion, only deserves the Name of Love!

L E T T E R LII.

From a Lady to her Daughter who was impatient of the Injuries she received from her Husband.

My Dear,

I Have revolved your Behaviour, before the Company which visited you Yesterday, with Regret; but instead of entering into Arguments to prove it imprudent and unbecoming, permit me to relate to you the Behaviour of a Lady, nearly in the same Situation, and to express my Wishes that it may have a proper Effect on your Mind.

In the Reign of Charles II. there was a young Lady, whom I shall call *Prudentia*, who was the reigning Toast of that gallant Age, and equally admired by the Men of Pleasure and the Men of Wit: Her Soul was as lovely as her Person: With her Beauty she was strictly modest, with her Wit she was discreet and good-natured. Among her numerous Train of Admirers, none seemed so agreeable and deserving her Esteem as the young Lord *Amiable*, who, incapable of any base Designs, gave such Assurances of his Love, that *Prudentia* easily surrendered her Heart. *Prudentia's* Aunt, who was her Guardian, and loved her as her own Child, was pleased with a Conquest which would so much contribute to the Honour and Happiness of her Niece; she readily consented to the Match, and the Nuptials were celebrated with a mutual Joy. As this was a Marriage not made up by Treaty, but free Choice and Inclination, they did not fall into that modish Coldness and complaisant Indifference People of Fashion are soon apt to do.

My

' My Lord was a Man of unusual Sweetness and Affa-
 ' bility of Temper, which, when joined to that
 ' of *Prudentia's*, must necessarily make him happy
 ' with his Wife ; yet his Easiness and Credulity of
 ' the Generosity of some Companions had like to
 ' have lessened his Domestic Felicity, had not the
 ' Discretion of *Prudentia* prevented it. My Lord
 ' had contracted a most intimate Acquaintance with
 ' one Mr. *Maskwell*, a Man of pleasing Conversation ;
 ' which served only to conceal the tricking Game-
 ' ster and the designing Pander. To render himself
 ' more powerful with Men of Quality, he made him-
 ' self instrumental to their Follies or their Vices. Tho'
 ' Lord *Amiable* was not inclined to any of those Vices
 ' *Maskwell* was Procurer of, yet this Wretch had
 ' Cunning enough to draw him into all. With Drink-
 ' ing, his Health soon began to be impaired ; with
 ' Losses his Temper was ruffled ; with Wenching,
 ' that Fondness and cordial Love he was used to shew
 ' to his Lady, began to cease. *Prudentia* was not a
 ' little concerned at this Conduct : She too well knew
 ' all his Vices ; yet discreetly thought, that any
 ' violent Opposition would but heighten the Mischief :
 ' She took care to make Home as easy to him as
 ' possible ; studious of obliging, she never disgusted
 ' him by harsh Reproaches or satirical Reflections on
 ' his Conduct ; neither, tho' careful to please him,
 ' did she run into an Extreme of Fondness : She was
 ' not fond when she thought it would be disagreeable ;
 ' for she knew that a Wife without Discretion may
 ' make the tenderest Endearments the most trouble-
 ' some. *Prudentia* was gay or fond as she found her
 ' Lord in the Temper to receive either ; and without
 ' letting him know that she had Information of his
 ' Gaming abroad, would propose Cards or Dice at
 ' home, with such Company she thought would most
 ' please him, and never forgot to include Mr. *Mask-*
 ' *well*. Sometimes her Proposal was accepted ; and by
 ' that Means she found out the Sharper, the Pander,
 ' the Flatterer, and the Villain, in the Silver-tongued
 ' Mr. *Maskwell*.

It happened that Mrs. *Thoughtless*, a beautiful Lady, who had married my Lord's Brother, was extremely uneasy on being informed of her Husband's keeping Women of the Town, and in Danger of being ruined by Sharpers at Gaming: She came one Day to my Lord to complain of his Brother's bad Conduct and Falshood to her Bed: She cried, she raved, and threatened not to live a Moment with him longer. My Lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in vain; my Lady succeeded better, who taking this Opportunity to shew my Lord his own Foibles, thus addressed herself to her Sister. I fancy, dear Sister, you want a little discreet Good-Humour to reclaim your Husband; Beauty and Wit will not avail without Discretion: There is a passive Kind of Virtue necessary to shew him his Folly; it must not be done with Ill-Nature and constant Reproaches on his Conduct, which I am afraid is your Method. If my Lord *Amiable* was guilty of such Follies, which I dare affirm he never will, I should myself act as I advise you. You have Beauty enough to please a Husband, have therefore an equal Desire to do it: Be the more studious of his Humour as he is more faulty in his Conduct, and let your Affability shew his Injustice in wronging you: The Mistresses the Men visit exert all their little Arts to please them for Gain only, without Honour, without Conscience, and without Love; why then should not a virtuous Woman shew as great a Desire to please her Husband, as these artful Jilts do to please a Gallant?

Mrs. *Thoughtless* was pleased with her Advice; my Lord approved of it, and was secretly touched to the Soul for his Transgressions against so incomparable a Wife, who had acted what she spoke, and had more personal Charms than the Woman his false Friend had introduced him to. When he had recollected himself, he proposed that his Sister should bring her Husband to Dinner next Day, and that his Lady should repeat what she had already said, and he was assured that it would have an excellent Effect, It was agreed on, but with this discreet

Caution

Caution of Lady *Amiable*, that her Discourse should be directed to my Lord, to take off any Suspicion that it was intended for Mr. *Thoughtless*. The next Day they met; and my Lord *Amiable* saw himself prudently attacked by his Lady for his real Faults, while she seemed only to take them for imaginary ones. To what she had said before, she added some Reflections on the ill Choice Men of Quality make of their Acquaintance, among whom are the merry laughing Buffoons, who lead them into all the Vices of the Age under the false Pretence of Friendship; at which Words, looking at her Lord in the most tender Manner, she concluded, *These, my Lord, are wretched Friends, who lead you into such Evils; on the contrary, the Friendship between Man and Wife is cemented by Virtue, Love and Interest, and cannot be dissolved without destroying the Happiness of both. Let not then, my Lord, any false Friends deceive you to your Ruin. I desire a Continuance of your Love only so long as I continue to deserve it.* At these last Words, my Lord, overcome with the gentle Reproach, flung himself about her Neck, and amidst a thousand Kisses promised mutual Love. These Transports were followed by the like in my Lady's Brother and his Wife, who owned himself a Convert to Virtue and Matrimonial Affection.

Thus, what neither Beauty nor Wit could effect, Discretion did: Their Lives afterwards were prosperous, and their Deaths happy.

May this Example, my dear Child, have its due Weight with you, and, by altering your Conduct, restore you to that Peace of Mind and domestic Tranquillity, the Want of which has so much affected

Your most tender and affectionate Mother,

EUPHROSYNE.

LETTER LIII.

Letter from a Lady to the Adventurer, with her melancholy Story.

S I R,

I Will not anticipate the Subject of this Letter, by relating the Motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published; if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one Topic of Instruction.

My Mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth Year, I was left an Orphan with a Fortune of twenty thousand Pounds at my own Disposal. I have often been told that I am handsome; and I have some Reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my Vanity or conferring Happiness.

I was soon addressed by many Lovers, from among whom I selected *Hilario*, the elder Brother of a good Family, whose paternal Estate was something more than equivalent to my Fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a Man of Sense; and to confess the Truth, not much less as a Man of Pleasure. His Character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him; he derived new Dignity, not only from the Silence of the Men, but the Blushes of the Ladies; and those, whose Wit or Virtue did not suffer by the Admission of such a Guest, were honoured as Persons who could treat upon equal Terms with a Hero, who was become formidable by the Number of his Conquests: His Company, therefore, was courted by all whom their Fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a Sphere above them; and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and retulant in their own Circle.

I was

I was myself captivated with his Manner and Conversation ; I hoped that upon Understanding I should be able to engraft Virtue ; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my Friends, and after a few Months Courtship I became his Wife.

During a short Time all my Expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my Choice. *Hilario* was at once tender and polite ; present Pleasures were heightened by the Anticipation of future ; my Imagination was perpetually wandering among the Scenes of Poetry and Romance ; I appropriated every luxurious Description of happy Lovers ; and believed, that whatever Time should take from Desire, would be added to Complacency ; and that in Old Age we should only exchange the tumultuous Extasy of Love, for the calm, rational, and exalted Delights of Friendship, which every Year would increase by new Reciprocations of Kindness, more tried Fidelity, and implicit Confidence.

But from this pleasing Dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole Study of my Life to unite my Pleasures with those of *Hilario*, to regulate my Conduct by his Will, and thus prolong the Felicity which was reflected from his Bosom to mine ; yet his Visits abroad, in which I was not a Party, became more frequent, and his general Behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his Mind was often absent, and that my Prattle became irksome ; my Assiduities to recover his Attention, and excite him to Chearfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold Civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed Officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever Reluctance, that neither my Person nor my Mind had any Charm that could stand in competition with Variety ; and though, as I remember, I never even with my Looks, upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those Hours in which I was forsaken by *Hilario* in Solitude and Tears.

But

But my Distress still increased, and one Injury made way for another. *Hilario*, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed Wishes, and the Resentment which they produce, concur to render Beauty less solicitous to avoid Temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater Reason to suspect that I made Reprisals: Thus his Sagacity multiplied his Vices, and my Virtue defeated its own Purpose.

Some Maxims, however, which I had gathered from Novels and Plays, were still uppermost in my Mind. I reflected often upon the Arts of *Amanda*, and the persevering Tenderness and Discretion of Lady *Easy*; and I believed, as I had been taught by the Sequel of every Story, that they could not be practised without Success, but against obdurate Ill-Nature, against the *Brutes* and the *Sultrious*, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a Crime to punish, by admitting a Rake of Parts to Pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such Maxims, and such Examples, I therefore derived some Hope. I wished earnestly to detect *Hilario* in his Infidelity; that in the Moment of Conviction I might rouse his Sensibility of my Wrongs, and exalt his Opinion of my Merit; that I might cover him with Confusion, melt him with Tenderness, and double his Obligations by Generosity.

The Opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by Accident one Morning, that he intended to go in the Evening to a Masquerade; and I immediately conceived a Design to discover his Dress, and follow him to the Theatre; to single him out, make some Advances, and if possible bring on an Assignment, where in the Ardor of his first Address I might strike him with Astonishment by taking off my Mask, reprove him without Reproach, and forgive him without Parade, mingling with the soft Distress

Distress of violated Affection the calm Dignity of injured Virtue.

My Imagination was fired with these Images, which I was impatient to realize. My Pride, which had hitherto sustained me above Complaint, and thrown a Veil of Chearfulness over my Distress, would not suffer me to employ an Assistant in the Project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my Suspicions, and confiding my Peace to the Breast of another, by whose Malice or Caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be brought into the most slavish Subjection, without insuring the Secrecy of which my Dependence would be the Price. I therefore resolved, at whatever Risque of Disappointment or Detection, to trace him to the Warehouse where his Habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should chuse myself.

He had ordered his Chariot at Eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myself up in an Undress, and sat alone in my Room till I saw him drive from the Door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into *St. James's Street*, which was not more than twenty Yards, I went after him, and meeting with a Hackney Coach at the End of the Street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the Driver to follow the Chariot at some Distance, and to stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the Windows, and after half an Hour spent in the most tormenting Suspense and Anxiety, it stopped at the End of *Tavistock-Street*. I looked hastily out of the Window, hiding my Face with my Handkerchief, and saw *Hilario* alight at the Distance of about forty Yards, and go into a Warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the Sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the Chariot was out of sight, I discharged the Coach, and going immediately to the Warehouse that *Hilario* had left, I pretended to want a Habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the Counter, which I suppose had been brought out for *Hilario's* Choice; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular Notice of a very rich *Turkish* Dress, which one of the Servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether

whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable Satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the Gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my Hopes, not only by discovering *Hilario's* Dress, but by his Choice of one so very remarkable; for if he had chosen a Domino, my Scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a Domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the Intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the Shop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with Ladies from two Coaches, and the People were in a Hurry to accommodate them. My Dress did not attract much Notice, nor promise much Advantage; I was therefore willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving Word that I would call again.

When I got into the Street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a Habit, where *Hilario* would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself: I, therefore, took another Coach at the End of *Southampton-Street*, and went to a Shop near the *Hay-Market*, where I had before purchased a Capuchin and some other Trifles, and where I knew Habits were to be hired, though not in so public a Manner as at other Places.

I now returned home; and such was the Joy and Expectation which my Success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an Attempt, for which I could find neither Motive nor Apology but in my own Wretchedness.

During the Interval between my Return and the Time when the Doors of the Theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost Inquietude and Impatience. I looked every Moment at my Watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some Accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped: But the lingering Hour at length arrived; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my Victim, and found Means to attract his Regard.

I had,

I had, when I was at School, learned a Way of expressing the Alphabet with my Fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. *Hilario*, during his Courtship, had once observed me using it to a Lady who had been my School-Fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this Manner I saw my *Turk* conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an Appearance of Vexation and Disappointment. I thought this a favourable Opportunity to accost him; and therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the Sleeve, and spelt with my Fingers the Words, *I understand*. At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my Art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my Voice, which I considered as the more formidable Danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short Conversation, which he seemed to make a Point of continuing in the Manner I had begun, an Assignment was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in Chairs to a Bagnio near *Covent-Garden*. During this Journey my Mind was in great Agitation; and it was difficult to determine, whether Pleasure or Pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my Triumph in the Confusion of *Hilario*; I conceived the Manner and the Terms in which I would address him; and exulted in the Superiority which I should acquire by this Opposition of his Character to mine.

He was ready to receive me when my Chair was brought into the Entry, and giving me his Hand, led me hastily up Stairs. As soon as we entered the Room he shut the Door, and, taking off his Mask, ran to me with the utmost Impatience to take off mine. This was the important Moment; but at this Moment I discovered, with inexpressible Astonishment and Terror, that the Person with whom I was alone in a Brotherel, was not *Hilario*, but *Caprinus*, a Wretch whom I well remembered to have seen among the Rakes that he frequently brought to his Table.

At this Sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an

Easy.

Easy Chair that stood by the Bed-side. *Caprinus*, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my Mask to give me Air. At the first View of my Face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same Wonder that had fixed my Eyes upon him. But our Amazement was the next Moment increased; for *Hilario*, who had succeeded in his Intrigue, with whatever Lady, happened to be in the next Room, and either alarmed by the Voice of Distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the Door, which flew open before him; but, at the next Step, stood fixed in the same Stupor of Astonishment which had seized us. After a Moment's Recollection, he came up to me, and dragging me to the Candle, gazed stedfastly in my Face with a Look so frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale Countenance of Rage, which Contempt had distorted with a Smile; his Lips quivered, and he told me, in a Voice scarce articulate, that 'though I might well be frighted at having stumbled upon an Acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have screamed so loud.' After this Insult, he quitted me with as much Negligence as he could assume! and bowing obsequiously to *Caprinus*, told him, 'he would leave me to his Care.' *Caprinus* had not sufficient Presence of Mind to reply; nor had I Power to make any Attempt, either to pacify or retain *Hilario*.

When he was gone I burst into Tears, but was still unable to speak. From this Agony *Caprinus* laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my Distress: *Caprinus*, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate Mistake. He had no Conception, that I intended an Assignment with my Husband; but believed, like *Hilario*, that I had mistaken the Person for whom my Favours were intended: While he lamented my Distress and Disappointment, therefore, he pressed my Hand with great Ardor, wished that he had been thought worthy of my Confidence and my Love, and to facilitate his Design upon the Wife of his Friend, declared himself a Man of Honour, and that he would maintain the Character at the Hazard of his Life.

To

To such an Address, in such Circumstances, what could I reply? Grief had disarmed my Resentment, and the Pride of suspected Virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in Reproaches, but Complaints; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me, 'how he had procured his Habit, and whether it had not been hired by *Hilario*.' He seemed to be struck with the Question, and the Manner in which I urged it: 'I hired it,' said he, 'myself, at a Warehouse in *Tavistock-Street*; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the Subject of much Confusion and Dispute. When I made my Agreement, the Master was absent; and the Servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his Return, he afterwards, in the Absence of the Servant, made the same Agreement with another; but I know not with whom; and it was with great Difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his Claim, after he had been convinced of the Mistake.'

I now clearly discovered the Snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether *Caprinus* began to conceive my Design, or whether he was indeed touched at my Distress, which all his Attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from further Protestations and Importunity, and at my earnest Request procured me a Chair, and left me to my Fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable Anguish, upon the Change which a few Hours had made in my Condition. I had left my House in the Height of Expectation, that in a few Hours I should add to the Dignity of an untainted Reputation, the Felicity of conjugal Endearments: I returned disappointed and degraded; detected in all the Circumstances of Guilt, to which I had not approached even in Thought; having justified the Jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the Esteem which I hoped to improve to Veneration. With these Thoughts I once more entered my Dressing Room, which was on the same Floor with my Chamber, and in less than half an Hour I heard *Hilario* come in.

He went immediately to his Chamber; and being told that I was in the next Room, he locked the Door, but did not go to Bed, for I heard him walk backward and forward all the Night.

Early in the Morning I sent a sealed Billet to him by his Valet; for I had not made a Confident, even of my Woman: It contained only a pressing Intreaty to be heard, and a solemn Asseveration of my Innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal Answer, that I might come to him: To him, therefore, I went, not as a Judge, but a Criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and at this Moment, I would have given the World to have been restored to that State, which the Day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great Agitation, which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hastened to relate my Project, the Motives from which it was undertaken, and the Means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with Calmness and Attention, till I related the Particular of the Habit: This threw him into a new Fit of Jealousy, and starting from his Seat, 'What,' said he, 'have you paid for this Intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, but the Wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself?' Here he paused for my Reply; and as I could not deny the Fact, I was silent: My inviolable Regard for Truth was mistaken for the Confusion of Guilt, and equally prevented my Justification. His Passion returned with yet greater Violence. 'I know,' said he, 'that *Ca-prinus* related this Incident, only that you might be enabled to impose upon my Credulity, and that he might obtain a Participation of the Favours which you lavished upon others: But I am not thus to be deceived by the Concurrence of Accident with Cunning, nor reconciled to the Infamy which you have brought upon my Name.' With this injurious Reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the Warehouse, where the Testimony of Persons, wholly disinterested,

disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which Dress he had chosen. To this Request he replied, by asking me in a peremptory Tone, 'Whether *Caprinus* had not told me where the Habit was hired?' As I was struck with the Suddenness and the Design of the Question, I had not Fortitude to confess a Truth which yet I disdained to deny. *Hilario* again triumphed in the successful Detection of my Artifices; and told me, with a Sneer of insupportable Contempt and Derision, that 'he who had so kindly directed me where to find my Witnesses, was too able a Solicitor, not to acquaint them what Testimony they were to give.'

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any Mercy under the Imputation of Guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my Wretchedness in my Bosom, and, if possible, preserve that Character abroad which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain Attempt: It was immediately whispered as a Secret, that '*Hilario*, who had long suspected me of criminal Correspondence, had at length traced me from the Masquerade to a Bagnio, and surprized me with a Fellow.' It was in vain for me to attempt the Recovery of my Character by giving another Turn to this Report; for the principal Facts I could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my Friends, after they had attended to what they call nice Distinctions and minute Circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark Affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my Female Acquaintance as infamous: If I went abroad, I was pointed out with a Whisper, and a Nod; and if I stayed at home, I saw no Face but my Servant's. Those, whose Levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the Virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God that they had never yet picked up Fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a Ball. But this was not the worst: Every Libertine, whose Fortune authorised the Insolence, was now making me Offers of Protection in nameless Scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to Adultery;

tery; they dared to hope I should accept their Proposal by directing to A B, who declares, like *Caprinus*, that he is a Man of Honour, and will not scruple to run my Husband through the Body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorised to treat me with every Species of Cruelty but Blows, at the same time that his House was a perpetual Scene of Lewdness and Debauchery.

Reiterated Provocation and Insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant Relation, who so far interested himself in my Behalf as to obtain me a separate Maintenance, with which I retired into the Country, and in this World have no Hope but to perpetuate my Obscurity.

In this Obscurity, however, your Paper is known: And I have communicated an Adventure to the *Advertiser*, not merely to indulge Complaint, or gratify Curiosity, but because I think it confirms some Principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future Retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the Miseries of Guilt, except the Reproach of Conscience, and the Fear of Hell, by an Attempt which was intended to reclaim another from Vice, and obtain the Reward of my own Virtue.

My Example may deter others from venturing to the Verge of Rectitude, and assuming the Appearance of Evil. On the other hand, those who judge of mere Appearances without Charity, may remark, that no Conduct was ever condemned with less Show of injurious Severity, nor yet with less Justice than mine. Whether my Narrative will be believed, indeed, I cannot determine; but where Innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute Guilt, because 'with whatsoever Judgment Men judge, they shall be judged;' a Truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impose Silence upon the Censorious, and extort Candour from the Selfish. And I hope that the Ladies who read my Story, will never hear but with Indignation, that the Understanding of a Libertine is a Pledge of Reformation; for his Life cannot

cannot be known without Abhorrence, or shared without Ruin. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESDEMONA.

LETTER LIV.

From an Aunt to her Niece, who lived unhappily with her Husband.

Dear Sally,

YOUR Father called on me Yesterday, and with Tears gave me an Account of the Misunderstanding that still subsists between your Husband and you; which indeed I had heard before, from several of your Neighbours, who wish well to you both, and would be glad to promote your Happiness. You, I find, to excuse yourself, rail against your Husband, which, instead of healing the Difference, only makes the Breach wider, and is a sort of Behaviour that I did not expect from your Prudence; for Prudence, I think, will induce a good Wife to bear a little with her Husband's Faults without railing, especially if she considers that both her Duty and Interest require it. You say he is obstinate, peevish and petulant. I am afraid he is, and your poor Father tells me you are so too. If that be the Case, and you are both determined in the Pursuit, there is an End of all Happiness, and 'tis to no purpose to lend you either Advice or Assistance. The best Tempers indeed are sometimes decomposed, and the most affectionate People may have Words; but how easily are those Things set to rights by means of a little Prudence!—I'll tell you a Story, my Dear, and I beg you would tell it to your Husband; for I think it may be of service to you both.

Archbishop Cranmer had a Niece, whom he married to a Gentleman every way her Equal in point of Family. The Wedding-Day was solemnized with great Pomp and Splendor, after which, according to Custom, the new-married Couple were left alone. Next Morning

ing the good Archbishop went into their Chamber, and enquiring after their Health, told them he had a Present to make them. They were impatient to know what it was; but he persisted in concealing it till they both promised him never to wear it at the same Time; and having extorted from them that solemn Promise, he presented them with a *Fool's Cap*.

Now, my Dear, when you see your Husband is inclined to wear the Cap, I would have you be patient, meek and mild, give him only good Words, and he'll throw it off again presently; when, if you please, you may put it on, provided he will promise you to behave in that Manner. But the less you wear it the better, and if I was you, I would not learn a bad Thing even of my Husband. If you manage well, your Prudence in Time will get the better of his Passion, and he'll acknowledge your Superiority of Understanding, and be advised by you in every thing. I wish you happy, my Dear, and am,

Most affectionately yours.

LETTER LV.

From a Lady on the Point of Marriage.

Dear Madam,

TELL me (for you know) if there can be greater Pleasure than that which results from the Reflection of pleasing a Person dearer, infinitely dearer to us, than ourselves. The grateful Look, the kindling Glance, the expressive Glow of tender Fondness, silently shot from the thankful Eye—O can there be a greater Reward, to soften the charming Toil, if that can be call'd a Toil that will gladden the Heart we love? For this I will read and study to enrich my Mind, for this I will dress, for this I will plot new Arts to please, while Virtue, Innocence and Truth shall lead the Way, and mark my Path to lasting Bliss. What Delight the distant Prospect

spect beams upon my Soul! My *Lucius!* my Husband! my Friend! dear Epithets!—enchanting Sounds!—Sounds swelling with every thrilling Joy!—O all gracious Being! may my Abilities be equal to the Ardour of my Soul! may the Wife be lost in the Friend; the soft, the tender, the generous Friend!

The Pleasure I may be supposed to receive from these Resolutions is extremely damped by abundance of intruding Fears that dash my Joys with a Mixture of Bitterness; I tremble lest, in the unguarded Moments of my Life, I should drop the Guard I resolve to keep over my Temper; lest I should forget to please, or lose the Power of doing it. Thoughts that are always attended with Pain.

You see what a fond unfashionable Creature I am grown; but as your Ladyship has given me some Reason to believe that you are not less weak than myself, I boldly brave your Satire; so that if you make merry with me on this Occasion, I shall freely join in the Laugh.

My Happiness is now so great, that there seems nothing wanting but the Consideration of its being perpetual, to render it complete: Nor does my Sister's appear less exquisite than mine; we are surrounded with every laughing Delight, every social Endearment. The Congratulations of our Friends, the Caresses of our Parents, the Tenderneſs of our Lovers, and the pleasing Sympathy in each other's Felicity, all contribute to heighten our Joy; while Rapture itself grows more pleasing, by settling into a serene and most charming Tranquillity. Every thing is preparing for the Ceremony that is to unite us for ever to the dearest Persons on Earth; and next *Thursday* my Sister and I are to be hailed under the Title of Brides, and initiated into the dignified State of venerable Matrons. And between you and I, Madam, we both heartily wish these solemn Doings over, for really they have something terrible in them that frights at a Distance.

I am your Ladyship's most sincere Friend,

FELICIA.

L E T.

LETTER LVI.

*From a Lady to her Mother, on her hearing she should
be compelled to marry a Man she abhorred.*

Most dear and honoured Madam,

AS on a thousand Occasions I have experienced your Indulgence, I impute rather to your Compliance with my Father's Request than your own Inclination, that I have been denied the Happiness of an Answer to any of those very many Letters I have sent since my Confinement in this solitary Recess; and am therefore emboldened once more to pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you;—to beseech you to have compassion on my forlorn Condition;—nay, even to conjure you, by the tender Name of Mother, and all the Ties of Nature and Affection, to vouchsafe me your Assistance in this distracting Exigence,—this terrible Dilemma, that, whichever way I turn, affords nothing but the Prospect of eternal Ruin.—My Aunt has just now shewn me a Letter she received from my Father, wherein he desires her to prepare for our Return to *London*; but, O heaven! to what End!—to be the wretched Bride, the Victim of a Man I can have no Taste for as a Husband!—a Man, who, were my Heart entirely free from all Attachment to another, I never could be brought to love!—How can I assume a Tenderneſs it is not in my Power to feel!—To be sincere in all my Words and Actions, was the first Precept of my early Youth;—I have ever since held it sacred, and I cannot, and am certain you would not wish me to forget it.—But I am now told that Reason ought to guide Inclination, that the softer Passions should give way to the Considerations of Interest and the World's Esteem, and that these plead strongly in favour of *Andrugio*:—Alas, how different are my Thoughts!—What are his Titles to me!—What all the Honours his late Success has gained!—Meer Shadows to attract the distant Eye, but afford no real Charms upon a near Approach.—Can his Wealth purchase for me the least Moment's

Moment's Peace of Mind?—or outward Grandeur compensate for inward Discontent?—O no,—where *Hearts* are not linked by a secret Sympathy, an invisible, undiscernable Attraction that binds them to each other, Heaven never intended a Union of *Hands*, nor will vouchsafe a Blessing.—Thus, Madam, I have heard you say, you argued with yourself, when you refused a Coronet for my Father:—Your Parents indeed did not oppose your Inclination, but left you free, to make your Choice between *Love* and *Greatness*;—that, alas! is not my unhappy Case;—yet do I not complain, much less presume to expect you should sacrifice your Resentment, to comply with the Tenderness of my Heart.—As I am torn from what I had once your Leave to think would form my greatest Happiness, I only intreat I may not be forced to what I know will be the most extreme Wretchedness that can be inflicted on me.—*Celia* has given me some Hints which I believe she had from my Aunt, that it is more out of Hatred to *Seraphino*, than Good-Will to *Andrugio*, that my Father has taken this cruel Resolution, and, meerly to prevent my disposing of myself against his Consent, intends to dispose of me so contrary to my own.—Ah, Madam! if it be so, I beseech you to assure him, as you safely may, that there is nothing (not even this dreadful Marriage) which more shocks my Imagination, than being guilty of so rash, so unpardonable a Violation of my Duty.—I agree to renounce *Seraphino* for ever,—utterly to abjure him,—to see him no more, and as little as possible to think of him. I will put it out of my Power to listen to any Dictates my fond Heart must suggest in his Favour, by the most sacred Obligations that Words can form, or Incredulity exact from me; but if all this should be thought too weak to atone for my failing in that implicit Obedience which is expected from me, reverse at least my Sentence;—punish me by any other Kind of Means provoked Authority can invent; condemn me to pass the whole Remainder of my Days in lonely Solitude;—shut me from all Society, or banish me where only Lions and Tygers dwell.—Fate cannot reach me in any Shape so horrid as the Embraces of *Andrugio*.

Pardon, I beseech you, Madam, the Wildness of these Expressions, which nothing but the most poignant Anguish of the last Despair could have forced from me; and be assured, that, though I have said much more than you may think I ought to have done, I have said little in comparison of what is felt by, Madam,

Your unhappy, but obedient Daughter,

LUCIDAMIA.

LETTER LVII.

From a Lady, on the Pleasures of even a Winter Retirement.

Madam,

IT is now, indeed, the Time when the Town Diversions summon the gay Part of the World to quit their rural Seats, and shine in the Circle of the *Beau Monde*. Plays, Balls, Masquerades, and Operas, are already begun. The Country is almost as desolate of Inhabitants, as the Trees in my Forest are of Leaves. All my Acquaintance, in these Parts, have left me for what they call Delights more agreeable to the Season; yet I am still here,—and what seems most strange to you, am here by my own Choice; and think it not the least of those many Obligations I owe to the Love and Complaisance of my dear Lord, that he consents to be a little longer than is usual, absent from the grand Council of the Nation, rather than remove me from the Felicities this Retreat affords. But you wonder I am not eaten up with Spleen, or dying with Vapours, and cannot conceive how I am able to support so long a Deprivation of those Pleasures, which, tho' far from being an Enemy to, I cannot help thinking you greatly over-rate; and charming as you paint them, and really agreeable as I confess some of them are, you must pardon me, when I say, they cannot, in my Opinion, come in any Competition with those of Retirement. Here I am free from, and disincumbered with, the insincere Civilities,—the vain Ceremony,—the fantastic Pomp, which the troublesome Rank I hold in Life obliges

obliges me to partake of. What Company,—what Amusements can I want, when the wide Creation is spread out before me;—when the Court of Heaven, with all its Glories, opens to my View, and an uninterrupted Tranquillity assists Contemplation to lift me above this dull Earth, to travel in Idea thro' the ætherial Regions, and anticipate the Privilege of Immortality! Whether the Sun appears in all his Radiance, or the pale Moon shines in her borrowed Light;—whether I hail the Dawn, or pay my Compliments to the Evening *Hesperus*;—whether my impatient Eye wanders among the unnumbered Stars, or loses itself amidst that Galaxy of Splendor which forms the Milky Way, my Soul seems all dissolved and loosened from its Clay;—I feel myself, methinks, already a Guest in the celestial Abodes, and joining Chorus, with the blest Inhabitants, in Praise and Adoration of the Eternal Source of Love, of Light, and Joy.

But these are Raptures which I cannot at all times indulge, nor indeed ought I to be so entirely absorbed in them, as to forget, that during the Time appointed for my Stay on Earth, I have Duties to discharge which cannot be dispensed with.—As I am a *Wife*, I am bound to make it my Study to please him to whom, by Love, Law, and the most tender Obligations, I am united; and as I am a *Mother*, to omit nothing in my Power to form the Minds of those to whom I have given Birth, in such a Manner as to render them incapable of doing any thing hereafter unworthy the Dignity of a reasonable Being.—Above all things, I take care to inculcate into their most early Years, the Knowledge that they are born for Eternity; and while I amuse them with the Study of Natural Philosophy, I turn their Reflections on the Supreme Author of all the various and amazing Productions they behold with so much Pleasure.—I endeavour, as much as possible, to make them less in love with *Art* than *Nature*, and to condemn all the Handy-works of *Man*, in comparison with those of *Him who made Man*,—to look on the Glare of Finery and Equipage as the meanest of all Trifles, and to consider even Beauty (tho' the Gift of Heaven) as a Good, which can no way counterbalance

for any Defect in the *Mind*.—As the Precepts I lay down are delivered with a Familiarity which has nothing of the Air of Lesson, I have the Satisfaction to perceive they listen to them with more Delight than to any thing they can hear in the Nursery. This gives me Cause to hope, that the Impressions thus early made on their Hearts will not be easily erased.

Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful Account of the Duties I am employed in, during my Retirement from the Great World, which, I believe, you will allow are such as leave no Time heavy on my Hands; and when I assure you, as I can do, with the greatest Sincerity, that these Studies make the supreme Pleasure of my Life, you will also cease to wonder, that I am in no haste to visit a City, where it is utterly impossible for me to pursue them with the same Freedom I do here.—I must, notwithstanding, submit to my Husband's Will, which, I am just now informed, has fixed *Tuesday* next for my Departure from this Scene of true Content.—I bear it, however, with the less Regret, as I shall have the Honour of congratulating Sir *Thomas* on the Reward of his long faithful Passion for the virtuous and beautiful *Clarinda*: I beg, in the mean time, you will make my Compliments acceptable to both, and assure them, that they share, with their Sister, in the sincere Friendship and Esteem of, Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

MIRA.

LETTER LVIII.

To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox.

My dear Ophelia,

I Received yours, and rejoice too much in your Recovery, to be able to condole with you on any Alteration your late Illness has made in you; and, indeed, how great soever it may be, am far from thinking it deserves to be mentioned with that Concern you express.—You have encountered Death, and foiled him at

one

one of his sharpest Weapons; and if you have received some Scars, ought to look upon them rather as Trophies of Victory, than Blemishes.—What if your Complexion has lost some Part of its fair Enamel, and your Features are not altogether so delicate; the less Charms your Glass presents you with, the more you will find in your Closet; and, deprived of vain Pleasure in contemplating the Graces of your outward Form, you will have the greater Leisure to improve and embellish those which are not so easily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the Ambition of attracting Admirers, that renders Beauty of so much Value to all the Young and Gay; but, if we consider seriously, we shall find that it is Virtue, Good-Sense, Sweetness of Disposition, and Complaisance, of which the Girdle of *Cytheria* should be composed.—The finest Face in the World, without them, will not long maintain its Empire over the Heart of a Man of Understanding, as the Poet truly says,

“Beauty soon grows familiar to the Eye;

“Virtue alone has Charms that never die.”

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a Level, than before this Accident, with the greatest Part of our Sex: I confess the Beauties of the *Person* greatly contribute to set off and render those of the *Mind* conspicuous, and for that Reason should lament extremely any Defect in the *one*, if I were not certain you had enough of the *other* to engross the whole Attention of as many as know you; and that they may every Day increase in the Lustre of true Dignity, is the sincere Wish of, my dear *Ophelia*,

Yours,

SOPHRONIA.

3

LET.

LETTER LIX.

*To a Lady on her Marriage.**Dear Madam,*

Nothing could give me such a sincere Delight as your last Letter, wherein you acquaint me you are joined, by the most sacred Bands, to the accomplished, the tender *Philario*. May all your Days be propitious ! May blooming Joys, ever opening with new Delight, perpetuate your Felicity ! May your Spouse's Affection, instead of decreasing with Time, ripen into that soft Esteem, that tender Complacency, which are the natural Attendants of Love and Merit, and the highest Summit of all sublunary Happiness ! In short, may you be bound to him with all that Dignity of Passion which is necessary to render him ever as dear to you as now ; while Love shall have the Energy of Religion, and Inclination the Force of every sacred Dictate !

Do not be shocked at being counted a *fond* Wife ; you have, I am sure, too much Good-Sense to be ashamed of what must now not only be the Essence of your Happiness, but your highest Glory. It is your Duty to love your Husband with unalterable Affection ; and what is your Duty, the many fine Accomplishments and the Worth of *Philario* will render always pleasing to you. Your increasing Felicity will ever sensibly promote that of, my dear Madam,

Your most affectionate and sincere Friend,

ALICE GOODING.

LETTER LX.

*From a Lady lately brought to bed.**Madam,*

I Have now the Pleasure of informing you, that we have another Person added to our Family ; you, I am sure, will be glad to find that I am able to tell
you

you so. I was happily brought to bed three Weeks ago.

O my Friend! how delightfully does the Mind glow with Gratitude, thus rising from the Struggles of convulsive Pangs, from the Languor of expiring Life! The dear helpless Infant too, the Subject of our future Care and Joy! with what new, what tender Sensations do we view the little Gift of Nature confided to our Protection! Methought a Beam of heavenly Comfort shot through my Soul! Ease, Joy, —transporting Joy, and mingled Fondness; all Delight, Extasy and Love! My Heart o'erflowed at once with Gratitude and the softest maternal Affection. Though I am as well as can be expected, my Head is still very weak; indeed my Eyes fail me, and I am forced to conclude.

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

SUSANNA GENTLE.

LETTER LXI.

A Letter of Complaint, from a Young married Lady to her Mother, against the ill Conduct of her Husband.

Dear Mother,

YOU was right to tell me, that I should repent of my Marriage, by suffering myself to be too easily seduced by the Appearances of Good-Nature and Behaviour in my Husband, during the Time I enjoyed my dear Liberty; for, having followed the Motions of my own capricious Fancy, I suffer all that can be imagined from a Husband who spends his Time in a continued Scene of Rioting and Debauchery. His Health, which he exhausts and destroys in a Way to lay him soon in his Grave, affects me infinitely more than the Expences he is at. In this melancholy Situation I have Recourse to you, dear Mother, to beg you would write to him. I know, as he has a particular Respect for your Person, he will pay a great Deference to any thing you shall say to him. Do not refuse me this Favour, for my Comfort. I beg also you would be

persuaded that I am, with all the Tenderness and Obedience I am capable of,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

SOPHIA WELLBRED.

L E T T E R L X I I .

Answer:

Dear Daughter,

IF your Marriage makes you uneasy, you have no Reason to complain, because you would marry, contrary to my Inclination, a young Man too well known for his ill Conduct. I always thought that you would pass your Time very uncomfortably, and that you would not have that Satisfaction with him you imagined. I have wrote to him, to let him know, that, if he persists in his debauched Course of Life, I will certainly send for you home. I hope my Letter will have its wished-for Effect. Torment yourself no longer. On your Side endeavour as much as possible to reclaim him with Kindness. The Way of Patience is the surest to induce him to a Reformation. Send me an Account of all that may happen, and believe that I am, from my Heart,

Your most affectionate and tender Mother,

ANN LOVELY.

P A R T

PART III.

LETTERS on various Subjects of IMPORTANCE and AMUSEMENT, viz.

From Wives to their Husbands, in many Situations; From Sisters to their Brothers; On Death; On the Pleasures of the Country, and the Joys of the Town; Female Œconomy; Hiring and Management of Servants; Dress; Balls, Assemblies, &c. &c. and of Compliment and Civility.

LETTER LXIII.

From the Wife of an Officer whose Duty had called him into another Kingdom.

My Dearest,

I Write to you so often, that I am afraid I weary you with my Affection; but judge of it by the Cause, and you will be led to forgive me. What should I write to you but a Repetition of the same Thing, That I love you, and doat upon your Remembrance, and that I am, in spite of all your Kindness, unhappy in the greatest Degree, in this Absence? Yet there was no Time in which you was not pleased with hearing me tell you this; why

then should I suppose you will be less pleased with reading it? If your Affection be as perfect, but why do I say if, for I know it is as perfect as my own; but if your Form be as tender, and your Mind as strongly worked upon as mine, we are not altogether absent. My Dear, it is only in the Day I miss you; every Night, and all the Night, we converse together: My Eyes are no sooner closed but you are at my Side, and with all that Tenderness which has so long, and which, I hope, will yet so very long make me happy, talk to me, and smile upon me. The Joy that I have, but in this imaginary Manner, to look upon your Eyes, and see them bent with Tenderness upon me; to hear you speak with all the Good-Nature with which you used to charm me; it is not to be expressed what Transport this is to me; nor can any but you, who I know think as tenderly of me, conceive it. You are no irregular Visitant at these Times; it is every Night I see you, nor do you leave me till the Morning. You are in these imaginary Visits, just as in your real Presence, my Friend, my Counsellor, and my Adviser. I tell you every thing, and I am told by you how every thing shall be conducted.

I have told you, my dear Mr. —, what are the Comforts of my present Situation, because I would not have you so uneasy as I know you would be to think me altogether miserable; but although this be some Relief, it is enough that I have to suffer: This is but the Employment of the Night; of Hours in a State hardly to be called by the Name of Life: The Day is a Scene of as perfect Misery, as this is of fancied Happiness: From the Instant that my Eyes are opened, every Object brings you to my Memory, and while every thing reminds me how happy I *was*, every thing tells me how wretched I *am*. The Bed in which I am alone; the Servant who used to wait on you; the very Chair in which you used to sit, are all Remembrances of what is lost to me.

My dear Husband, is there no Possibility of my coming to you? This Letter will be carried, and
why

why may not I have the same Passage? Sure you do not think so meanly of me as to imagine that a Voyage terrifies me; or that the Bleakness of the Climate, or Wildness of the Place where you are, would give me Uneasiness. Your Arms, my Dear, would be sufficient for my Shelter and Defence: Beside, is there any thing you bear, from which your faithful Wife would wish to be excused? And sure you cannot suppose that I should want Company, or feel the Want of little Conveniencies of Life, when I had your Conversation, and you to think upon. If it be possible, command me to come over to you. I am sure you cannot be happy; I know, to have me with you would add to your Content: And do not think that I should be less happy, be whatsoever the Circumstances of my being with you. I have told you I should have no Sense to the Inconveniencies of Nature, or of any Kind; and, indeed, though I am not willing to confess it to you, I am so unhappy where I am, that the Change must be for my Advantage.

I tire you: But I could never weary myself with writing to you; for while I am doing it I appear as it were talking with you; and Earth and Seas cannot, although they separate us so invidiously, prevent that Pleasure. Pray let them not longer prevent any. I must tell you I am miserable here; for that I know will be of more Power than all other Arguments to make you call me to you. My Dear, good Night. Heaven protect you! and make you every Moment as happy as I shall be when I receive your Letter, bidding me come to you.

Your most affectionate.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

From a Wife to her Husband, who had been uneasy at her Conduct.

My Dear,

DO not be surpris'd at a Letter from me, for it is impossible for me to speak what I have to say to you. I have seen the Letter you wrote to one of the worthiest and most friendly of Mankind, in which you declare yourself to be unhappy, and me to be the Cause of it. I beg you will not take it ill that he sent me the Letter; for sure it was the most kind Thing he could have done to let me into a Secret that so much concerned me, and at the same Time to convince me that it was your Love, and not your Hatred, that was the Cause of your Fears. My Dear, I am so innocent of a Thought that should wrong you, that I am in no Pain upon my own Account; and as I see your Love for me is the Occasion of your Fears, I cannot be offended at them, even though they reflect upon me so nearly. I beg you will tell me all that has given you Uneasiness, and I promise you never to repeat any thing that has done so: And as to my own Conduct, I request of you that it may be brought to the strictest Trial; not only for your own Peace, but for mine. I beg you will do me this greatest Kindness, and I will take care that nothing shall hereafter give you Pain. I am not sensible of any thing the least amiss in my Behaviour: I am very sure in my Heart there is nothing so; but it is enough to make me guard against any thing, to know that it is displeasing to you; and had I known sooner what was so, no Part of it would ever have happened. Pray, my Dear, do me the Justice of enquiring into my Conduct in all Respects, and you will find me to have always been, as I always shall be,

Your most faithful, and most affectionate Wife.

L E T-

LETTER LXV.

From a Lady to her Husband, who was jealous of her.

My Dear Husband,

MRS. W**, who kindly wrote to you by my Desire, has done me the Friendship and Justice to send me your Letter, and directed me to make an Apology to you in her Behalf for the Step she has taken; but I am so terrified, so amazed at the Contents, that I know not what I do.—Speak to you, I cannot, but I can tell the Truth in Writing; and the Truth, my Dear, is this; I never swerved from my Duty to you, in any Respect; I never had a Thought to your Disadvantage, nor ever did any thing with design to make you uneasy. If my gay Deportment displeased you, or any Part of my Conduct gave you Pain, you should have told me so—indeed you should—and have prevented me from going on in a daily Course of disobliging you. Had you given me the least Hint of your Uneasiness (and sure it would have come better from you, and with less Pain to me, than from any other) I should have immediately changed my Conduct; for a more restrained Behaviour will be as easy to me as this. I can judge what you feel, from the Pain any Apprehension of the Kind would have given me; and I am truly unhappy in having been the Cause of making you so. I don't blame you, my Dear, for this groundless Suspicion, (though it reflects on my Character) because I believe, it proceeds from the Affection you bear me; but lest any mutual Friends, who are often mutual Enemies, should have done me this Kindness, I beg for your sake, as well as my own, that my Conduct may be brought to strict and severe Scrutiny; and that you will do me the Justice and Kindness, to write down every thing that you have heard or seen amiss in me, that I may have an Opportunity of clearing up every Doubt that

that may be fixed in your Mind ; for till that is done, it will be impossible for us to be perfectly happy. I am, and ever shall be,

Your faithful and truly affectionate Wife.

LETTER LXVI.

To a Husband from his dying Wife.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be of no more Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me ; and I am acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me ; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful Thing in the Prospekt of Death is, that I must part with you ; but let it be a Comfort to you, I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me ; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflections upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty, which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked ; why may we not please ourselves at least to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal ? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual Work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind ? Give me leave to say to you, O best of

of Men ! that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment ; to be present at all the Adventures to which Human Life is exposed ; to administer Slumber to thy Eye-Lids in the Agonies of a Fever ; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle ; to go with thee a Guardian-Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart ; but indeed I am not capable, under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. Farewel for ever.

L E T T E R. LXVII.

From one Sister to another.

Dear Sister,

EVER since you went to *London* your favourite Acquaintance Mrs. *Friendly*, and myself, have thought our rural Amusements dull and insipid, notwithstanding we have the Players in Town, and an Assembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember, you passed your Word to return in a Month's Time, but instead of that, it is now almost a Quarter of a Year. How can you serve us so ? In short, if you keep us in Suspence much longer, we are determined to follow you, and find you out, let the Expence and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in Hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any farther Delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Request will highly oblige,

not

not only your most sincere and affectionate Friends,
but

Your ever loving Sister.

LETTER LXVIII.

In Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sister,

I Received your Summons, and can assure Mrs. Friendly, as well as yourself, that my long Stay in Town, notwithstanding all the good Company I have met with, and all the Diversions with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my Inclinations; and nothing but my Lady Townly's absolute Commands not to leave her, should have prevented my Return to you within the Time proposed. You are sensible I have infinite Obligations to her, and it would be Ingratitude to the last Degree not to comply with her Injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample Amends for that Uneasiness which my long Absence has given you, I shall use my utmost Endeavour to prevail with her Ladyship to join with me in a Visit to you both in the Spring, and to stay with you for a Month, which I hope will efface all the Uneasiness our Separation has occasioned, particularly to

Your most affectionate Sister.

LETTER LXIX.

From Miss R. at S. to her Sister in Salisbury.

I HAVE often, I may say very often, purposed writing a long Epistle to my dearest Sukey, and have as often been prevented. Miss P. was to have been the Bearer of one; but to my great Surprise, she left us without taking Leave, nay without giving

Notice

Notice of her going, and I never so much as saw her since Yesterday se'nnight, when I very agreeably spent the Day with her and Mrs. H—— at Mr. W——'s, at M——. My Uncle, whom I also intended to have wrote by, went away (as you know he always does) in such a Hurry, that I had no Time to set about writing a long Letter, and a short one, I know, would by no means atone for such a long Silence. You complain in your last of my writing with too much Reserve; for my own Part I think I write with too little, when I reflect on some Particulars that my Uncle rallied me upon before he went hence; which he never could have known, had he not seen my Letters, or been acquainted with the Contents of them. What say you to that, my Dear? But I forgive.—Well, but what News? say you: Why, I'll tell you; last Monday Morning a very agreeable Party, among whom was Aunt R——, met us at a sweet pleasant Cottage of Content on *Westphalia-Common*; they brought with 'em a little elegant Repast, exactly suited to the Size of the Cottage, which, though but just big enough for us to sit down in, was capable of holding a World of Happiness, as we proved; for the Weather was extremely pleasant, the Company perfectly harmonious, and we were all excessively agreeable to each other; but in an Instant, for such a Day of Pleasure seemed but a Moment, the still Evening came on, and all our Joys were hush: In short, about Eight o'Clock we broke up from this sweet little rural Retreat, which, believe me, dear Sukey, afforded high Entertainment for a Day to us all. I wished greatly that you could have been a Partaker; but, however, at your Return we'll attempt the like again: By the Help of your Company, 'tis possible we may succeed as well a second Time, tho' that, I must own, in Schemes of this Sort, is seldom the Case. Well, for the present, I'll take my Leave of the Cot, and now for the News of the Town: The first that occurs to me is the Marriage of our old Mistress, who thought it better late than never, and last Friday shook Hands for Life with Mr. S. the Draper: He is a little advanced as well as she, but no Matter; why may there
not

not be Pleasures at the latter Time of Life as well as the Beginning? Tho' for my own Part, I must confess, I am not for putting Happiness off till To-morrow, if it may as well be had To-day.

But to be serious, my Dear, there is no other News all over the Town worth mentioning; 'tis all as insipid as the last Dish of Old Batchelors Tea. But when are we to see you? You have long, very long talk'd of returning home; pray talk no more of it; nay, write no more, but instead of your agreeable Letters, let us have your more agreeable Company, and you'll most truly oblige

Your affectionate Sister,

E. R.

LETTER LXX.

Laura to Aurelia.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching, busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia*! How I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds, and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the *Beau Monde*!

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapside*, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre-Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under

under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage ; nor could I forbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land to the *Antipodes* ; not a Mile but seemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Aversion ; I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills, and silent Vallies : The Satirists may laugh, but to me

‘ Green Fields, and shady Groves, and crystal Springs,
‘ And Larks, and Nightingales are odious Things.’

I had rather hear *London* Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Music of the Woods ; the Smell of Violets gives me the Hysterics ; fresh Air murders me ; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it ; the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer. If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryads and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to Human Society ; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an airy Lover with his shining Tresses and Rainbow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period ; nor does the Moon, (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles : This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his Meridian Splendor : Day-Light makes me sick ; it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lassies to spin by, than for the Use of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable State ; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, ’tis all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustic Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them : Not the flowery Field, nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, or balmy Evening,

Evening, can recreate my Thoughts : I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast ; and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades ? I find myself little at Ease in this Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town ; 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Retirement ; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away : Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As these dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me start at my own Shadow, the sooner I come to Town the better ; and I wish, my dear *Aurelia*, you would oblige me so far as to lay a Scheme for my Escape. *Adieu.*

LETTER LXXI.

Miss Paget to Miss Charlotte Vokes.

Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.

I AM a thousand Years in writing to my dear Miss *Vokes*, but my extreme Inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paltry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes place of dear Variety.—Mr. and Mrs. *Bartlett*, my Dear, think it Variety to see half a Dozen Cows loitering about a green Field ; and if, by chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs embellish the Prospect, it is charming ! Variety, *Charlotte*, is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days before these mistaken good People talk'd of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do you think we come at the Sight of it ? Why, up Mr. *Bartlett* drove us five

Pair

Pair of Stairs breathless, and out upon a scorching Balcony; and there we were to strain our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads, to see a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpse of an undistinguishable Gentleman's House or two; Mr. *Bartlett* for ever *hauling* up one's Hand to be look'd through for the Advantage of the Perspective (he says.)

So down we came again, wiser undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have seen *London* fine Town till their dizzy wise Heads have turn'd round upon the Tip-top of the Monument.—If you'll believe me, my dear *Charlotte*, I am fatigued to Death and worried to Distraction with seeing nobody, and having nothing to do. Existence (you know) is insupportable in such a total Obscurity. There is not a Human Creature to be seen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter-Woman with the No-News, (and the No-Letters, I may say, from dear *Vokes*) and now and then a Man with a Cag of *Newcastle* Salmon, and a Basket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. *Bartlett*, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will sit, and smile, read you such a Lecture (like the Curate of the Parish, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exercise, and the Country Amusements; and says, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind! and, in short, such a *Canterbury* Tale of its Advantages, as if she really believed, that Towns, and Cities, and all populous Assemblies, were a Sort of Disgrace to the Creation. Dear! says I, Mrs. *Bartlett*, amuse yourself, and welcome, with the pleasing Melancholy of the shady Grove, and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the Crystal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderness and the Garden Scene, from the Rising of the Sun to the Moon-Light; but give me the dear Relish of Society for the Object of my tasteless Intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myself Penetration enough to discover, why Good-Sense, and Parts, and Genius, and all Human Accomplishments,

plishments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Resort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderness, or a Warren.

Dear *Charlotte*, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, restore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correspondence with

Your affectionate

SUKEY PAGET.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Miss Vokes to Miss Paget.

London, Tuesday Night.

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear *Miss Paget*, that I have no Comfort for her Distresses. Yesterday, Ma'am, *Miss Moxon*, and I, and Lady *Susan Lawson*, and Mr. *Hartley*, and Mr. *Dymer*, and *Miss Dymer*, and *Miss Popple*, and Mrs. *Bedingfield*, made a Party to *Ranelagh*. The Weather was immensely hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted Chestnut. Mrs. *Dimsdale* and Mrs. *Bradbury* were under the same Operation of the Dog-Star, with a little Difference only to their Complexions; one of them looking like a Rose, and the other the express Image of a Rasher of Bacon. *Miss Bennet* had apparelled her Nob in a frightful *Fanny Murray* Cap, and look'd Five and Forty; the Girl's mistaken if she thinks she may take the same Liberty with her tapestry Set of Features, which the beautiful Dutchess of — may venture to imagine ornamental. — Mrs. *Adcock* was in a pale Blue and Silver Night-Gown; she was expected in Bombazeen — and it would have become her — The dear Col. *Lovelace* departed this transitory Life no longer ago than *Saturday*. — There is no such Thing as Grief if Mrs. *Adcock* has a Smile at Heart — But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with such a doleful Ditty of Reflections as crowd themselves this Moment into my Imagination.

Imagination.——After we had sailed about five Hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Music, Love and Pleasure——away we transmography'd ourselves to *Vauxhall*; and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. *Bartlett* we had the Felicity to see the Sun rise, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but I protest to your dear Mrs. *Bartlett*, that the paler Blaze of Moon-Light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to Sleep, *Sukey*, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers to. About Two o'Clock, Ma'am, the Crowd of Go-to-beds had taken themselves away. Lady *V. Consonant* was in the next Box to us, and sung like a Nightingale; and Mr. *Beverly* played upon the German Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature said he play'd delightfully; but he is my Aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute cou'd have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might, no doubt, have been in Raptures.——But the Atom is so satisfy'd with his own Applause, that he desires no body's else.——So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt.——There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp Beau *Randal*, with two of his awkward Sisters, and Mrs. *Partingdon* with her Husband.——Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventures; for I read it with such a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grand-Mamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss *Paget*, and remember

Your sincere and faithful

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LET.

LETTER LXXIII.

Miss Paget to Miss Vokes.

The Description of a Ball in the Country, with a vivacious Account of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgement.— 'Tis all over now! and I think a Ball, when 'tis over, only serves to torment one—and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness—for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.— So, *Vokes*, you must know, that Mrs. *Islip's* Coach (but no Miss *Rumzey*, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in Company to *Egerton-Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dress'd in a white Lutestring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly—and *Sukey Paget* had on her Yellow and Silver, (never was but once at *Leicester-House*) and my Silver Tissue-Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth-Night, and has never since offered to take them again: A dear Creature! But she hoped, she said, I would not be disobliged if she borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. *Ashburnham* to Despair, though she tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that she'll never part with her Liberty any more.— Liberty, my dear *Vokes*, only think of that; for what is Liberty, you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty, than her own. But that you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The Bride was in a white Lutestring Sack, pink'd and full trimm'd, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Sattin Shoes, braided with Silver

Silver Cord ; but she neither became the Dress, nor the Dress her : She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion ; seeming (to use Mamma's Expression) to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. *Bargrove*, and opened a Ball with Lady *Susan Lawson*, who is actually a fine Woman, and if she had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. *Lawson* twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if absolutely she had no Joints, and, in Imitation of Lady *Susan*, calling no other Partner. Mr. *Lawson* singled out red *Lucy Benson*, with a dark Pair of new Eye-Brows, but nothing else remarkable. Her second awkward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like a Water-wag-tail : I forget his Name, but it was somewhat like the *Sieur Huglebatch*, or *Gubblebatch*, or some such uncouth harsh Business, as rough as a Nutmeg-Grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* shewed he had some Taste by taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear Creature began once more to look like herself, danced so easy, so true to the Music, so politely graceful and serene, whilst two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burst with laughing at her inimitable Contrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a fearful Figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in *Saxon Blue* : The Man, *Charlotte*, was really tipsy, tho' indeed every body said he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature singled, who but *Jenny Rowland's* nipped short Waist like a Honey-Pot, or Half-penny Milk-Maid. If the Gentleman had been really sober, he might have seen other Objects, without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I can't but say, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object chose next to give her Lily Hand to ? Mr. *Appleby*, of all People upon Earth. Hoop, Owl, hoop, hoop,

to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched since Dancing was created: But *Hob* fitted me for my Contempt, by seizing upon me, of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was secretly not displeased at it—for I was sensible that I shou'd appear to no Disadvantage after his former Mawks, and was under some very disagreeable Apprehensions, that Miss *Edly's* Tapestry Garment would have swept the Ground before me.——Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud *Ardelio*. Mr. *Barlett* had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I shall, says I, Mr. *Barlett*——but Faith I never intended it; for I hate, of all Things, *Charlotte*, to dance with a married Man: Go with 'um to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'um wait on me to *Vauxhall*, or *Ranelagh*, or so, but never chuse 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unless 'tis of getting rid of him,——*Sally Leeson* and Miss *Finch* eyed me most deliciously; for I love dearly to see Folks bustling with Envy—they were in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop.——But he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it so perfectly well;—but how can any body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves?——And yet I hate him too, irreconcilably, because he danced Country Dances with *Sally Leeson*. Her Charms tho', *Charlotte*, what Mortal could resist! elegantly attired, as she was, in a large Pattern, embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I must run down to Dinner.——You and I write like *Clarissa Harlowe* and Miss *Harve*, only not totally in the same Strain;—but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspondence.

Sunday

Though it should tire my dear Miss *Vokes* (as I am but too conscious that it must) to read any farther Description of the merry Dancers *A-la-mode de Francoise*, yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But first of all, Ma'am, I must acquaint you, that Miss *Finch*, because she could not have *Ardelio*, mortified herself so charmingly as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no small Pleasure, to be sure. She, all the while affecting not to look disappointed, sat smiling from Ear to Ear, with much the same Sensation at the Heart as Children have who are forbid to receive Sweetmeats out of Good-Manners. — Omit not, dear *Charlotte*, to be told, that Mrs *Langford*, with her Colt's Tooth at Three-score, puddled herself into a Minuet, and squirmed round and round the Room like Madam *Catharina*: I thought her Clock-Work never would have stood still; but it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Assembly their full Swing of gazing on an Object so calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with Sally *Leeson*, the principal Original of a Groupe in *Taste A-la-mode*, immoderately short and clumsy, but so bedizen'd out with such a Rainbow of Ribband, that she absolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Estate, distinguishing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confused Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by way of Contrast, the squeezey Mrs. *Ellen Rishborough*, contracting her Minuteness to a Shadow, with Stays about big enough for Mrs. *Bartlett's* Nancy, a Child five Years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well-chosen Sweeting of a Partner was Ned *Saunderson's* Uncle, with a little tiny short Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and as fat and frowzy as a *Stilton* Cheese. — Then, Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, stood up the incomparably erect Figure of *Sukeey Beverly*, determin'd to shew the good Company,

that tho' she was not altogether as sharp, she was as straight as an Arrow; for which Reason she fancied herself under a Necessity of looking, all the while she danced, like a Walking-Stick:—Her Powder-Monkey was *Dick Commings*, ogling, and winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would insinuate a Belief, that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his disagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Namesake happening to dance with her Eyes shut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he succeeded better in a second, who watched him most deliciously. Mr. *Patrick's* humoured Family—Hopes of *Ilchester*, whose real Name is Affectation. I thought, if her Sidling and Swaddling, and foolish unalterable Simper, did not provoke the Country-Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with blessed Impatience for such a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how tiresome Minuets are when one has no farther Chance for a Share in 'em.

Don't expect me to describe this Part of the Scene so minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, *Charlotte*, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Groupe, and avoid Confusion, tho' one may venture with some Prospect of Success upon now and then a single Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know, when the Features are pretty coarse, and indelicate, as one may say.—In short, Child, you have already seen the grand Figures in the Show; the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Essential to the *Considerable* and the *Magnifique* in such Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend.—My *Punch* (to use a Puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well-made and handsome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeless, tho', *Charlotte*, and over-punctual, sprawling confusedly about at Right Hand and Left, and so afraid he should be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Com-
fort

fort of him as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to ; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dressed, and Gentleman-like ; but not the Gentleman I like, my dear *Charlotte*.—— *Sally Leeson* had got away my *Ardelio*, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any thing. I was out of all Temper with every body, but really no-body more than Miss *Finch* and Miss *Rowland* ; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any body the Honour of their Hand at Right Hand and Left, for fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in return. I believe actually that *Fenny* thinks, because her Sister married a Lord, that she's a Woman of Distinction herself ; but thank my Stars, I stood two Couple above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. *Hartfield*, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn-Keeper's Wife ; with her, first come, first serve : I detest such Vulgariness. Miss *Leeson* too was not over and above guilty of Politeness : What, because she has an agreeable Partner, is she to give herself an Air when she has bounted down twenty Couple, to leave the rest of the Company till another Dance is called ? That she did, *Vokes*, perpetually ; and her vexatious Example was followed by five or six at once ; she that makes such an over-parading Rout about Behaviour : But such Sort of knowing Ladies are sometimes chargeable with downright Ill-manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh ! now I think of that, *Charlotte*, be so good as to understand, that Mrs. *Compton* danced with the Reverend Mr. *Audley* in a Perriwig as big as Judge *Burnet's* ; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day at *Paget-Bury*, that she was amazed that Parsons could think themselves Company for Gentlemen ; so 'tis to be hoped she thinks them at least Company for the Ladies. Lady *Susan Lawson* and Mrs. *Bartlett* were incomparably the greatest Beauties there ; and Mrs. *Lawson* (who did not dance, for fear, I suppose, of incommoding her Finery) was the most brilliant in Dress and Diamonds, even to a

Degree of Profusion, *Charlotte*; but I'll tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crouded in all poor Lady *Louisa's* Jewels, (her Son's late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old-fashioned Breast-Plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable as Powder from grey Hairs, or Mrs. *Pembroke's* French-Plate Tea-Kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, *Charlotts*, (for I think I have pretty well satisfied you) the Ball continued its Briskness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, (like *Jenny Widemansol*, that every body says grows shorter and shorter) and departed this transitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

So, *Charlotte*, have I seen (excuse

The Pertness of a Female Muse)

A Birth-Night stately Dame array'd

In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:

Whilst near her plac'd an humbler Fair,

Of easier, less affected Air,

Could with superior Lustre shine

In simple Lutestring, or Tobine.

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of Writing) from,

Dear Miss Vokes,

Your truly affectionate and sincere

S. PAGET.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXIV.

From Miss Vokes to Miss Paget, not quite in the usual Strain.

Hampstead, Thursday —

IT is an Age since I heard from dear Miss Paget, and the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Assistance of a present Friend, and the Correspondence of an absent one. My poor dear Aunt *Wallingford* hastens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which she has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremities refuse Consolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleasure. We all read to her by Turns, and say Prayers constantly twice every Day.—I hope, dear *Sukey*, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greatest of Blessings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like *Tunbridge-Wells* this Season? But your Party is so perfectly agreeable, that it is impossible not to like the Place for the sake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. *Morton* finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Absence from *Evelyn-Hall* (Miss *Anderson* told Mrs. *Coldham*) is so much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miss *Evelyn's* Praises at the Long-Room, where I go, and at Church every Sunday. Mrs. *Coldham* and Miss *Peter's* are for ever telling me of her Accomplishments, and wish that *Tunbridge-Wells* may be as agreeable to her, as the Place, while she continues there, must be to every body else.

I beg, dear *Sukey*, you will make my Compliments acceptable to these dear Ladies, and believe me with all Sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER LXXV.

*Miss Evelyn to Lady Evelyn.**Of Mrs. Macnamara's Grandeur.**Tunbridge-Wells, August 8.*

ENVY, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Confidence and Compassion. Mrs. *Macnamara* is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells. — Monday Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor, Mrs. *Macnamara*, in all the Innocence of a White and Silver full-trimm'd French Sack, her Hair so dressed, and powdered, with jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when *Sukey Paget*, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mother could not have known her. — Tuesday Mrs. *Macnamara* was at the Concert, full of Rapture, (tho' formerly a Concert was her Aversion :) Her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan, like *Handel* at an Oratorio. — Wednesday, Mamma, a Breakfast was given by Mr. *Macnamara*, and the Company treated (*O magnifique et galant !*) with Morning Salvers of Champagne — At Night a Ball was opened by Mrs. *Macnamara*, in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy — and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. *Macnamara* gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imaginations. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Volume to describe minutely the extraordinary Consequence and Figure. — The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilt Chariot of *Papier Maché*, lined with a pale Blue Sattin, Blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in Saxon Blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with White, like Sir *Joseph Wenman's*, with the Addition only

only of Silver Shoulder-Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. Macnamara's Person, entirely *a la Pompadour*, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model — Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly *English* Complexion, but — a Forgetfulness of her Friends — and of herself. To me, indeed, she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general Good-Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Dutcheses, or Lady Mary; but dear Mrs. Morton cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. Sukey was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know, her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. Morton ought always to be known. — One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to Sukey. Mrs. Finch, the Millener, waited on her with a fine *French* Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But Sukey not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. Finch directed her Band-box to Mrs. Macnamara. Mrs. Macnamara ordered her Woman to bid the Wench take her Pacquet to those that sent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. Macnamara at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So, Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the Honourable Mrs. Macnamara. Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor Sukey with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Conversation, even tho' I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. Morton tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it; for she is very sure Mrs. Macnamara will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach, which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, says she, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin Morton's Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable,

when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, *en passant*, is in one's own Eye an easily pardonable Fault; but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after *Sukey's* Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one of her Superiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Papa and Sisters, Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear Merton salutes you.

LETTER LXXVI.

Mrs. Centlivre to Mr. B——, giving an Account of her Journey to Exon.

April 8, 1700.

AS we have one good Quality in our Sex, beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise without a Design to keep it, I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any thing, which so great an Obligation as my Word engaged me to remember; and as there was nothing needful but a bare Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it, so I hope, on your part, there will be nothing more required, to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a Willingness to receive it. I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my Journey, every Part just scribbled over with as much Freedom as it was acted, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than a loose Morning-Dress, not questioning but it may please you as well without the Formalities of Style, as a pretty Woman, without Stays, may some of your Acquaintance.

In the first Place, I shall give you a rough Draught of those disorderly Mortals our Company was composed

The Valet personated his Master to a Tittle, and posed of in the Stage-Coach, viz. A Barrister at Law, an Attorney's Clerk, a *Cornish* Justice, a Taylor, and a Valet to a Parliament-Man that would be; but in some Dispute arising in the Election prevents me fixing his Title; that, had I been travelling in a *Dutch* Scout, or a *Gravesend* Tilt-Boat, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teased with more Impertinence.

The Justice, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the Reformation of Vice, was as drunk as a *Dutch* Captain before he engages, and, for the first Day, talked of nothing but Fox-Hounds, *March* Beer, Warrants, Whipping-Posts, and Vagabonds; hallooing as laudably in every Interval of his Nonsense, as if he had been riding Three-quarters Speed, at the Heels of his Beagles, larding his other Qualifications, now and then, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave me good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's* Ballads, than with *Keeble's* Statutes, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German* Juggler does Necromancy, or a Lord-Mayor State-Policy.

The Limbs of the Law were much disturbed at his Bawling; for I conceive they love no body's Noise but their own. They desired him to sleep; but he cried, *Zounds! Sir, I won't sleep. I don't care a F—t for your Anger. I'm a Justice of Peace, and worth Thirty Thousand Pounds, and am the head Man where I live; and by G—d if you come to Lancton, I'll give you a Glass of the best March Beer you ever drank in your Life; but I will make a Noise if I please.* I was in Hopes of seeing Law and Justice fall together by the Ears; but, at last, Justice slept, and Law got the better by surviving it.

The Taylor, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*; for he had Lines of Faith in his Face, and his Cloaths bore the Marks of Poverty. He complained very much of Trusting; and I find 'tis a common Calamity, and ruins more Families than a State-Lottery.

The

was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a Country 'Squire in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hanged, I can't tell who had most Manners of all these. The Lawyer slept a Dog-Sleep most Part of the Way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the Causes he had in Hand. The Clerk was as impertinent as a Midwife at a Gossiping, and I was as dull as an old Woman at a Funeral. They failed not to eat and drink heartily upon the Road, nor to make me club to the Reckoning. Justice and Law were both of a Side, and the Courts of Equity being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any Terms, rather than seek for Remedy.

After the Fatigue of four Days, which might serve for a reasonable Penance for all the Sins I ever committed in my Life, I arrived at *Exon*, where we met the Judges entering the Town in as much Triumph as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory. The High-Sheriff rode in as much State as a Colonel of the City Trained-Bands, and much in the same Order; only the Sheriff marched in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day, being *Sunday*, called, by the Natives of the Country, *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People looked as if they were gallied) I was waked by a tremendous Sound of a Horse-Trumpet, imagined some Monster was to be seen, and looking out of my Window, I saw several Sorts. The first were Mrs. Sheriff and her Husband (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I gave her the Pre-eminence) in a triumphant Chariot, erected on purpose for that Occasion, with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to see their Worships, as if it had been his *Czarish* Majesty. The Custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the most magnificent Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their several Ejaculations.

I am, your obliged Servant,

YOU-KNOW-WHO.

L E T.

The three following Letters were wrote by a young Lady of a good Family, and very genteelly bred, (but afterwards reduced) to a Gentleman going abroad, under whose Care and Protection she was desirous of retiring, in the Capacity of a House-keeper, from the Frowns of the World.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

S I R,

NO Circumstance is more shocking than that of being obliged to Strangers for Relief; and however conscious I may be of my own Innocence and Well-meaning, the Presumption of addressing a Gentleman in this Manner, may be a sufficient Reason to prevent my receiving such a Share of Credit, as, were I known to you, I might with Justice pretend to. I have had the Misfortune to receive an Education greatly above the Rank that Heaven has allotted me; and I now, too soon, at the Age of Eighteen, have struggled through more Difficulties than you would chuse to be acquainted with; and it would but ill become me, to shock the Man to whom I wish to be obliged. It is now some Time since I formed the Design to leave *England*, and withdraw myself from the Acquaintance of those that have known me in a higher State. I can be content in a decent Retirement, and shall endeavour to do my Duty in the Station I pretend to. Chance has directed me to you, and 'tis without a Blush (and surely no one should be ashamed of so innocent a Boldness) that I offer myself to attend you abroad in the Quality of a Housekeeper: My Character and Story you shall be acquainted with; the first will be no Discredit to me, and the latter may perhaps raise a Compassion in you, that may be serviceable to me. If you approve my Design, or have any Curiosity to hear more, I would beg the Favour of you to advertise, that the Letter directed to *Tom's* was received, and I will then venture to trouble you again.

L E T-

LETTER LXXVIII.

S I R,

I HAVE so few Obligations to the World, that I am at Times surprized at myself to find that the Idea of Gratitude should be known to me; and yet I feel a Thankfulness in me, for the Notice you have taken of my (perhaps indiscreet) Application. A thousand distracting Thoughts have got the better of my Judgment; and tho' I know where you live, and am fully convinced that you would scorn to mean me an Injury, yet a certain Prejudice of Education forbids me to pursue what I designed; and I shall now solicit nothing more from you than a Pardon for having raised your Expectation, and engaged your Curiosity to be acquainted with a Story, that a womanish Pride will perhaps for ever prevent being known. I flattered myself, when I wrote before, that I had been Mistress of more Resolution; but my Fears startle me, and I am so convinced of the ill Method I have taken to be acquainted with you, (and your Knowledge of the World must necessarily encourage such Suspicions of me) that no Temptation can now be sufficient to make me discover myself. I am ashamed of what has happened, and feel a Resentment to myself, for having dared to alarm your Good-Nature with Fears for an unfortunate young Woman. I will flatter myself you feel for me; and the Tenderness and Humanity that I believe you Master of, shall at least be thus far satisfied, that I will hereafter, if Fortune has any Favours to bestow on me, give you the Satisfaction of knowing who I am, and by what Accident I thought of applying to you. Adieu! *Je me flatte que le bon Dieu aura Pitié de mon Innocence; car je n'ai jamais beaucoup fait de Mal.*

LET-

L E T T E R LXXIX.

S I R,

WERE I in the least inclined to discover myself, so immediate an Answer to your Advertisement might with Justice be esteemed a Forwardness ; but as my Resolution is fixed, it will bear a better Interpretation, and ought to be looked on as a decent Regard for the Person that seems to bear a Share in my Misfortunes. You may with great Reason reproach me for having drawn you into so idle a Correspondence ; and the Persuasion I have of your Goodness and Humanity, are to me strong Testimonials that your Enquiry is not the Effect of a giddy or ill-meaning Curiosity, but proceeds from true Principles of Virtue, and from a Design of giving me all the Assistance I can wish. I must own that Necessity first tempted me to apply, and though I am determined to stop short, and give a Check to my ill-judged Scheme, yet I will for ever encourage myself in a Thankfulness to you, and compliment my own Judgment for having so easily discovered the Perfections of so amiable a Character. My Pen seems pleased with the Office of writing to you, and I am now prepared to run greater Lengths than Patience might excuse. We are all fond of doing what is most pleasing to us, and it is a Flattering of my Vanity in the Supposition of my having engaged your good Wishes. My Story, which is full of a Variety of shocking Circumstances and Distress, added to a too sensible Feeling, has so furnished me with Expressions, that I should conceive a Hatred to myself, were I capable of a farther Attempt to make any Impression on you. Adieu ! I shall for ever love and honour your generous Design, and will always have this Share of Merit with you, that no Necessity nor other unfortunate Circumstance shall again force me to give an Alarm to your Humanity, or expose me to myself for having dared to raise your Curiosity to the Knowledge of that, which Charity for every well-meaning Person commands me to conceal.

*Vous allez vers la Reputation, vers le Credit ; et moi,
J'en reviens.*

L E T -

LETTER LXXX.

To Cleora, on the Pleasure of Retirement.

Madam,

IT is certainly better for yourself, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you should live in some rural Abode, than appear in the World; such Persons as you are fatal to the public Tranquillity, and do Mischief without ever designing it: But I must own, when Belles and Beaux retire to Country Shades for the sake of heavenly Contemplation, the World will be reformed. A Hermit's Life might be tolerable, while the serious Hours are divided between *Hyde-Park* and the *Opera*; but a more distant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early Experience, that Mankind are amused only with Dreams and fantastic Appearances, must proceed from a superior Degree of Virtue and good Sense. After a thousand Convictions of the Vanity of their Pursuits, how few know the Emphasis of these few Lines!

‘ Sweet Solitude! when Life’s gay Hours are past,
 ‘ Howe’r we range, in thee we fix at last;
 ‘ Toss’d thro’ tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now
 o’er)
 ‘ Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
 ‘ Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
 ‘ And ask if Virtue has enlarg’d the Span:
 ‘ If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defy,
 ‘ Trust future Agès, and contented die.’

TICKEL.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat, as disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness: Quietly to withdraw from the Croud, and leave the Gay and Ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World,

World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose.

Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myself; and what follows, may be properly called a Digression.

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Grandeurs of the Earth! ye perishing Riches and fantastic Pleasures! what are your proudest Boasts? Can you yield undecaying Delights, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal Mind? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Intervall of their Bliss? No:—One Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Buskins, you will think; and, indeed, I may resign Crowns and Scepters, and give up the Grandeurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph, as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies, in a Dream.

In the Height of this romantic Insult, I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

In the Stile of a Lady, by Mr. Pope, meant as a Satire on the trifling Matters that too generally employ their Minds.

PRAY what is your Opinion of Fate? for I must confess, I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination—No, I can't go so far as that; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a Sort of Free-will; for we may be able to resist Inclination, but not Compulsion.

Don't you think they have got into the most preposterous Fashion this Winter that ever was, of flouncing

cing the Petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire Coat of Lutestring?

It is a little cool, indeed, for this Time of Year; but then, my Dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean, pretty Look.

Ay, so has my Muslin Apron; but I would not chuse to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well, now I'll swear, Child, you have put me in Mind of a very pretty Dress; let me die if I don't think a Muslin Flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation Air*.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I shou'd like it of all Things——Do you think there are any such Things as *Spirits*?

Do you believe there is any such Place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the World To-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has lov'd most in this World?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you won't tell me all? You know I abominate Reserve.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Mrs. Rowe, on the Vanity of all sublunary Enjoyments.

PEOPLE seem at present more busily employed in preparing for the King's Birth-Day, than for their own last; and appear to be in greater Anxiety for a Seat in the Dancing-Room, than for a Seat in Paradise.

I was last Night with——; a Barge of Music followed us; but in the Midst of this Gaiety your Letter was not the only Thing that put me in Mind of Mortality: I had such a violent Pain in my Head, that neither the Wit of the Company, the Softness of the Music, nor the Beauty of the Evening, could give me any sincere Delight.——If Pleasure be the Lot of Man, it must be in something beyond the Grave; for

on

on this Side, constant Experience tells us, all is Vanity.

But this Confession has hardly any Influence on Human Conduct ; for People in a high Rank must often act against their Reason, to avoid being thought unfashionable ; and for fear of being thought mad by the modish World, most act in a Manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to be in Vogue with their polite Cotemporaries.

I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a Being, endued with Reason and a Capacity of judging, (an Inhabitant of another Planet, and an utter Stranger to our Nature) could take a View of our Actions, he would be at a Loss what to imagine we were ; and had he no Informer, but was to judge by our Conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a Species who were insured always to live in the World we now inhabit ; or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least Expectation of a future Judgment, Punishment, or Reward.

You would hardly make an Apology for desiring me to write to you, if you knew how much Pleasure the Injunction gives to

Yours unalterably,

CLEORA.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From a Lady to her Friend, on growing old.

My dear Clío,

I HAVE been thinking that *Human Understanding* is no less liable to be unhinged, than the Mechanism of the *Human Frame*. The least Jar of a Surprise puts it out of Tune, and one cannot presently get it into Order again.—We have certainly *Passions* of the *Mind*, as well as *Diseases* of the *Body*, which we are not aware of, till some sudden Accident calls them forth ; and the *one* are no less capable of suspending the *Faculties* of *Reason* for a Time, than the *other* are of obstructing that

that *Animal Fluid*, to the proper Circulation of which we owe our *Health* and *Vigour*.

I was led into this Reflection by catching myself in a Folly, which I shall not be much ashamed of confessing, since, on contemplating some Passages my Observation supplies me with, I find the Foible inherent, in a more or less Degree, to the whole Species of Human Kind, though few are ingenuous enough to acknowledge it.

I was sitting Yesterday in my Parlour Window, looking carelessly on the People as they passed; when all at once a Fellow abruptly presented himself before me, and cried in a hoarse Voice, *Spectacles, Madam, fine Spectacles*, and at the same Time thrust a Pair of these Nose-saddles within the Sash: You cannot imagine, dear *Clio*, how I was shocked; I gave the Man a short Answer, and immediately drew down the Window. — *Good God!* said I to myself, *do I look old enough to be supposed to want Spectacles?* not considering that it was the Fellow's Trade to offer them to every body, and that many People younger than myself were obliged to make use of them. — I ran however to my Glais, and fancied I perceived what they call the Crow's Feet appearing at the Corners of my Eyes. — I looked and looked again, and the more I did so, the more I thought these cruel Marks of Time were visible; and now recollecting that my last Birth-Day brought me into my one and thirtieth Year, and that a very few more of them would rank me among the Number of the Aged, I fell into such a Fit of the Vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable? — Where now was my Understanding? — where my Reason? The little Share I have is sufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this World must grow old, and few of us there are who desire to die young; why was not this Knowledge at hand to make me easy under the common Course of Nature?

I do assure you I had grown two or three Hours older, before I could bring myself to be reconciled with the Apprehensions that every Moment brought me nearer to that so-much-dreaded Stage of Life;

• but,

but, thank Heaven, I got the better of it at last, and laughed at the foolish Part my Imagination had been acting.

That we all, however, have a natural Aversion to grey Hairs and Wrinkles, cannot be denied; and that to overcome the Uneasiness their Approach inflicts, requires the utmost Exertion of our Reason; yet is not this an Inconsistency, a kind of Absurdity in our Habit of thinking?—We ridicule a thousand lesser Follies of Mankind, yet pass over that which more than all deserves Censure, the being ashamed or afraid of attaining what all the World as well as ourselves would wish to arrive at.—But we would live for ever if we could, and yet be always young; we would annihilate the Depredations of Time from Fifteen to Sixty; and even then not be content perhaps to be thought in our Decline.

Were Old Age terrible to us merely as it is the Fore-runner of Death, or as it is generally attended with Infirmities which render Life a Burden, I should not be so much surprized; but, alas! we see Death and Diseases seize on Youth and Strength; no Time of Life is a Security against either.—Nor is it altogether the Apprehension of being deprived of what Share of Beauty Nature may have bestowed upon us, that renders it so alarming, since that also may be lost by the Small-Pox, and a thousand other Accidents.—No, it is only the *Name*, not the *Effects*, we so much dread; and I believe most People would rather chuse *Deformity* with Youth, than *Comeliness* with *Old Age*.

This, and some other Propensities of the Mind, in my Opinion, are sufficient to convince any thinking Person of the Impotence of *Human Understanding*, and oblige us all to own with the Poet, that

“ Reason in Man is but a twinkling Lamp

“ Of wand’ring Life, that wakes and winks by turns;

“ Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining.”

You

You will imagine by my being so serious, that I have not yet got over the Fright the Man put me into, and indeed I am not sure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will, I have Resolution enough to will from the very Bottom of my Heart, that you and I may grow old in Friendship, and that, whatever Effect Time may have upon our *Persons*, our *Minds* may remain as now united; which will be a Balance against the Mortifications in the Power of the old Gentleman with the Hour-Glass, to,

My dear Clio,

Yours, with the most perfect Amity,

HILLARIA.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Clio to Hillaria, giving her the Reasons for that Aversion Human Nature has to growing old, and pointing out the only Means of rendering it agreeable to ourselves, and beneficial to others.

My dear Hillaria,

YOU must forgive me when I tell you I laughed very heartily at the lively Description you give of the Fright you were in, on seeing the terrible Man with the Spectacles: You might have apprehended it would have had a contrary Effect, however, on me, if you had considered I am four Years older than yourself; for I am ready to join with you in Opinion, that there is nothing more shocking, especially to our Sex, than to be thought in Years; though we cannot help knowing it, yet we would fain unknow it, and seldom look upon those as our Friends who remind us of it:—Yet do I not look upon this Aversion to Old Age to be so great a Weakness as you seem to think it.—It is not because we have lived a long Time, and consequently by the Course of Nature must be near our Dissolution; neither is it because the Loss of Beauty seems to us so great an Evil; neither is it altogether through the Fears of those Infirmities generally, though not always, felt in Age, that makes the Approach of that

Æra

Æra so dreadful to our Apprehension ; but there is another Misfortune which you have not mentioned, that for the most part attends it ; which is, being treated with Contempt by every one who is a few Years younger than ourselves :—This is the true Motive which makes People afraid of growing old, and ashamed when they are so.—Every one, even the Aged themselves, have a Prejudice in favour of Youth.—Youth attracts the Love, the Respect, the Services of all the World ; while Age may live alone unpitied, unregarded.—Impute the Folly, therefore, my dear *Hillaria*, not so much to those who dread being old, as to those whose Behaviour gives them Cause to do so.—As you justly observe, a long Life is a Blessing every one is desirous of attaining, we all do every thing in our Power, in order to preserve it ; here therefore lies the Absurdity, to despise that in others, which we take so much Pains to arrive at ourselves.—Yet thus it is, and thus I doubt not it will ever be, while the World continues.—The only Way therefore to ward off the Sights Old Age is liable to receive is, to lay up in Youth a Stock of Knowledge wherewith to entertain ourselves when no body else will think it worth their while to entertain us :—If we make good Use of our prime Years, we shall have less Reason to regret being left alone, than they should have who shun our Conversation : Besides, there are Ways to make Age agreeable to others as well as to ourselves ; not by endeavouring to conceal it by an Affectation of Youth, or by assuming the Privilege of reproving with Austerity, but by preserving a Medium between the grave and gay in our Behaviour, and by rebuking the Faults we see in others rather by Example than Precept.—When I see a gaudy Butterfly Coquette of Threescore, flying from Visit to Visit, pluming herself on the Elegance of her Taste in Dress, and screwing herself into a thousand antick Postures in order to shew the Agility of her joints, I admire the Ridicule she is treated with :—When I hear an antiquated Prude take upon her to give Lessons to those of better Understanding than herself, inveigh against all Diversions how innocent soever, and censure

even

even a chearful Disposition as an unpardonable Crime, I do not wonder that she is despised and avoided.

The worst that can be said of Age is, that it magnifies the Errors, and renders the Virtues of the Person less conspicuous: It is our Business therefore to *correct* the one, and *improve* the other, before we arrive at that Stage of Life in which nothing will be excused, that proceeds from Levity and Want of Judgment. Each Year, as it furnishes new Matter of Observation, should add to our Knowledge. How despicable then must Age appear, unless Experience has improved the Talents we received from Nature!—Be assured, that how old soever we grow, and how much soever impaired in our *outward Form*, we shall meet with no Severity from those whose Treatment is worth our Notice, if we have taken due Care to beautify our *Minds*, and endeavour'd to verify the Character Mr. Waller gives of Age;

- “ The Soul with nobler Resolution deckt,
- “ The Body stooping does herself erect.
- “ Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes
- “ Conceal that Happiness which Age deserves;
- “ The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
- “ Lets in new Light through Chinks which Time
has made.
- “ Stronger by Weakness, wiser we become,
- “ As we draw near to our eternal Home.”

But we have a greater Authority than Mr. Waller, which tells us, that the sure Way to make Age honourable, is to have it overtake us in Righteousness. Let us therefore, my dear *Hillaria*, endeavour to profit by the Mistakes of others, and instead of counting how our Years run on, examine how our Knowledge increases; what Progress we have made in rooting out our darling Follies, and planting the beneficial Seeds of Piety and Morality in our Heart.—To succeed in this Attempt, I am confident, will afford us an inward Satisfaction, infinitely superior to all we could receive from our Toilette, or the Flatteries of the World, while

while in the Bloom of Youth.—Adieu, my dear *Hil-*
laria, believe me,

With an unfeigned Sincerity,
Yours, &c.
CLIO.

LETTER LXXXV.

From a Lady, on the proper Manner of conferring Favours.

My dear Niece,

I WAS transported with Joy at the Account *Ma-*
tilda gave me of your generous Benefaction to the
worthy and unfortunate Mrs. ***; but my Satisfaction
had yet been more complete, had I received it from
any other Mouth than that of one who had it from
yourself.—The Bounties we bestow do Honour to our-
selves, and therefore should never be reported by our-
selves.—Nay, it behoves us to silence, as much as in
our Power, the Gratitude of the Receiver; for which
Reason I should chuse to convey my Donations by an
unknown Hand, especially if the Object of my Com-
passion had been born and bred in a Situation supe-
rior to Obligations of that Nature.—It requires the ut-
most Caution and Delicacy of Behaviour, when we
appear in such a Case, to avoid giving greater Pain
than Pleasure to the Person we should serve.—An un-
gracious Manner of conferring a Favour destroys great
Part of its Merit, and mingles a certain Gall, which
poisons all the Comforts it is intended to bestow. An
ungracious Manner in offering Relief to an unhappy
Person of tolerable Education, sinks him in his own
Opinion, and makes him suspect that he is contemp-
tible in the Eyes of his Benefactor; though Necessity
tempts him to accept the Gift, yet he is sensible that
there was no true Compassion in the Giver, and is shocked
at being thus obliged. Indeed, Favours conferred in
this Manner seem to flow rather from Ostentation
than Charity. This is, my Dear, a Meanness of
Spirit which I am so far from suspecting in you, that

I know you utterly incapable of it : I am certain you endeavoured to dissipate the Confusion the must necessarily be involved in, by Expressions altogether obliging and polite ; and that your very Looks, as well as Words, were so turned, as to convince her that you were doing yourself the greatest Pleasure : — All this I make not the least Doubt of, yet am a little concerned for your Sake, that you mentioned any thing of the Affair to *Matilda*. — She told it me ; — she may tell it to others also, — they may repeat it till it comes round to Mrs. *** herself ; and then how greatly will the Value of the Obligation you have conferred, be diminished ! — This, indeed, may not happen, and I hope it will not : But in Things of this kind, where the Peace of Mind in a Person whom we wish well is liable to be affected, we should leave nothing to Chance : We are sure of the Secret while in our own Bosoms, but cannot be so when intrusted to another : I therefore take the Liberty which Friendship, Consanguinity, and the Experience of more Years, entitle me to, of reminding you, that true Generosity requires we should be so far from taking any Notice of the Favours we confer, that we ought to lose the Memory of them ourselves. There is nothing more common, than to hear People inveigh against the Ingratitude of those they have some Way or other obliged ; but if we examine into the Motives which induced them to do the good Offices they so much boast of, perhaps we should not find they had so much Reason to complain. — There are many Instances in which the *Donor* deserves little Thanks from the *Receiver* ; but I shall take notice of only two ; — the one where we expect an implicit and eternal Submission in Requital for the Favours bestowed, and look on the Persons we have obliged as Slaves purchased with our Money ; — the other, where what is done, is done merely with the View of magnifying ourselves in the Eyes of the World. I never hear Accusations of this Nature, without being put in mind of that genteel, but severe Reprimand, *Henry IV. of France* gave to one of his Generals, who had spoke too largely of

of the Services he had rendered him; which was this,

“ Vous savez mes etat, j’aime a le publier :
 “ Mais, quand je m’en souviens, vous devez
 l’oublier.

I find, my Dear, whoever has any other Prospect in the bestowing a Favour, than that of serving the Person on whom it is bestowed, does no Favour at all, that demands much Gratitude from the Receiver.— The Act ought to be pure and simple, unmixed with any Considerations of Self-gratification, farther than that of the Pleasure which flows in a generous Soul on having the Power of being serviceable to our Fellow-Creatures.

That you may always be blest with that Power and Inclination, is the Wish and Hope of, my dear Niece,
Your truly affectionate Aunt,

MIRA.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From a Lady, with her Opinion of Masquerades.

Dear Madam,

FEW Things are capable of giving me greater Displeasure, than that of finding myself under a Necessity of refusing any thing to my dear *Fidelid*; but when I assure you, that to comply with what you now request of me, would not only be doing the utmost Violence to my Inclination, but is also inconsistent with my Character, and the Rules I have set down for my Conduct in Life. I dare say, you would not wish me to endure so severe a Mortification:—It is certain, I never declared any Dislike of the reigning Diversions of the Town; there are some which receive, as well as deserve, all the Encouragement in my Power to bestow; but there are others, which, though I do not publicly depreciate, I should be sorry to counte-

nance; and among these latter, I must be so free to tell you, *Masquerades* stand in the first Rank of my Aversion and Contempt.

You know, my Dear, in what Manner I am; as it were, compelled to live:—There are many Things I give into for the sake of not being thought particular, which my Judgment entirely disapproves:—One of the Things to which my Humour, as well as Reason, is most averse, is Gaming; yet, one Day in a Week I have Tables set out for that Purpose, in two Rooms, and seldom fail of Mortification, from what others esteem; as a *Rout*, a *Drum-Major*, and sometimes a *Hurricane*:—I go to Court, pay Compliments, measure my Steps, and walk back out of the Presence as others do, yet think it a kind of modish Slavery, from which I would gladly be free, if it were possible, in my present Station.—But as, thank Heaven, I have no such Obligation to frequent the *Masquerade*, I pity those who have no better Taste of the Value of Time, than to lavish it in that ridiculous Entertainment.—Curiosity and Persuasion once carried me thither;—but, good God! what a Heap of Absurdities, which way soever I turned, grated my Ears!—How ashamed was I to see myself in a Place, where an universal Lye was the public Profession; where the politest and most modest of the Croud strove most to conceal themselves; where Common Sense seemed wholly banished, and Ribaldry and Idiotism were the established Rules of Conversation and Behaviour!

To be free with you, my dear *Fidelia*, I look upon *Masquerades*, as they are managed here, to be not only foolish, but immoral:—They afford a Sanction to all the Indecencies of Speech at least; and a Man who has some Regard to his Character of Modesty, will venture to say that, in a *Masque*, which the most avowed Libertine would blush to express barefaced.

I give you my Sentiments on this Head, with the less Reserve, as I am confident they are partly your own, and that you are so far from being over-fond of this Diversion, that you have often made Presents to others of the Tickets you could not refuse. I wish I could prevail upon you to be less so, and that instead
of

of going but once in a Season, you would resolve never to go at all:—If you will take the Word of an old *Poet*, whatever is not worthy our Approbation should be an Object of our Contempt.

“ All Human Efforts have a certain Claim,

“ In more or less Degree, to Praise or Censure :

“ ’Tween *good* and *bad* no Medium here is found ;

“ Whatever’s half the *one*, is all the *other*.”

I must own I am for no Entertainments which my Understanding will not permit me to repeat; and though we both have seen the late Mr. *Thompson*’s new Play of *Coriolanus*, if instead of my going with you to the *Hay-Market*, you will favour me with your Company to *Covent-Garden*, I dare answer you will find your Account in it, and not only pass your Evening more agreeably, but feel a much greater Satisfaction within yourself the next Day:—I would not, however, if you are under any extraordinary Engagement to the contrary, desire you to break through it:—I would have none of my Friends be guilty of any thing that might be looked upon as Affectation, but if you can find any reasonable Excuse for changing your Intentions, it will give me double Pleasure, by rescuing you from the Danger, Impertinence, and Fatigue of the Vizard Ball, and improving my own Understanding and Spirits with the judicious and lively Sentiments which your Conversation can always furnish to her, who is, with the greatest Sincerity, my dear *Fidelia*,

Your’s &c.

MIRA.

LETTER LXXXVII.

*The Answer:**Dear Madam,*

IT is utterly impossible for me to express how high a Sense I have of the Obligation your last has conferred upon me:—As to be able to follow the amiable Example you give our Sex, has been always my Ambition, so your friendly Advice is the greatest Favour you could possibly bestow:—To shew it is not thrown away upon me, be assured that no Engagements to others, no Inclinations of my own, will ever be of Force enough to induce me to any thing the excellent *Mira* disapproves, when once I am so happy as to know her Sentiments upon it:—The Honour you do me in believing I have no Relish for that Scene of Folly, called a *Masquerade*, is very flattering to my Vanity, and the more so as I am conscious of deserving it in some Measure; for indeed, Madam, it was more in compliance with those I converse with, than any Self-gratification, which ever induced me to make one among that mingled Rout.—As nothing can be more weak than to be guided by the Judgment of others, merely because it is their Judgment, I shall for the future have the Courage to chuse for myself, whenever I am not so happy as to have the Advantage of your Council and Example.

As breaking off one Engagement for the sake of entering into another, I am afraid, would be looked upon as an Affront to the Company, as well as the Entertainment, I must defer the Pleasure of waiting on you to the Play till some other Night:—We have the Misfortune to live in an Age, when every thing that does not tally with the general Vogue, is looked upon as ridiculous; and one is under a Necessity, as you justly observe, of keeping certain Measures, if one would avoid being the Subject of Raillery.—I shall, therefore, pretend Business, see no Company, keep close in my Chamber, and amuse myself with some new Books, which luckily enough are just sent in: They must afford

very

very little Satisfaction indeed, if not more than will compensate for what I should have found in the *Haymarket*; though they may not make sufficient Amends for the Loss of your Conversation, to which I am invited.— I have the Honour to be, with a profound Respect, dear Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

FIDELIA.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From a Lady to her Friend, on the Folly and Danger of encouraging many Admirers.

Dear Millamant,

I AM sorry to find a Pain in any thing that gives you Pleasure; yet will not the sincere Friendship I have for you permit me to be silent, while I see you hurried by a youthful Vanity into a Conduct which must in time be fatal to your Peace of Mind and Reputation:— Consider, my Dear, the Incongruity of your Behaviour:— You affect to laugh at the Woes of Love, to be above all Susceptibility of that Passion, yet take all imaginable Pains to inspire it in others:— Nothing delights you more than a new Conquest, and how many soever you make, you cannot support the Loss of one with any tolerable Degree of Patience:— How many Arts do you put in practice to secure the Heart you despise! What Trouble do you give yourself to prolong the Devoirs you are determined never to reward! For Heaven's Sake, ask yourself what you propose by all this, and what will be the Consequence? When your Lovers swear they die for you, you either do, or do not, give Credit to their Oaths; if the former, your Manner of acting is the Height of Ill-Nature and Cruelty; if the latter, you should, methinks, instead of being proud, rather be ashamed to reflect you gave any Encouragement for so gross an Attempt, to impose on your Understanding:— It is ungrateful and unjust to sport with the Pains of a worthy Man;— it is mean to flatter the vain Views of an insincere and empty Coxcomb.— But it is not for the one, or the other, but

for yourself I am chiefly concerned :— Remember the Fate of *Melinda*, as described by good old *Drayton*.

“ *Melinda* spread her splendid Train,
 “ And swept the Youths along the Plain :
 “ By turns she smil’d, by turns she frown’d on every
 Slave,
 “ Hope and Despair alternate gave :
 “ But ah ! how humbled was her Pride !
 “ They found her Aim was only to give Pain,
 “ So broke at once the servile Chain,
 “ And all her Arts defy’d.
 “ Or on the Walks, or on the Green,
 “ No more she seems the *Woodland Queen* !
 “ No more her Breast the Glow of Triumph warms,
 “ While in their Bloom neglected are her Charms,
 “ Her Votaries once, indignant now,
 “ Pass scornful by, and scarce vouchsafe a Bow ;
 “ Requital just ! the Nymphs and Swains proclaim,
 “ And to the slighted Fair impute the Blame.”

Believe me, dear *Millamant*, the Conduct you at present pursue, will in a short Time deprive you of all that Admiration and Esteem you are so desirous of preserving.—A Man of Sense can ill brook a Competitor in Love, who is treated with the same Regard as himself, much less to be put on a Level with a Coxcomb.—The Encouragement you give to all will lose you all ; and if so, you will be as unpitied as the Poet’s Heroine.

I cannot suppose that, in your serious Hours, you have made any Resolution against Marriage :—Permit me, therefore, to remind you, that it is high Time for you to fix your Choice, if you find any one among the Number of those, who make their Addressees, worthy of it :—If not, for Heaven’s Sake, discard them all, and wait till some Offer is made, to which you will have no Objection ; you know not but you may have some secret Lover endued with every Qualification, to render you as happy as a Wife can be, who may be deterred from making you an Offering of his Heart,

Heart, while he sees you encompassed with a Herd among whom he does not chuse to rank himself.

But however that may be, reflect, I beseech you, how much your Reputation suffers amidst these Pretenders to your Heart:—You will, perhaps, think it sufficient, that you are guilty of no Attachment to any of them, in breach of Innocence and Virtue:—That you allow no Liberties in Prejudice to your Character, or that should embolden any Man to hope you might be brought to pardon the greatest he could take:—For indeed, though far be it from me to imagine you can forget yourself in this Point, yet, my Dear, I would have you remember, that we ought to behave so as to avoid all Suspicion in the most censorious:—But put the Case that none should presume to call your Conduct so far in question:—Supposing the World in general should allow you as innocent as I sincerely do, yet Vanity and Levity are of themselves sufficient Blemishes in Reputation, and such as, I before observed, will infallibly lose you the Esteem of all Men of true Understanding.—Forfeit not then those Expectations of solid Happiness, which your Birth, Beauty, Fortune, and a thousand amiable Qualities, give you a just Pretence to, for the poor, empty, transient Pleasure of shewing your Power over the Hearts that either are, or feign themselves, devoted to you.—Cease to take Pains to captivate:—Reserve all your Cares to secure the Affection of him you shall find worthy of yours; and till you are convinced there is such a one in the World, forbear wishing to be loved by any other.

I shall make no Apology for the Liberty I take in giving you this Advice. I am confident you will believe it, what it really is, the Effects of a Friendship always warm and sincere in your Interest, and which I hope no Misunderstanding will ever break off between you and her, who is, my dear *Millamant*,

Yours, &c.

BELLIZA.

Three Letters from a Lady, with an Account of a surprizing Adventure.

LETTER LXXXIX.

My dear Euphrosine,

YOU know I have been accustomed to be pretty punctual in discharging the Obligations my Friends confer on me, as soon as it is in my Power, and may perhaps think it strange that I have let two Posts go from hence without paying the Debt your last laid me under; but I assure you at the Time I received it, and some Days after, my Spirits were in so great an Agitation, that I was utterly unable to make use of my Pen.—The Occasion I dare say you will be anxious to know, and I therefore take the first Opportunity of relating it.

I know not whether, in the Description I gave you of my Brother's fine Retreat, I made any Mention of his Park, which I then had not seen, though heard much in the Praise of.—The Delight he takes in it, has made him often press me to go and see it; accordingly we set out just at Day-break, which, you know, at this Season of the Year, is about Four o'Clock:—We went in a Chaise and Six, and had two Servants on Horseback:—As our Journey was but seven Miles, we proposed driving once round the Park, and returning by the Time at which I usually breakfasted.—As we drew near, one of the Servants galloped before to give Notice to the Park-Keeper, in order that the great Gate might be opened for the Chaise; but he had not passed us more than the Length of his Horse, when we saw him stop short, and the Coachman driving on, *Here has been Mischief done To-night*, cried he; on which my Brother pulled the String, and looking out, saw the Grass was sprinkled with Blood:—*Yonder lies a Woman murdered*, said the Man, *I do not see her move*. My Brother at these Words jumped out of the Chaise, and ran to the Place his Servant pointed out:—I was too much frightened to stay behind, and immediately followed, where I beheld the most shocking Spectacle

Spectacle my Eyes had ever met :—It was a young Creature who seemed of Condition by the Richness of her Riding-Habit, which was green Sattin, fringed with Gold. — She had no Covering on her Head ; and her Hair, which hung down on her Cheek, was full of Blood, which seemed to issue from a Wound somewhere about her Breast :—On a more close Examination, we perceived some Signs of Life in her, and one of the Men raising her a little, she opened her Eyes half Way, and presently after cried in a faint Voice, but distinct enough to be intelligible, *If you have any Humanity in you, convey me to some Place where I may die with Decency*. — My Brother, who has a great deal of Compassion in his Nature, was distracted at the Impossibility there seemed of giving her any Assistance, there being no Town, nor even House near ; but I had more Presence of Mind than he on this Occasion, and sent one of the Men to the Park-Keeper's little Hut, who being informed of the Accident, came running out with his Wife, and a Bottle of Brandy. — I made them fetch Water in a large Bucket, and having stripped my Patient to her Shift and Under Petticoat, threw it upon her ; — This I did to stop the Blood, which, by the Swiftmess of its flowing, I easily foresaw would be fatal, if her Wounds were not so : — I found a large Cut in her Neck, another in her Left Arm, both which, my Brother said, seemed to be made with a Hanger ; and just below her Breast, very near the Pit of her Stomach, a Swelling of a round Form, about the Bigness of a *Portuguese* Three Pound Twelve Shilling Piece, and very black : It was plain that this Contusion had been made by a violent Blow, but with what kind of Instrument, or Weapon, was past Conjecture.

The Water had the Effect I hoped for ; the Bleeding ceased ; after which I washed the Wounds with some of the Brandy the Woman had brought, and bound them up, to keep the Air from getting into them, with such Things as the Park-Keeper's Wife could furnish me with : — The Smart which the Brandy occasioned, I suppose it was, brought the poor

Lady

Lady to herself; she opened her Eyes again, and would have spoke, but had not Strength.

As there was a Possibility she might live, if proper Care were taken, we consulted in what Manner we should dispose of her:—My Brother thought it impossible she could be attended as befitting her Condition, or the Rank she seemed to be of, with the Park-Keeper, so resolved to take her to his House; but how to convey her thither safely without a Litter was the Difficulty: But this, by the Help of a little Contrivance, we got over.—We put all the Garments I had stripped her of into one Side of the Chaise, and covered them with a Blanket I made the Park-Keeper bring, raised a Seat equal in my Knees as I sat, then wrapt her up warm, and laid her across, so as her Head rested on my Lap, and her Feet on the Side of the Chaise:—My Brother got on one of his Men's Horses, and in this Position, the Coachman driving very slow, we brought her home, where she was immediately put to Bed:—During this little Journey, she had several Times attempted to speak, but had not the Power, and as I assisted in putting the Pillow under her Head, that she might lie as easy as possible, she caught hold of that Hand which was nearest to her, and pressed it with all the Force her Weakness would permit, looking on me at the same time with Eyes, which, though deprived of all their Radiance, had yet an inexpressible Loveliness in them, and seemed to speak all the Sentiments of a Soul overflowing with Gratitude for the good Offices she had received from me.

A Surgeon, whom my Brother had lost no Time in sending for from the next Town, being arrived, he searched her Wounds, and to our great Satisfaction assured us, that none of them were mortal:—That her greatest Danger was the Loss of Blood, which he said had been so great, that had it continued but a few Minutes longer, her Life must inevitably have issued with it.—He added, that the Contusion on her Breast would take the longest Time to cure, and seemed no less at a loss, than I had been, to guess by what Means it had been occasioned.

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After having given the necessary Directions as to what Regimen was to be observed in her Diet, he desired, that above all things, Care should be taken to keep her as quiet as possible, and that even when she received her Speech, as he doubted not but she would after a little Sleep, no Questions should be asked her concerning the Abuse she had received, nor any thing said in her Hearing which had any Relation to it; because the least Agitation of Spirits in her present State, might make her Wounds bleed afresh, and be of the most dangerous Consequence.—These Orders being given, he took his Leave, promising to make a second Visit in the Evening.

While I was employed above Stairs with the Surgeon and his Patient, my Brother was no less hurried below:—The great Hall was full of People:—A Gentleman from London, whom some Business had brought into the Country, and was at a Tenant's of my Brother's, had the Night before been robbed by his Servant of all his Money, his Watch, several Bank-Bills, and, in fine, every thing else of Value he had with him:—My Brother granted his Authority, as *Custos Rotularum* of the County, to pursue and search for the Villain in all the Houses liable to Suspicion, and would have accompanied the Gentleman himself, knowing him to be a Person of Family and Fortune, had he not been too much disconcerted with the Accident above related:—He made him an Invitation to his House, however, on his Return home from the Pursuit, and insisted on his making it his Home while his Affairs detained him in the Country. The Stranger accepted the Invitation, not having been very commodiously lodged, as it was but a poor ill-furnished Inn, though the only one thereabouts.

As nothing hindered my Brother from going in pursuit of this Villain, but the kind Consideration that I should be too deeply affected with the Condition of my fair Patient, if left alone to meditate upon it, he stayed at home with me the whole Day;—as it happened no Company came, which I was extremely glad of, not being in a State of Mind proper to entertain them:—I ordered my Woman to sit by the

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Bed-side of the wounded Lady, and apply such Things as were prescribed; notwithstanding which, I went almost every Hour into her Chamber, and to my great Satisfaction found she had taken several Slumbers, which, though short, very much refreshed her:—She had recovered her Speech, and on sight of me, cried, *My charming Preserver and Benefactress! with what Words shall I thank your Goodness?*—I replied, that I thought it, as I really did, the greatest Piece of good Fortune I ever met with in my Life, to have the Opportunity of being serviceable to her; and that if she imagined any Gratitude was due to me, she must shew it in a strict Observance of the Rules prescribed for her, which above all things was to forbear speaking, and to keep her Mind as free as possible from all perplexing Thoughts. *When you have a little more Strength,* added I, *I shall be glad to hear by what unhappy Accident you were reduced to the Condition you are in; but till then, would be very sorry to indulge a Curiosity which might cost you so dear:—I flatter myself with enjoying, in the Friendship of so agreeable a Person, a greater Recompence than the little I have done, or ever can do, is able to deserve.* With these Words I left the Chamber, to prevent any Answer she might have made.

The Maids, who had the Charge of cleaning her Garments from the Blood with which they had been in a manner dyed, told me there was nothing in her Pocket except a Handkerchief, but in the Inside of her Stays, just within the Lining, which they were obliged to rip for washing, they had found a small Picture which had been sewed in, as might be supposed for the better concealing it:—This they brought to me;—it was the Resemblance of a handsome young Man, with a Cryстал over it set in Gold, and a Cypher of small Diamonds on the Back:—The Glass was broke, the Stones loose in their Sockets, and ready to fall out, and both the Frame and Picture very much bent, as something had been pushed forcibly against it:—This made me imagine that a Blow given her just in this Place, had occasioned the Contusion in her Breast, the Hurt being exactly of the same Bigness with the Picture:—I laid the Jewel carefully by, not doubting but it was
very

very precious to her, but resolved to make no Mention of any such Thing to her, till she had recovered a greater Share of Strength.

The Surgeon came in the Evening according to his Promise, but did not think fit to take off the Bandages till next Morning:—He found her entirely free from a Fever, and gave us great Hopes that her Cure would be speedy:—After he was gone, and my fair Patient left to her Repose, my Brother and Self went to Supper; but we had scarce seated ourselves when Word was brought, that the Inn-Keeper, who had attended the Gentleman in pursuing his wicked Servant, was returned and begged to be admitted:—My Brother ordered he should be brought in, and asked if they had taken the Fellow; on which he gave the following Account:—That the Party he was with, for they divided themselves into several small Bodies, in order to prevent the Fellow from escaping any Cross-Road, having continued their Pursuit some twelve or fourteen Miles, one of the foremost 'spied a Horse saddled and completely accoutred, grazing without a Rider.—The Gentleman presently cried out it was his own Horse, and the same his Man rode away with: *We then, said the Inn-Keeper, concluded our Search was nearly at an end, as indeed it was, for we found him in a Ditch, covered with Blood, and in an expiring Condition: His Skull was fractured, one of his Thighs broke, and, I think, both his Arms dislocated:—We did not, however, know at first how much he was hurt, and his Master was beginning to rate the Ingratitude and Villainy he had been guilty of towards him, when the Wretch cried out,—O Mercy, Heaven! you do not know, Sir, the worst of my Crimes! What I have stolen may be restored, but Altezeera! What of Altezeera?* interrupted the Gentleman in such an Agitation as I cannot tell how to describe. *Dead! dead!* answered the Wretch, *murdered! barbarously murdered by my curst Hand:—O Mercy!—Mercy, Heaven! and with these Words expired.*

The Gentleman, continued he, seemed quite frantic on hearing this Confession; we had much ado to prevent him from running his Sword through the Body of him, who was now past Sense of feeling it, and afterwards from

from exercising that Act of Desperation on himself:—I thought we should never have got him back to my House, and now he is there, I know not what to do with him; for he will certainly be mad;—but who this Altezeera is, or where the Murder was committed, we cannot find out.

I had not as yet an Opportunity of telling my Brother any thing concerning the Picture that had been found in the Stays of the wounded Lady; but it now came into my Head, that she was the same whom the Villain had so inhumanly abused, and whose supposed Death had thrown the Gentleman into such Agonies:—As this would be easily proved by producing the Picture, I ran immediately and fetched it, desiring both my Brother and the Inn-Keeper to tell me, if it bore any Resemblance with the Face of the afflicted Stranger: They both assured me, that it did, and, in their Opinion, could be drawn for no other:—On my relating where it had been found, my Brother joined with me in believing the wounded Lady, under our Care, was no other than the *Altezeera*, who seemed so dear to the Stranger; and that this second Adventure would unravel the Mystery of the first.—He therefore resolved to go directly to him, and put an End to his Distress, by letting him know the good Fortune we had of preserving a young Lady that Morning, who might, if Providence had not sent us so opportunely to her Relief, have been inevitably lost for ever, as her cruel Abuser doubtless imagined she was.

I begged, however, that he would not be too sudden in revealing the Affair, lest the Rush of Joy on such an Excess of Grief, might have a fatal Effect, either on his Reason or his Life: My Brother told me he was aware of it, and would behave with all Precaution.

As the Inn was scarce two Miles off, my Brother accompanied his Tenant on Foot, and in about an Hour and a half returned with *Philander*, for that was the Name of the Gentleman, whom he had in a manner forced along with him:—Though Horror, Confusion, and the most poignant Anguish sat on every Feature, I was immediately convinced he was the Original

ginal of the Portrait I had in my Pocket:—My Brother, in presenting him to me, said, *Sister, this Gentleman imagines he has lost a Mistress dearer to him than his Life, by the Villainy of his own Servant:—What say you, are we to judge wholly by Appearances?*

This Gentleman, answered I, I hope is too wise to do so:—Heaven, for a Trial of our Fortitude, often threatens us with Misfortunes it never intends to inflict:—I flatter myself what he so much laments, is of the Nature I have mentioned.—Would to God, Madam, said he with a Sigh, which seemed to rend his Heart-Strings, I had the least Room for Doubt; but the Villain with his dying Breath confessed the horrid Crime. Perhaps, resumed I, he might suppose his brutal Rage had taken Effect:—He might wound her, but not mortally:—Come, Sir, continued I, perceiving he was ready to sink with inward Grief, which before he endeavoured to restrain, I beseech you take Comfort:—I have a strong Prepossession that the Lady still lives to reward such constant Affection as yours appears to be. I am of the same Mind with my Sister, cried my Brother, and dare almost promise you a Sight of the fair injured Altezeera in a very short Time. O, were there a Possibility of hoping for the Blessing, I would forgive all else in the Power of Fate:—But she is too surely dead,—irrecoverably lost!—What Miracle can restore her to me, dear, murdered Altezeera!—The loveliest, best of Women, is fallen a Sacrifice to, I know not what, inhuman Motive.

I would fain have asked him if he could guess by what Means she fell into the Power of such a Monster; but easily judging he could not resolve me in this Point without entering into a Narrative his present Condition would but ill admit of, I deferred the Satisfaction of my Curiosity, till he should be more at Ease to afford it me.

I should write you a Book instead of a Letter, if I were to repeat the many Arguments made use of, both by myself and Brother, to bring him into an Imagination of the Possibility of his Mistress having escaped the cruel Stroke intended for her.—All we urged, however, was ineffectual, till I ventured to speak somewhat more plain:—*Many a Person, said I, has been extremely,*

trequely, nay dangerously wounded, and even laid out for dead, yet have recovered: Who knows but in the very Crisis between Life and Death, some Heavenly-directed Hand might administer Relief, and save the Soul just fleeing into Eternity? — Perhaps Altezeera, thus preserved, is this Moment thinking of Philander, and longing to communicate to him the Means of her Preservation.

I spoke this with such an Air, as made him think there was something more in it, than merely to soothe his Griefs by a flattering Supposition; and looking earnestly in my Face, *Ab! Madam*, said he, *if any Accident has discovered to you any thing relating to my Altezeera, I beseech, I conjure you to reveal it to me.*

I am not certain, answered I, *that a Lady who was found desperately wounded this Morning in a Field adjoining to my Brother's Park, is the same you mean; but if she prove so, I dare venture to assure you of her Life at present. — Where is that Lady?* cried he impatiently, — *the least Glimpse of her Face, the least Accent of her dear, yet well-known Voice, will soon convince me of my Happiness or Misery.*

Should the fair Person I mean, replied I, *be in reality your Altezeera, a Visit from you in the Condition to which she is reduced, might utterly destroy all the Efforts which have been made to save her, and be no less fatal than the Wounds she has received must have been, without the immediate Interposition of Divine Providence. — But there are other Ways to ease your Suspense, which I will point out*, continued I, *provided you give me your solemn Promise not to attempt seeing her, till she is better able to sustain so agreeable a Surprise.*

Having given me his Word to submit to my Directions in every thing relating to this Affair, I asked him if he had never made a Present to Altezeera of his Picture, to which he answering in the Affirmative, I shewed him the Picture that had been taken out of the wounded Lady's Stays.

Judge, my dear Euphrosine, of the Transport this Conviction gave him; I shall only tell you, it was such as sufficiently proved how necessary the Caution I had observed in making the Discovery was, to pre-

vent it from taking too violent an Effect on his Understanding.

By degrees I proceeded to let him into the whole of this Adventure, but he had no sooner known that it was to us she owed her Preservation, than the Expression of his Gratitude exceeded all Bounds: — He threw himself at my Feet, kissing my Hands with the same Ardour he would have done those of his Mistress; — embraced my Brother, called him his Guardian-Angel; and it was a considerable Time before we could put any Stop to the immoderate Raptures of his Joy.

I thought I had now a Right to be let into the History of a Passion in these Days so very extraordinary, and no sooner signified my Curiosity in this Point, than he very obligingly gratified it, relating all that passed between him and *Altzeera* during the whole Progress of their Loves to the very Evening of that unhappy Accident, which was near parting them for ever.

To repeat it in his own Words, even if my Memory would permit, which is impossible, would be too tedious, since three Parts in four of the Narrative he made us, was expatiating on the Virtue, Beauty, Sweetness of his Mistress, and his own Admiration of those amiable Qualities, and even that which was most material, often interrupted with Exclamations on the Severity of his Fate, which had thrown so many Bars between him and the Accomplishment of his Desires. — I shall therefore give the plain Account as I selected it from the less material, tho' I cannot but say very affecting Particulars.

Altzeera, it seems, is the Daughter of a Gentleman whom some fortuitous Events have raised to a Pitch of Opulence; yet not being content with enjoying his Wealth in a private Life, he neglects nothing that he thinks will tend to the aggrandizing himself and Family, and as the most likely Way of succeeding in this Point, takes all Opportunities of testifying his Attachment to the present Possessors of the Throne of *Great-Britain*. It has however succeeded so well as to make him taken notice of at Court, and procure a Commission in the Army for his second Son, and one
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in the Navy for his third : As for the eldest, he is of a different Way of thinking, and will by no means accept of an Employment under the Government, though he had the Offer of one, both lucrative and honourable : This would greatly incense the old Gentleman, perhaps even enough to occasion his being disinherited, were the true Motive of his Refusal known ; but he finds Ways of evading it, and by joining his Father in railing against the Principles of *Jacobitism*, makes him far from suspicious, that it is by them he is influenced to refuse whatever would oblige him to take the Oaths.

—*Ormusa*, for that was his Name, has maintained a long Friendship with *Philander*, but knowing him violent in that Cause to which his Father is so averse, never brought him Home, for fear any Dispute concerning Party-Affairs should happen between them :

—They were, however, seldom a Day asunder, and *Ormusa* being seized with a Fit of the Gout, which confined him for a long Time to his Chamber, could not live without the Company of his dear *Philander* :

—*Alizeera*, who had the most tender Regard for this Brother, on account of his being possessed of Qualities infinitely more amiable than either of her others, was almost continually with him : She either read some agreeable Book, or sung to him, which greatly alleviated the Pain of his Distemper :—Here *Philander* frequently saw her, and here it was he first imbibed a Passion he had never been sensible of before.—The Person and Accomplishments of this amiable Companion of a Brother so dear to her, had all the Effect the Possessor of them could wish on the young Heart of *Alizeera* :—*Ormusa* observed in the Eyes of both the Desires with which they were inspired, and, as he thought, they were in every Circumstance adapted to make each other happy, resolved to encourage this mutual Flame.

It was he who emboldened *Philander*, to hope *Alizeera* would not be inflexible to his Offers, and contrived such Opportunities for him to address her, as she could not well have avoided, even had she had an Inclination to do so ; but her Brother's Behaviour giving a Sanction to her Wishes, her Lover found her

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more condescending than he could have hoped for without that Pretence.—In fine, this tender Intercourse ended in a mutual Assurance of everlasting Affection, and a solemn Promise never to be but each other's.—*Ormusia* growing better, quitted his Chamber, but *Philander* being now acquainted with the whole Family, made his Visits almost as frequently as before :—The old Gentleman being much abroad, and his two younger Sons at their respective Posts, the Lovers had many Opportunities of repeating to each other the Sincerity of that Passion, with which both were equally inflamed; and *Philander* had now Thoughts, as he knew no Objection could be made, either as to his Family or Estate, of declaring to the Father of *Altezeera* his Pretensions :—*Ormusia* approved of his Design, and he went one Day with a full Resolution to address the old Gentleman on that Head.—No Conversation had yet happened when *Philander* was present concerning Party-Affairs, so his Principles on that Point were a Secret; but unluckily for him, a Person who was well acquainted with them, and had seen him often with *Ormusia*, had that very Morning informed the old Gentleman of all, and asked him, how he came to permit his Son to converse with a known *Jacobite*, such as *Philander*. Nothing could exceed the Rage with which this Piece of Intelligence inspired the Father; and when *Philander* entered, and was beginning to usher in the Request he was about to make, with some fine Speech proper for the Occasion,—Sir, cried the old Gentleman, *I hear strange Things of you, and if you do not clear yourself of an Accusation laid to your Charge, must desire you to refrain coming to my House any more, or keeping Company with my Son :—Bless me!* continued he, *I might have been undone, utterly ruined in my Fortune and Character, if I had not been warned in time.*

Philander was so much confounded at this unexpected Treatment, that he could only ask him what he meant by it.—*Why, Sir,* replied the other, *I am told, by very good Authority, that you are a Malcontent,—a Jacobite,—an Oppugner of the illustrious Family of Han-*
over, or, in other Words, a Rebel.

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Had any Man but yourself called me so, answered Philander, somewhat warmly, I should have known what Sort of a Reply it would become me to make:—But the Respect I have for you, is a Bond I cannot break through:—Yet, Sir, permit me to say, no Word or Action of mine ever gave Cause for branding me with the odious Appellation of Rebel.

No, cried the old Gentleman, pouring out a Glass of Wine, let me see you down on your Knees, and drink Confusion to the Pretender, and all his Brood.—Sir, said Philander, greatly shocked, it is not in my Nature to wish Confusion to any one, and I hope you are too good a Christian to desire it of me in earnest.—Christian, or no Christian, cried the old Gentleman in a Hurry, he that will not drink Confusion to the Pretender, his Sons, and all his Adherents, I say, is worse than an Infidel: But I find what you are,—all is true I heard of you:—Therefore, Sir, I desire you will forbear my House, and if I hear my Son continues to keep you Company, he had better do somewhat else.

I have inserted this Part of the Dialogue, my dear Euphrosine, merely to divert you, and to shew you how unjust and ridiculous an over-acted Loyalty may render a Person:—Philander, however, who had his own Reason for bringing his Antagonist into better Humour, appeared extremely cool, and though he could not persuade himself to deny his Attachment to the Stuart Family, he endeavoured to make the old Gentleman believe that, though he had the most tender Commiseration for the Sufferings of those unfortunate Exiles, and the greatest Admiration of their Virtues, yet he was far from wishing to attempt any thing in Prejudice of the House of Hanover.

But this was so far from pacifying the Father of *Altezeera*, that he grew more outrageous, and a second Time forbidding him his House, the Lover was obliged to return without accomplishing any Part of the Business he had come upon.

Ormusia after this durst not appear in public with *Philander*, but the same Friendship as ever subsisted between them, and he not only saw him frequently in private, but also contrived Interviews between him and *Altezeera*, who did not like her Lover the less

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for his steady Adherence to his Principles, she being of the same herself.—But to return.

This Lady having eighteen Thousand Pounds left her by her Grandmother, to be paid on the Day of her Marriage, or when she should come of Age, was under no Necessity, in point of Interest, to consult her Father in the Choice of a Husband:—Duty, however, had hitherto restrained her from giving her Hand without his Permission; but as the Prejudice he had taken to *Philander* was as unlikely to be removed as it was unreasonable, she thought she might be dispensed with from rendering herself and Lover unhappy merely to submit to so cruel a Caprice.

Her Brother fortified her Resolution in this Point, appointed a Day for the Celebration of their Marriage, though it was thought proper by the Lovers, as well as himself, that he should be present at it:—All Things were conducted with that Secrecy, that the old Gentleman had not the least Suspicion any Affair of Love was carrying on between his Daughter and the Man he so much hated, till the Eve before that Morning when she was to steal out, and give herself away for ever.

The fatal Discovery was made by her unhappily dropping a Letter where her Father found it:—By the Description of his Behaviour, it could only be compared to what we meet with in *Bedlam*:—He treated *Altezza* with the most bitter Reproaches, and had he not been withheld by his own Servants, who feared he would kill her, had certainly committed some Outrage on her Person; he locked her into the Chamber, and kept the Key, however, himself.

Happy for *Ormusia*, and the Lovers also, that his Name was not mentioned in this luckless Letter; so that, though his Father upbraided him for having introduced such a Villain (for so he termed *Philander*) into his Family, yet he had no Suspicion of his having any Hand in the intended Marriage; and the young Gentleman had the Address to prevent him from believing any thing against him in this Point, though some there were that laboured to inculcate in him a different Opinion.

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Neither *Philander* in the Absence of his Adorable, nor *Altezeera* in her Confinement, was without some Glimpse of Hope from the Integrity of this dear Friend:—He indeed practised every Method for the Enlargement of his Sister:—When his Father was abroad, he tried every Key in the House, but could find none would open the Door of her Prison, and to force it was impossible, without the Noise alarming the Servants: There she was compelled to remain, till her Father having formed his Resolutions went in to her one Morning, and bidding her follow him, put her into a Coach and Six, in which one Man and two Women attended to receive her.—She had no Time for Complaints, or Expostulations:—The Door of the House was immediately shut, and the Coach drove away with all possible Rapidity:—She was thus carried, without knowing whither, to this Country, and placed in a small House, at present occupied by a Person, who, I find, is a Dependant on her Father, where the Person who received her, had strict Orders to confine her, to let no Person whatever have Access to her, and to refuse her even the Privilege of Pen and Paper.

The Father, though he entertained no Doubts of *Ormusa* on this Score, would not reveal to him how he had disposed of his Sister; but the young Gentleman, by the Manner in which she was carried off, had some Conjecture of the Truth; which on the Return of those who accompanied her, he had Artifice enough to sift from the Mouth of one of them.—*Philander*, who protests he would have searched the whole World for his beloved *Altezeera*, no sooner had an Account where she was, than he immediately took Horse, attended but by a Valet de Chambre whom he had lately hired, but whom he found a Fellow of an uncommon Share of Cunning, and therefore a Person proper to be employed in the Affair he had in hand; as he did not doubt but the fair Object of his Wishes would be kept as inaccessible, as while under the Key of her obdurate Father.

As our Lover had no Acquaintance in these Parts, he took up his Lodging at the Inn I before mentioned; which, though a wretched one, was the most commodious

dious for his Purpose, as being nearest to the House where *Altezeera* was confined.

The Valet had the Address to make the Discovery his Master expected from him, and the transported *Philander* no sooner was informed of the Place, which contained the Idol of his Soul, than he went in Sight, and walked backwards and forwards at a Distance, in confidence of not being known there by any body but herself, whom he hoped to see at some or other of the Windows.

His Hope in this Particular did not deceive him, he perceived her leaning her Head on her Hand in a disconsolate Posture.—Finding she did not observe him, he made a Noise with some little Stones which he picked up :—This made her cast her Eyes to the Place where he stood.—She started, and appeared equally surprized, and pleased. Not daring to speak, for fear of being heard by any of the Family, she made a Motion to him to write, and put down a Sling from the Window, to shew by what Means she might receive a Letter from him.—They continued some Minutes, exchanging the most tender and significant Glances, but, all at once, she retired hastily, and at the same time waved her Hand, in token for him to retire.

As he doubted not, but some Person coming into the Chamber, had occasioned this Interruption, he obeyed the Signal, and returned to his Inn, where he pass'd the rest of the Day in writing to her ; in the Evening he was himself the Bearer of his Billet.—He waited not long before she appeared, and letting down the Sling to which he fixed it, she made a Sign that he should convey Paper, Pens, and Ink, to her by the same Means, which he afterwards did :—They continued this Conversation several Days.—The Purport of most of the Letters that passed between them, was contriving Means for her Escape, which at last was agreed to be made by a Ladder of Ropes, the Window not being very high ; this Ladder was to be conveyed to her as the Letters had been ; but before that could be procured, she gave him Notice, that a little Girl belonging to the Family, had said she had seen a fine Gentleman waiting in the Field behind the House, and

therefore desired he would send his Servant with the next Letter: He had seen the Child himself playing about, and as by coming frequently he might be seen by some other, he thought proper to observe the Caution *Alexandra* had given him; and his Valet, from that Time, carried what he wrote, and brought him her Answers.

Every thing being prepared for her being carried off, the Night was appointed in which she was to descend, and *Philander* now imagined himself on the point of obtaining all he had so long and so ardently languished for:—The last Night of his intending to stay in that Inn, and which he expected would be the last in which he should be under any Suspence, he went to Bed, full of the most pleasing Ideas.—Waking in the Morning, and hearing the Family were stirring, he wondered his Valet did not come into his Chamber, as was his Custom, to attend his Rising:—He lay still some time, thinking it to be more early than he at first took it to be, but undrawing his Curtains, and finding the Sun was very high, knew the Day must be far advanced; on which he started out of his Bed, and ran to the Table where he used to lay his Watch, in order to be more assured; he could neither find that, nor the Picture of *Alexandra*, which he had always worn about his Neck; but the Ribband being a little torn, he had taken it off, in order to have a new one put to it.—He was a little surprized, but supposing his Valet had laid them in some other Place, began to stamp with his Feet, and call hastily for him: Some of the People coming up, he asked for his Man, and was answered that he was not yet returned. *Returned! from whence?* cried *Philander* hastily; they replied, they knew nothing, but from where they supposed he had sent him. In short, after some few more Questions little to the Purpose, but such was the Confusion he was in, it was natural for him to ask, he was informed, that after he was in Bed, the Valet had come to the Stable, ordered the best Horse to be saddled, and when he mounted, told the Groom that he was going on an extraordinary Affair for his Master, and should not return till late the next Day. *Philander* then began to
examine

examine his Cloak-Bag, and found himself stripped of every thing the Villain could carry off, without being suspected by the People of the House.

This, said he, concluding his Narrative, is all I am able to acquaint you with, in relation to the Design of that dead Monster; it is Altezeera herself, who alone can inform us by what Magic Arts he got her into his Power, and what it was that prompted him to commit on such Beauty, Youth, and Innocence, an Outrage which the most savage African would never have been guilty of.

We pass'd the rest of the Evening in admiring the Goodness of Divine Providence, which frequently, when we think ourselves most lost to Hope, by Means the most unexpected, sends Relief, and snatches us from Despair.

In the Morning, the Surgeon found his Patient in as fair a Way of Recovery as could be wished, but yet not fit to hold any long Conversation; the Impatience of *Philander* to see her, is still, therefore, obliged to be restrained; my Brother, to alleviate his Discontent, has taken him out this Day a fishing; and I seize on this Interval to acquaint you with an Adventure, which has somewhat in it remarkable enough to engage your Attention, and excuse the Length of this Epistle from, my dear *Euphrosine*,

Yours, &c.

ASTREA.

P. S. The Moment I am let into the Mystery of *Altezeera's* Misfortune, I shall not fail to acquaint you with it.—Adieu.

K 2

LETJ

LETTER XC.

My dear Euphrosine,

I Concluded my last with an almost assured Hope, that the Adventure related in it, would end to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned; an unlucky Turn has happened to cast a Gloom on the late fair Prospect, and involved us all in a second Confusion.

“ Sure every Passion, but fond Love,

“ Unto its own Redress does move;

“ But that alone the Wretch inclines

“ To what prevents his own Designs.

Indeed I am more angry with *Philander*, than I have Words to express:—Certainly, if ever Lover had Cause to be contented with his Fate, he had;—to find his Mistress, whom he thought dead, alive, in the same House with him, and in the Care of Persons who took a Pleasure in promoting her Recovery;—and that the very Accident which threatened him with her irrecoverable Loss, had given her Liberty, and put it in her Power to be for ever united to him:—These, I say, one would think, were Reflections to have made any reasonable Man happy;—but I see plainly, not only by his Behaviour, but that of some others, whom we both know, the Truth of the Poet’s Words,

“ —That to be wise and love,

“ Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

Though he had heard the Surgeon every Day repeat his Injunctions that his Patient should be kept extremely quiet;—that no unnecessary Questions should be put to her, and all Occasions of obliging her to speak, most carefully avoided; adding, that on her Silence and Composure of Mind the Certainty of her Cure depended; and though I had given him the most solemn Assurances, that the Moment she should be in a Condition to hold any Conversation, she should be informed of his being there; yet, notwithstanding all
this,

this, it was with the utmost Difficulty I restrained him from shewing himself to her; and though I am pretty certain, from the whole Tenor of his Deportment, that he loves with as much Sincerity as any Man can do, I am at the same time convinced, that it was more the Fear of offending me, than any Apprehensions of the Consequences which might attend this Visit, that deterred him from going into her Chamber.

For four Days, however, I kept him within the Bounds so necessary to be observed; but on the fifth, when I was engaged with some Ladies who were come to visit me, his Impatience so far prevailed on my Brother, as to gain his Consent for gratifying him so far as to see *Altezeera* when she was asleep, on condition, that he should content himself with a bare Sight of her Face, without attempting to disturb her Repose.

His Request was accompanied with such moving Expressions, that my Brother could not resist the Force of them:—He went with him to the Chamber of *Altezeera*, and being told by the Person whom I had ordered to attend her, that she was just fallen into a Slumber, they drew near the Bed, and *Philander* opening the Curtain gently, had a full View of the Face he so much longed to see:—Fatal Curiosity! how dear has it been like to cost him! His ungovernable Passion broke through the Bounds of Reason, Discretion, and even Care of the beloved Object, and perhaps, without even knowing what he did, he cried out in a Transport,—’*Tis she—By Heaven ’tis she herself!* and at the same Moment seized one of her Hands which lay over the Bed-Cloaths, and put it to his Mouth with an Eagerness as if going to devour it:—This Pressure, joined to the loud Exclamation he had made, would have awoken the slumbering Fair had she been in a more deep Sleep than the present Anguish of her Condition could be expected to permit:—She started, opened her Eyes, screamed, and fell immediately into a Fit, out of which she recovered to relapse into a worse. *Philander*, now sensible of the ill Effects of what he had done, railed like a Man wholly deprived of Reason:—My Brother, though extremely disconcerted, forced him with much ado out of the Cham-

ber :—She grew so bad, that all the Servants in the House were called to her Assistance ; I heard the Noise, and excusing myself to my Friends, flew to the Chamber of *Alexandra*, whom I found, as I then thought, in the Agonies of Death :—The Surgeon was sent for, and a Physician, to join his Endeavours also for her Relief ; indeed I despaired that it would be in the Power of either to afford her any. I was in too great a Concern to enquire presently, if any Accident had happened to occasion so sad a Change in her ; but her own Words, when the Intermision of her Fits gave her leave to speak, let me into great Part of the Truth :—*The inhuman Wretch*, cried she, *has murdered his Master !—O Philander ! Philander ! but I follow thee ;* then fainted away, and on her Recovery, *Where is the dear Shade ?* resumed she, *why so soon vanished ?—He was here but now—There, there he stood.* Thus did she rave between the Intervals, and I asking hastily if any one had been in the Room, was informed by my Woman of what I have related to you. I cannot tell whether my Grief for the Effects of this Accident, or Rage at the Occasion of it, was most predominant ; but this was not a Time or Place to express my Sentiments, and casting about in my Mind what was best to be done, I thought that as she had seen her Lover, and imagined it was his Apparition, to convince her it was his real Self would be less prejudicial than the Error she was in :—I therefore told her, that *Philander* was living, and had no other Wounds than those on his Mind for the dangerous Condition to which the Villainy of his wicked Servant had reduced her :—*Philander*, cried she, *living !—and you know him, Madam, and our unhappy Story !—He is*, answered I, *a Guest at present in this House.* And then perceiving she was in a Condition to attend to what I said, related to her all I knew of this Adventure ; the Remainder, I told her, must be her Part to unfold, when Heaven should be pleased to give her Strength to do it.—*But*, cried she hastily, *may I not see Philander ! Did he appear before me only to give me Terror ?—and shall I not again have the Consolation of beholding him whom my Soul longeth after, and for whose Sake I wish*

to live? I then ordered he should be called, and it seems his Distraction for his late Behaviour was so great, that it required no less than such a pleasing Mandate to restore him to his Senses;—he came, and throwing himself on his Knees at her Bed-side, conjured her to forgive the Fright which the Impatience of his Love had occasioned. There needed little Rhetoric to obtain what he requested, and the Scene between them was extremely moving; but the Exertion of her Spirits on this sudden Flow of Joy, after the Hurry they had been in with a contrary Emotion, threw her again into Fits so violent, that happy was it for us all, that the Doctor and Surgeon came in to our Relief;—the latter of these finding so sad a Change in his Patient, after having left her in the Morning so much better, shook his Head, and told us, he feared his Orders had not been complied with; to which I answered, that indeed they had not, and the present Condition of the Lady was owing to an Accident which had thrown her Mind into some Confusion; but intreated they would do their utmost for retrieving this Misfortune. *Philander*, who had looked very silly all the time I was speaking, now cried out, *Restore her, and make your own Demands, though it be my whole Estate.* It is not to be doubted, but that they assured him, nothing in the Power of their Skill should be wanting:—On examining her Pulse, they found it much disordered, and the Surgeon, when he took off her Dressings, said the Wounds were much inflamed;—they both, however, gave us Hopes that if she kept twelve Hours from a Fever, she might get over this Shock;—strict Orders were again repeated, that every thing about her should be as still as possible, which *Philander*, too sensible of his late Error, will not transgress.

The Time specified by the Physicians passed over without any Symptom of a Fever being discovered; but she was, and still continues, so excessive weak, that when she attempts to speak, her Voice is scarce intelligible. I fear it will be some time before she recovers Strength enough to relate that which we yet are ignorant of, concerning this Adventure:—Her

Life, however, is now judged to be out of danger; *Philander* is never from her Chamber, but when Decency obliges him to retire:—His tender Affiduities certainly contribute greatly to restore her to that Composure of Mind, without which all exterior Remedies would be applied to little Effect; so that, angry as I was, at the Disregard he paid to my Intreaties, or the Orders of the Surgeon, I am now of opinion, that the Prejudice done her by his Disobedience is well atoned for by the inward Satisfaction I can perceive she now enjoys, and have therefore heartily forgiven him that Act of Rashness, and my Brother for permitting it.

This is all I am able to inform you of at present, but hope a few Days will give me more Light into an Affair, which yet seems big with Mystery. Till then, adieu!—I need not tell you with how much Sincerity I am, my dear *Euphrosine*,

Yours, &c.

ASTREA.

LETTER XCI.

My dear Euphrosine,

I NOW write to you with double Satisfaction, having it in my Power, at last, to present you with the Sequel of an Adventure, which I know your Good-Nature must be very much interested in, though not yet acquainted with any of the Persons concerned in it.

I had but just finished my last Letter to you, and two or three other Dispatches I was obliged to send to *London*, when *Philander* came into my Chamber, and with a Transport of Joy told me, that his dear *Altezeera* was so much better, that she believed herself able to give an Account of the Accident that had befallen her, but would not do it till I was present: This so overjoyed me, that I did not stay to congratulate him on the Occasion, but ran hastily into the Room where she was; he followed with an equal Degree of Speed, and we were no sooner seated by her Bedside,

Bedside, than she began, with a Voice more audible than I could have imagined, to address herself to us in the following Terms :

‘ It has been no small Addition to the Pain I have felt, that you, Madam, and my dear *Philander*, should so long be kept in Ignorance concerning the Manner by which I was reduced to the Condition I was found in, and relieved by the generous Pity of yourself, and your noble Brother.

‘ The Beginning of my History I know *Philander* has already made you acquainted with ; it only remains for me to tell you, that the Night before that appointed for my Escape, just as I was going into Bed, I heard the accustomed Signal under my Window : I was very much surprized, but looking out, found it was indeed *Philander’s* Servant ; on which I hastily let down the String, supposing he had brought a Letter :— *Madam*, said he, *my Master had no Time to write, an Accident has happened that requires your immediate Removal ;— no Time is to be lost ; make haste therefore to descend ;— he has prepared a Chariot, in which he waits for you at a convenient Distance.* I had no Suspicion of the Truth of what he said, but ran back to fetch the Ladder of Ropes he had before conveyed to me : While I was fixing it, *Have you got your Jewels, Madam ?* cried he, *I have none here,* answered I :— *That is unlucky,* replied he, *but no matter.* By this Time I was got down ;— he was on Horseback, — he took me up before him, and we rode, I believe, near a Mile, without speaking a Word, till coming to the great Road, I asked him where *Philander* was. — *A little farther off,* answered he, and with these Words clapped Spurs to his Horse, which galloped with us at such a furious Rate, that I had no Breath to speak.

‘ I thought we were now far enough from the Place where I had been confined, and began to wonder I did not see *Philander*. Our Pace being a little slackened, I asked where he was, and added, I hoped he had not mistaken the Road where the Chariot was to meet us :— *No, no,* replied this Monster, *you are nearer to your Lover than you imagine.*

I was that Instant (continued she) seized with a Terror, which I could not then account for; nor am able to describe: I threw my Eyes round in search of what I so much wished to see; but though I might have discerned Objects at a great Distance, the Moon shining very bright, nothing presented itself to me but a dreary Waste, over which we passed, and came to the Entrance of a Wood:—Here it was the Villain stopped, and still holding me in his Arms, dismounted:—He made me sit down on a kind of Bank, while he tied his Horse by the Bridle to a Tree; Now, said he, you will immediately be in possession of the most faithful and passionate of all Lovers. *O where is he?* cried I, endeavouring to penetrate into the Thickness of the Wood; *why comes he not to ease my trembling Heart?*—*Here, here he is,* replied that most execrable of all Traitors, and at the same time throwing himself down by me, *Behold in me your faithful Adorer;—Philander loves you not,—he has resigned his Title to you, and you are mine by his Gift, and I hope will be so by your own free Will, when you shall be convinced how much I adore you.*

The Astonishment and Terror I was in at the Beginning of this infamous Declaration, left me not the Power of interrupting it, till he attempted to close it with a Kiss:—Rage got the better of the more timid Passions, and giving him a Blow with all my Force upon the Face, *Most impudent of all Villains!* cried I, *what Devil has prompted thee to this Behaviour?* *Your Beauty,* answered he, *and the Commands of him that was once my Master.—Thou liest,* said I, half choaked with Indignation, and endeavouring to rise; but alas! all the Strength I could muster up, was feeble, when opposed to his. He had me fast within his Grasp, and compelled me to sit still and hear the odious Arguments he had prepared to work me to his Will:—He told me, that sensible of the many Inconveniences that attend Marriage without the Consent of Friends, and besides having the Offer of a more suitable Match, that *Philander* had resolved to quit me; on which he said he had acquainted you with the secret Passion he had for me; that you ad-
vised

vised him to pursue it; and directed him in the Means he now had taken as the most likely for accomplishing his Purpose.

Think not, my generous Benefactress, nor you, my dear *Philander*, (she went on) that I believed one Syllable of what this Wretch had uttered, but the different Passions of Fear and Anger warring in my Breast, prevented me for some time from saying any thing in contradiction to his Falshoods. He added, that though reduced to be a Servant, through the ill Management of his Parents, he was descended of a good Family, had a little Knowledge of Commerce, and as I had a Fortune independent of my Father, he would carry me to *Holland*, and lay it out in such Merchandize as he should find would turn to the best Account; *So that*, said he, throwing his hateful Arms about my Neck, *I doubt not but by my Industry, you may be one Day no less rich, and infinitely more happy, than you could have been in being the Wife of Philander.*

Had I been Mistress of the least Presence of Mind, I should certainly have flattered the Villain's Hopes, have seemed to give credit to his Allegations, made a Shew of Consent to his Desires, and suffered him to conduct me on the Journey he mentioned, till we had arrived at some Place where I might safely have discovered my Disdain, proclaimed his Treachery, and applied for the Protection of Justice:—Believing himself secure of me, he then would, perhaps, have treated me with Respect, and I had escaped the Insults he soon after had the Insolence, and the Cruelty to offer:—But in that dreadful Juncture, my Senses were all confused, and lost:—I had no Reflection, no Contrivance, no Thought, but to find proper Words wherewith to express my Abhorrence of his Person, and Attempt. This so irritated him, that he plainly told me, if I would not be his in the honourable Way he had proposed, I should be so by one which should make me hereafter repent my Pride and Folly; that he had not proceeded so far without a Resolution to stop at nothing; and that

he

he was not of a Humour to be checked by the vain Threats of a weak silly Woman.

These Words were followed by Actions, which left me no Room to doubt the horrid Intention of his Soul; my Modesty, alas! suffered but too many Indignities, and it was Heaven alone that sure enabled me to repel the last of Violations:—All my Stock of Strength, however, was near exhausted, and I was very near being rendered the most wretched of my Sex, when I was relieved by the most unexpected, and, indeed, unhopèd-for Means.

Just as I was on the Brink of Ruin, the sudden Trampling of Horses at some Distance made the Villain start, and pause in the Execution of his Purpose. This Interruption also gave me Time and Breath to send forth a loud Shout, in Hopes of drawing those Persons, whoever they were, to my Rescue:—He still kept listening, but stopped my Mouth with his Hand so close, that I could make little or no Sound; I used my utmost Efforts, however, for that Purpose, which he perceiving, and at the same time imagining the Persons he heard were coming that Way, perhaps also they were in pursuit of himself, to prevent being taken, and in revenge for his Disappointment, he drew his Hanger, and gave me two Wounds, holding the other Hand still over my Mouth; after which he set his Foot upon my Breast, doubtless to dispatch me with the more Speed, then mounted his Horse, and rode away with an incredible Swiftnefs.

My intended Ravisher being gone, as I might well be assured, by his last Usage of me, with no Thoughts of returning, I made no Efforts to call the Strangers, whom I still heard, to my Assistance, not doubting by the Pains I felt, but I had received a mortal Wound, and also not being sure but I might fall into as bad Hands as his I had just escaped:—I therefore lay quite still till they were passed, which they did without taking any Notice of me; they were three in Number, and seemed earnest in Discourse, but on what Subject, or what Business bent, my Agonies prevented me from discovering:

—You

— You may suppose, indeed, I had little Curiosity to know.

I will not trouble you with any Description of the Agonies with which my Mind accompanied those of my Body; — you may judge, in the dying Condition I then thought myself, they must be as terrible as Human Nature could sustain; but I cannot forbear saying, that the Apprehensions I had, that the wicked Wretch had murdered his Master, were not the least tormenting.

My Wounds bled very fast, and I can impute my not fainting quite away, only to the excessive Pain I felt from the Hurt in my Breast, the Monster having set his Foot just in the Place where a little Picture of *Philander's* was concealed within my Stays.

Day at last broke; the Weather was extremely sultry, which, joined to the great Loss of Blood I had sustained, got the better of my Anguish, and I fell into a kind of Swoon: How long I lay in that Condition, I know not, but the first Objects that presented themselves to my returning Senses, were you, good Madam, and your noble Brother: Let me call you the Guardian-Angels of my Life, my Honour, my Peace, my Happiness, and my Love.

Here *Alexzera* ended the Narrative we had so long and so impatiently wished to hear, which I would not detain your Attention from, by any Repetition of the many Interruptions, which the violent Emotions *Philander* was in at some Parts of it, forced him to give, during the Recital.

Alexzera herself was so much fatigued with holding so long a Discourse, and also with the various Agitations which the Remembrance of what had passed raised in her, that even *Philander* himself, loth as he was to leave her Presence, judged it necessary we should retire, in order that she might take some Repose.

We went down Stairs into the Parlour, where we found my Brother just come in. He seemed more pensive than ordinary, but before we had Time to ask him the Cause of it, he surprized us with a Piece of Intelligence we little expected.

He

He told us that having been at — Town, which you know is but six Miles off this House, he had been informed that an old Gentleman, accompanied by three others, were all lodged at an Inn, and were coming the next Morning to him, to apply for an Authority to search the County for a young Lady, who had for some time been missing, and they imagined was concealed in some House or other in these Parts.

By the Description, said my Brother, *this can be no other than the Father of Altezeera; and, if so, it would be mean and base in me to grant Authority for the troubling other People's Houses with a fruitless Search after a Person whom I concealed in my own.* Besides, added he, *I could not answer to myself the imposing on a Gentleman of his Character and Figure in the World.*

Philander turned pale at hearing my Brother speak in this Manner, fearing he intended to give up *Altezeera* to her Father, and they should again be separated:—Indeed I was a little surprized myself, considering the Sweetness of his Temper, and the Friendship which he had conceived for *Philander* in this short Time of their Acquaintance.

But he soon eased the Suspence we both were in, by continuing his Discourse in this Manner: *I see no Way, said he, either honourable for myself, or that can secure the Possession of Altezeera to Philander, but by an immediate Marriage; to which if they both agree, I will have the Pleasure of giving her Hand to him, who I am convinced deserves it, and my own Chaplain shall perform the sacred Ceremony.—A Husband's Power abrogates that of a Father, and his Affection will not attempt to disannul what Providence seems to have designed.*

Never did I behold any Transport come up to that which *Philander* expressed on this Occasion;—he threw himself upon my Brother's Neck,—called him his Patron,—his Preserver, and gave him all the tender Epithets that Gratitude could invent. The first Raptures of his Satisfaction being over, he began to express some Fears, that *Altezeera* would not, in her present weak Condition, be prevailed on to agree to this Proposal; but I undertook to bring it about; on which we all retired to our respective Chambers, having

having resolved, that very early in the Morning the Nuptials should be solemnized : Before I went to Bed, I ordered the Woman, who attended *Altezeera*, to call me on her first Waking.

Accordingly, about Four o'Clock in the Morning, the Woman came to my Bedside, and told me, that the Lady, after a very refreshing Sleep, was now awake, and had called for something to drink ; on which I rose, got on my Cloaths with all the Speed I could, and went into her Chamber : She seemed very much amazed at seeing me so early, but I soon told her what my Errand was, and found no Difficulty to persuade her to follow the Scheme my Brother had proposed.

This done, I sent to awaken my Brother, *Philander*, the Chaplain, the House-keeper, and Butler, thinking it necessary they should be Witnesses to the Marriage.

Philander, I suppose, had not slept since I last saw him, for I had no sooner sent the Summons than he entered the Room ;— my Brother and the rest came in a short time, and the Chaplain being told what he was to do, performed, between *Philander* and *Altezeera*, those mystic Rites which constitute the Matrimonial Union.

This, however, with the Thoughts of her Father's near Approach, and the Upbraidings she expected from the first Fury of his Resentment, made *Altezeera* somewhat disordered, and it was as much as all of us could do to inspire her with Courage to face the Storm.

It was not more than Seven, when my Brother was told some Gentlemen below desired to speak with him on an extraordinary Affair : This Intelligence almost threw *Altezeera* into her cold Fit again, but I left *Philander* to comfort her, and went down into a little Room adjacent to that my Brother always received Company in on these Occasions, and where I could distinctly hear all that passed ;— I soon found it was indeed the Father, the Brother, and two other Relations of *Altezeera's*, who were there : They were beginning to address him in the usual Form for what they wanted,
but

but he presently told them, that they might spare themselves the Trouble of any farther Search, for the Lady they were in quest of was at that Time a Guest with her Husband in his House :—The Father flew into extreme Rage at the Word Husband ; *What ! is she married ?* cried he, *the audacious Hussy ! 'tis to Philander then, I suppose !*—My Brother answered in the Affirmative, and was beginning to say some good-natured Things in Behalf of that Gentleman, and the Choice she had made ; but the unreasonably-incensed Father would listen to nothing on that Score, nor he prevailed upon to see *Altezeera*, or *Philander* ; he swore she never should have a Shilling from him, and that instead of a Blessing, he would load her with his eternal Curses. No Arguments my Brother could make use of had the Power to bring him to more Moderation :—He even forgot Good-Manners, and run out of the House without paying those Respects which my Brother's Quality demanded. The other Kindred, who came with him, were more polite ;—the Brother of *Altezeera*, so often mentioned in my former Letters on this Subject, stayed a little behind the others, and, in as brief Terms as he could, begged Pardon for his Father's abrupt Behaviour ;—thanked him for the Favours he found had been conferred by him on his Sister and *Philander* ;—intreated he would commend him to them, and let them know, he would neglect nothing that might mitigate their Father's Indignation.

Poor *Altezeera* was very much affected on hearing this Detail, though we concealed from her the worst Part of what her cruel Father had said :—She received, however, some Consolation in a few Hours :—The generous *Ormusa* took an Opportunity of sending a Letter to her from the Inn, before they set out on their Return for *London* ; he repeated in it what he had said to my Brother, and added, that he was very confident his Intercession, with that of other Friends, would soon bring about a Reconciliation.

I have nothing now farther to acquaint you with, my dear *Euphrosine*, than that as soon as *Altezeera* has perfectly recovered her Health, we shall all come to

London

London together; and you will then see a Pair of Lovers, who have suffered enough for each other to bring Constancy into Fashion again. Farewel,—I have wrote you a Book instead of a Letter, and have no Time to add any thing concerning myself, but that I am, dear Creature,

Sincerely yours,

ASTREA.

LETTER XCII.

From a Lady, divided between Love and Honour.

Dear Madam,

IT is only from your Prudence and experienced Friendship, I have my Hope of Relief, in an Exigence the most cruel, that certainly ever happened to any Woman in the World. I am, since last you saw me, involved in a Sea of Perplexities; whichever Way I steer, threatening Confusion to my Peace of Mind, and Reputation.—Assist me with your Counsel, I beseech you; but I know the Intreaty will be needless, when you are acquainted with the Cause, which reduces me to want it. Take it then, as briefly as the Circumstances will admit.

You are not ignorant, how, for two whole Years, I have been persecuted with the importunate Addresses of *Leander*; I say persecuted; because, tho' I found nothing in his Person, Character, or Conversation, to excite any Aversion, or indeed to give me any just Cause to refuse him, yet he was far from having the Power of inspiring my Heart with those tender Emotions which are called Love, and which methought somewhat told me were necessary to be felt for those to whom we intend to give up ourselves for Life. In fine, the Consideration of what I owed his Merits, and that generous and tender Affection, which he has given me a thousand Proofs of, would not suffer me wholly to reject him, nor could I think of yielding to his Suit, without the most inexpressible Reluctance.

ance. We were on these Terms together for the Time I mentioned, till last Week, wearied out by my Friends on the one Side, who, as I am turned of Two and twenty, reminded me I ought to settle in the World, and pressed me to make an End of this Affair, and the passionate Sollicitations of *Leander* on the other, I made him a Kind of a Half-Promise in his Favour, at which he appeared in such an excessive Transport, vowing the whole Business of his Life should be to shew how sensible he was of the Blessing I had given him Room to hope, that I felt no Regret for the Condescension I had made.

But, O! dear Madam, that Day was the last of my Tranquillity; the Evening of the next I went with a Lady to the Opera; a Gentleman sat near us, who, being alone, entered into some Discourse with us, and said many gallant Things, which, though I perceived were directed chiefly to me, I should have taken little notice of from any other Man; but there was something, that to me seemed so enchanting in the Manner in which he uttered them, the Looks that accompanied them, and the Mouth that spoke them, that I could not keep myself from taking more Pleasure in hearing him, than all the fine Notes of the Music. Towards the End of the Entertainment, *Leander*, and a Brother of the Lady's, hearing where we were, came to see us safe into our Chairs, on which I fancied this too charming Stranger looked a little disconcerted, but drew back to give those Gentlemen, whom he found were of our Acquaintance, Room to join us.—Till now, I never hated *Leander*, but at this Instant I wished him dead, or any thing, rather than in the Way of occasioning this Interruption. We all supped together that Night, but I was such ill Company, that the tender *Leander* seemed in the utmost Anxiety for my Health, asked me a thousand Times if I had not taken Cold, or if the Kettle-Drums had not made my Head ach, prescribed twenty different Remedies, and so much embarrassed me with this officious Love, that every Moment seemed an Age till I got home and parted from him.

But

But then, alas! I was far from being at Ease; the Idea of my unknown Conqueror ran in my Mind, and would not suffer me to take the least Repose. I know you will condemn me, for thus indulging my Thoughts with a Person so utterly a Stranger to me; one I had never seen but once, and might probably never see again; one who might be already married or engaged; or if not already so, might have been nothing in me capable of attracting his generous Regards: I do assure you, Madam, all these Arguments I urged to myself, and added to them the Ingratitude I was guilty of to the Love and Constancy of *Leander*; but all was weak to stem the Torrent of lost Desires, with which my Heart was overwhelmed at this one fatal Interview. — As the Poet says,

“ A Change so swift, what Heart did ever feel!

“ It rush’d upon me like a mighty Stream,

“ And bore me in a Moment far from Shore!

You will expect, perhaps, I should give you some Description of the Charms that wrought this wonderful Effect; but I am too sensible, the least I could say, would be suspected of a partial Exaggeration, therefore shall refer to the Character given of him by others, which, as I had soon the Opportunity of hearing, I cannot finish my Story without repeating.

Neither the Morning, nor the various Objects which Day presented, gave any Relaxation to my Disquiets. — I traversed every Room in my Apartment, sat down in one, looked out of the Window of another, took up a Book, but had not Power to read. I went to Breakfast, but relished nothing; I poured my Tea into the Sugar-Dish instead of my Cup, and in fine was in such an Absence of Mind, that I knew not what I did, and was incapable of any one rational Word or Action. My Woman reminding me it was my Hour of Dressing, I adjourned to my Toilette, but nothing she brought me to put on could please me. I threw one Set of Ribbands on the Floor, another at her Head, tore a third to pieces; — made her alter the Curls of my Hair twenty times over; — sent her to
my

my Drawers for one thing, which, when she brought, I threw aside, and called for another. While I was venting my Spleen in this manner on my poor Maid, who had never seen me before in such a Humour, one of my Footmen knocked softly at the Door of the Dressing-Room, and on her opening it, delivered a Letter, which he said was just brought, and required an Answer. Alas! I did not know the Hand; I opened it with some Surprize; but, good Heaven! how greatly was that Surprize increased, when I found from whom it came, and what were the Contents! which I transcribe for your Perusal, not chusing to part with the Original, for Reasons, to which Love alone can plead my Excuse.

To the most amiable Brilliante.

Madam,

‘ Heaven, who is the sole Disposer of all Human Events, can alone determine, whether I ought to date the *Æra* of my Happiness, or Misery, from last Evening. It is needless to tell you the Person who sat next you at the Opera, and took the Liberty of speaking to you as often as Opportunity permitted, became from that Instant wholly devoted to you; those Eyes which made so sudden a Conquest of my Heart could not want Penetration to discover the Effect they had upon me.—Yes, Madam, I own myself your Captive, but could not submit to be so, without knowing the Name of my Conqueror.—I followed you to the Place where you went, and perceiving the Chair that carried you waited, concluded that was not your Abode, and stayed at a House in the Neighbourhood, till I saw you come out, and attended you at a Distance, till you entered the House which I perceive is your Habitation:—This Morning I was so fortunate to learn your Name, and that you are not married, but am ignorant whether pre-engaged or not; if the latter, I flatter myself, neither my Family, Fortune, nor Character, are such as would make me despair that the honourable Proposals I have to make would be totally rejected.

—Be

‘ —Be so good, therefore, I beseech you, as to indulge me with the Knowledge, that if the Blessing I am ambitious of be already disposed, I may, for the future, avoid all Interviews, so dangerous to my Peace; or, if your Heart is free to receive the soft Impression of a faithful Love, I may endeavour, by all the Services in my Power, to be the happy Man.
 ‘ —This Consideration, Madam, will prove your Generosity equal to your Beauty, and I hope will not be thought too presuming in me to intreat, since, if to gain you be among the Things that are impossible, Prudence requires my utmost Efforts to check the hopeless Passion. And, if happily for me it is otherwise, I cannot too soon begin to testify, with how much Ardour and Sincerity I am the charming *Brilliant’s* Adorer,

‘ ORONTES.’

What Agitations this Billet threw me into, I leave it to yourself to judge; for you, Madam, have doubtless known the Force of Love for that happy Man, to whose Memory you have been so faithful, as never to admit a second Choice, though left a Widow in all the Pride of Life, and blooming Beauty.—I will not, nor indeed can I pretend to give you any exact Detail of the various, perplexed, and transporting Ideas, which, by turns, crowded into my Imagination, at a Declaration so unexpected, so un hoped for, so unthought of; I neither knew what I ought to judge of this Affair, nor in what Manner I should behave.—The Reserve of my Temper made me loth to write to a Man I had so little Knowledge of, especially on such a Subject; but there appeared so much Justice and Reason in his Request, that after a good deal of Debate within myself, I at last resolved to comply, but how I should answer was the greatest Difficulty.—To tell him I was under a previous Engagement, and entirely reject the Offer he made me of his Heart, was doing too great a Violence to my own; and to encourage his Pretensions, after the Hopes I had given to *Leander*, seemed dishonourable to both; but I will not take up your Time with repeating the different Arguments

ments that my Generosity and Inclination urged on each Side the Question ; I will only tell you the latter prevailed, yet not so far as to render me wholly guilty of a Breach of the other. An Expedient between both presented itself to me, as you will see by the Answer I gave, which I here inclose you a Copy of.

To Orontes.

* S I R,

‘ A Declaration of Love, from a Person so entirely
‘ a Stranger to me, seems so very extraordinary, that
‘ you cannot be surprized I have so long detained your
‘ Messenger, on the Uncertainty in what Manner I
‘ should receive it.—Were I in reality Mistress of
‘ more Perfections than I can pretend to be endued
‘ with, it would be a ridiculous and unpardonable
‘ Vanity in me to imagine they would have Force to
‘ make, in so transient a View as you had of me, an
‘ Impression of the Nature you make profession of ;
‘ and I should think your Letter dictated by meer Ca-
‘ price, or Curiosity, to try in what Manner a Woman
‘ would behave on such an Occasion : But Fancy can
‘ create Merits where there are none, and is more
‘ frequently than *Reason* the Director of Inclination.
‘ If this should happen to be the Case, Gratitude and
‘ Good-Manners demand a civil Return.—I therefore
‘ flatter myself, my Character will not suffer by this
‘ Complaisance, since it extends no farther, than to in-
‘ form you I neither am, or ever intend to be, under
‘ any Engagements, but such as shall be approved of
‘ by Sir *John Worthy*, who is the nearest Relation I
‘ have, and whose Advice shall always direct

‘ BRILLIANTE.’

I thought myself extremely politic in referring him to Sir *John*, as it would be the surest Touchstone of the Sincerity of his Professions, and also give me Time to collect my wandering Thoughts, so as to be able to judge what it would best become me to do, in order to gratify my Inclinations in favour of *Orontes*, yet not
give

give his less fortunate Rival Room to complain of Infidelity. The more I considered, however, I was only the more distracted; though what I had said to *Leander* did not amount to a Promise, yet would I have given the World there had been a Possibility of recalling it; I easily perceived he depended on it, made himself sure of me, and seemed the most contented Man alive, when he had most Reason to complain.—All that Day and the succeeding Night, I laboured under inexpressible Agitations:—The next Morning Sir *John* sent a Servant to desire I would come to his House, the Gout preventing him from stirring out, and added that he had Business with me of the greatest Importance.

I was not without some Suspicion, that it was on the Score of *Orontes*.—My Heart fluttered at the Thought, and I hurried to obey the Summons, with a Precipitation, which, after declaring the foolish Situation of my Mind, you will not wonder at.

He received me with a Smile, and wished me Joy; I asked of what? *Of having charmed the Heart of the most accomplished Gentleman in Town, said he, and of an Estate so much superior to what your Fortune could expect.* I could not restrain my Blushes, but affected to be ignorant of his Meaning, till he told me *Orontes* had been with him, and having signified, that he found I had resolved to be directed by his Choice, had intreated his Interest. *I am infinitely obliged to you, my fair Cousin, said Sir John, for paying me this Deference, as I am no otherwise entitled to it than by my sincere good Wishes for your Happiness; but since you have done me this Honour, I have ventured to give Orontes my Promise of all the Assistance in my Power, and that as I cannot go out, I would engage you to sup with me this Evening, in order to introduce him to you in Form as a Lover, who, in my Judgment, merits your best Encouragement.*

He then told me, he had been intimately acquainted with the Father of *Orontes*, knew the Estate which devolved to the young Gentleman at his Decease, and that there was not the least Objection to be made to him, provided his Person was such as I could like; *And, added he, I look upon you to be too good a Judge of what*

what is agreeable, to be blind to the many Perfections he has received from Nature as well as Education, and think if you had formed in your Imagination a Man, such as would render you the most blest and envied of your Sex, you could not have exceeded what is really to be found in the accomplished *Orontes*.—I need not say how delighted I was to hear this Character of him from the Mouth of *Sir John*; but I dissembled it as well as I was able, and feigned some Reluctance at consenting to the Interview he proposed. I was at last, however, prevailed on to yield to what I more passionately desired than any thing this World could give, and I took my Leave, promising to return about Six in the Evening.

At the appointed Hour I went, having, as you may believe, neglected nothing that I thought might confirm the favourable Opinion *Orontes* had entertained of me: I found him there before me; *Sir John* presented him; and he accosted me with the usual Forms on such Occasions, but I had enough to do to receive his Salutation as that of a Person who was more indebted to the Recommendation of my Kinsman, than to my own Inclination. *Lady Worthy* had prepared a very elegant Entertainment, after which, being just a Set for *Whist*, we went to Cards. *Orontes* was my Partner, which gave him an Opportunity of saying many Things to me, equally gallant as tender.

It growing late, he waited on me home, made me the most passionate Declaration of his Love, had my Permission to visit me the next Day, and to renew his Professions; he gave all the Tokens imaginable of thinking himself happy in the Progress he had made, and I was no less so in my own Mind, to find that this second Sight of me had not lessened the Passion the first had inspired him with.

But, Madam; when I was left alone, and had Leisure to meditate on the Circumstances of this Adventure, I could not forbear trembling at the Consequences.—The Violence of *Leander's* long and constant Flame seemed to threaten all that was terrible, when he should come to know he had been supplanted in that Affection he had flattered himself with by a
 Lover

Lover of a Day old.—I found there was but too much Reason to fear, he would not tamely suffer this new Rival to bear away the Prize he had long, by all manner of Services, sought to obtain.—The most fatal Images now presented themselves to me.—The Reproaches I should receive from him, perhaps from the other also, on account of that Pre-engagement *Leander* might pretend;—the Censure the Town would pass on me for my imagined Levity;—all came at once into my Head, and rendered my Night more tormenting, than the Day had been transporting.

My Inquietudes had certainly but too just a Foundation.—They still remain upon me, nor can even the Presence of *Orontes*, whom I have seen twice since we met at Sir *John's*, entirely dissipate them.

Leander, as yet, knows nothing of his Mishap: Fortune has been so much my Friend, as to take him out of Town for some Days, and given me Time to reflect on the Capriciousness of my Fate.—But alas! what does it avail?—I always regarded *Leander* as a Man of Honour; thought myself obliged to him for the Sincerity of his Attachment, but never either loved him, or pretended to do so; yet, as I have been inadvertent enough to say some Things, which he has construed into a growing Affection in me, to be convinced of the contrary must be the most cruel Disappointment.—I am grieved to think the Pains I must inflict, yet to relieve them must feel more poignant ones myself. What, Madam, shall I do? I esteem *Leander*, and I love *Orontes*. Both pursue the same Aim with me, and will be equally miserable in missing it.—Tell me, dear Madam, is there a Way in Nature for me to extricate myself from this Perplexity? I would marry according to my Inclinations, yet would not lose the Good-Will of *Leander*, nor have my Character blemished by the Accusations of his Despair.—O! that he loved me less, or I had never known what it was to love another:—Had I never seen *Orontes*, I might have given my Hand to *Leander*,—have lived with him a dull, insipid, but innocent Life; if Happiness had not been my Portion, yet should I have been free from Wretchedness; but, what a superlative

Degree of Wretchedness, to suffer *one* to possess my *Person*, while *another* triumphs over my *Heart* !—Can I yield to the Endearments of *Leander*, yet languish with the utmost Height of Passion for *Orontes* !—I shudder at the Thought.—'Tis Death, or worse than Death, —Yet can I, to gratify this Passion, sacrifice Gratitude, Generosity, and Honour, run the Risk of involving him I love, and him I ought to love, in Perplexities, which may be lasting as their Lives ?—I speak not of the Ills which may happen to myself, the least of which is Loss of Reputation, and a Consciousness of having acted wrong.

Once more I beg you will favour me with your Advice, and believe me that I truly am, in spite of my Distractions, with the greatest Respect, Dear Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

BRILLIANTE.

LETTER XCIII.

The Answer.

Dear Madam,

I KNOW of nothing, which for a considerable Time has given me more Pain, than the Account your last brought me.—I am extremely grieved to find in you a Proof of those unhappy Consequences, which I always thought threatened any Promises made to a Lover, previous to those before the Altar. When we come there, it is time enough to declare our Sentiment ; all Assurances we give of our Affection beforehand, though made with never so much Sincerity, are frequently broke, and when kept, I have observed, are seldom fortunate.

If it is dangerous, then, to engage ourselves to a Man we truly love and prize above the rest of his Sex, how much more is it to do thus to one, who is indifferent to us ! We cannot, having a Heart unprepossessed, be certain, but that in a Moment an Object may be presented to us, which may at once destroy our former Insensibility, and teach us, indeed, what it is to love.

love. This has been your Case, and you have fatally experienced a Mischiefe, which, I doubt not, but you were far from apprehending.—But Remonstrances of this Nature are now too late.—You do not want to be made sensible of your Inadvertency, but to receive Advice, how to remedy the Inconveniencies which may probably attend it.—You are so good to request this of me, and I will give it you with the utmost Sincerity, according to the best of my Judgment.

I cannot persuade you, my dear *Brillante*, to give yourself to a Man you do not love, even tho' you did not love another; much less as you are possessed with so extreme a Passion, and for one whose Merit, by all Account, (for I have heard much of him) seems to justify all the Tenderness you have for him. I cannot too much applaud the Delicacy of your Sentiments, and that nice Sense of Honour which makes you tremble at violating what you say, and I will not disbelieve, was no more than a Half-Promise. I heartily pity *Leander*, who it is certain loves you to an infinite Degree, and is a very worthy Man; but it would be an ill Return to his Love and Constancy, to give him a Wife, who would think herself miserable in being so:—A Wife, to whom, the more he endeavoured to endear himself, the more he would be disagreeable:—A Wife, who, in his Arms, languished for another, and who, in every Action, shewed she was his more by Compulsion than Inclination. Indeed, however unhappy *Leander* may think himself in being rejected by you, he would find himself much more so in being accepted, in the present Situation of your Heart, which according to your Description of it, and the Merits of your Conqueror, seems not very likely to change.

How then shall you behave, you say, how get off from the Encouragement you have given *Leander*, without incurring the Censure of Levity from him and all his Friends?—I must own it a very difficult Point, nor do I think, proceed which Way soever the Circumstances between you permit, you can totally avoid some Accusations of that Nature: I know how stinging they will be to a Woman who thinks as you

do, but yet they will be light in comparison with those severe Upbraidings which will attend the Consciousness of having rendered the Man so dear to you, yourself, and even *Leander* also, unhappy, by the fulfilling an inconsiderate Promise, which his Importunities alone extorted from you.

However, as the longer *Leander* continues in the Hope you have so unfortunately given him, the more will his Affection increase, and consequently the Disappointment be the greater, I would have you receive him with the greatest Coolness, and though I think it would neither be Good-Manners, nor Gratitude, to preserve that Ill-Humour towards him, you tell me you did, on your having first seen *Orontes*, yet I would have you behave so, as by Degrees to let him see how impossible it is for you ever to love or marry him. If possible, conceal from him the Addresses of his Rival, and as that would be difficult in this Town, where all Eyes are on the watch for such Discoveries, I think it highly proper you should retire to the House of some Friend in the Country, strictly forbidding him to follow you. When you are there, let Sir *John*, who I find is perfectly in the Interest of *Orontes*, make use of all his Rhetoric to convince *Leander*, that the Match he has so long solicited, could not bring Happiness to either Party; and according as he behaves on that Occasion, let him either venture, or not, to insinuate that you might marry to greater Advantage.

As our Kindred are for the most part guided by Interest, Sir *John's* appearing in the Matter will take away great Part of the Blame from you; and the World, and even *Leander* himself, will be apt to imagine, you rather yielded to the Persuasion of so near a Relation, than to any Change in your own Inclinations.

This, I think, will be a much more eligible Way of proceeding, than precipitately to reverse the Hopes he at present flatters himself with.—To find himself at once rejected, and for the sake of a Rival, might produce some desperate Effects, perhaps, even fatal, either to the Loved, or Unbeloved, perhaps to both.—Whereas, Time, the Argument of Friends, and your Reserve,

Reserve, may at last bring this impatient Lover to a more moderate Way of thinking, to judge with Temper on what you shall tell him, and make him know, by Experience, the Truth of Oroonoko's Maxim,

“Degrees make all Things easy.”

Thus have I given you my faithful Sentiments, as to the Dilemma you are in, and leave you to improve on the Scheme I have laid down for relieving yourself from it; if your own Ingenuity, actuated by a Passion fertile in Expedients, supply you with a better, I shall be sincerely rejoiced, none being more truly desirous of your Happiness than, dear Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

SOPHRONIA.

LETTER XCIV.

From a Lady to her Friend on the Enormity of Scandal.

Dear Ardelia,

I LEAVE it to the Divines to decide, what Sin it is which Heaven itself has determined not to pardon; but certainly there is none which on Earth deserves so little Forgiveness, as that of Scandal and Defamation.—Even Murder seems to me less cruel, less atrocious.—The Person stabbed, only meets before the Time that Fate to which all Nature is condemned; but the Slaughter of Reputation is a Poignard to the Soul;—and Life but prolongs the Sense of Pain.—Yet this glaring Iniquity, this savage Sporting, passes for Wit in those who practise it, and is an agreeable Entertainment to the Hearers.—Methinks, it should rather shock than delight any one who pretends to the least Good-Nature, to hear the real Errors of their Fellow-Creatures, set forth and magnified with all the aggravating Circumstances that witty Malice can invent. But where no Cause is given for Censure, where the most perfect Innocence is no Defence, and even

L 3 that

that Openness of Behaviour, and unaffected Cheerfulness, which are its truest Indications, are construed into the Marks of a vicious Inclination, the Crime of those who do so, ought to be as detestable to Man, as most surely it is to Heaven.

I doubt not but you will readily imagine, I have the Story we heard last Night in view.—Indeed, my Dear, I cannot easily forget the unbecoming Flouts, the Scurril Jests, which the greatest Part of the Company passed upon two absent Ladies, who, as it proved, had no Friends to take their Parts. As neither you or I were acquainted with the Persons and Characters of the young Persons scandalized, we were obliged to content ourselves with saying we were sorry if there were any real Grounds for what we found gave the Assembly so much Diversion.—You know how little Weight the Displeasure we testified had to put a Stop to the Career of Raillery, almost every Mouth was full of:—But I must now inform you, that this Morning I saw a Gentleman, who is well acquainted with the Ladies in question, and on whose Veracity I dare depend.—He assured me, upon his Honour, that they were so far from giving any Room to authorise the injurious Treatment I related to him, that nothing could be more modest and inoffensive than their Deportments; and that it was his firm Belief, their Thoughts and Inclinations were entirely conformable to what they appeared.—He told me, however, that he had heard somewhat of the Nature I had repeated, which he supposed had been invented by some wicked Person: *But, said he, as I am confident, there is not the least Truth in it, I am amazed it did not immediately subside, and die with the other Lies of the Day.*—I replied, that I had always observed the *Left-Hand* Trumpet of Fame was more sonorous than the *Right*; that the fatal Blast, once sounded, reached through every Quarter, and with repeated Echoes, silences the softest Notes of Gentleness and Humanity. As one of the best of our *English* Poets justly expresses it:

“On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
“While virtuous Actions are but born, and die.”

As

As I know you will be equally glad with myself, to have a just Pretence for vindicating the Reputation of the two young Creatures, so barbarously traduced, I could not forbear immediately acquainting you with the Opinion my Friend has of them.—If he should happen to be deceived, by his Inclination to believe the best of every one, and we should be found guilty of defending a bad Cause, it will at least be an Error, which all the humane and good-natured Part of the World will easily forgive. I am, my dear *Ardelia*,

Sincerely yours,

CLEORA.

L E T T E R X C V.

From a Lady to her Friend, on a remarkable Shock of an Earthquake.

Dear *Semanthe*,

TO contend with Heaven, to brave the Bolts of offended Justice, and bid Defiance to Divine Wrath, is a false Piece of Heroism:—Had I heard you had unmoved bore so terrible a Shock, I should have bewailed your Insensibility, not applauded your Courage.—For my own Part, I am far from being ashamed to confess, that I no sooner felt the tremendous Convulsion of every thing about me, than I fell prostrate on that Earth, which, for aught I knew, would immediately open and swallow me alive: I cried for Protection to the Almighty Being who alone could give it me;—that Great Supreme! in whose Hands are all the Corners of the Universe, who, when he pleases, can crush the Worlds he has made, and all within them, into their original *Chaos*.

You have sometimes been pleased to ask my Advice, and have flattered me with acquiescing to my Opinion in every thing;—do it then in this, my dear *Semanthe*, and cease to make any Attempts to repel that reverential Awe, which true Piety inspires, for every thing that seems sent by Heaven to warn us of our Transgressions. What though the Poet says,

“ The truly Innocent stand safe amidst
 “ The Crack of Nature, and the Crush of Worlds ;

who is it that can boast so perfect a Virtue as never to have done any thing which might provoke Divine Vengeance ?—The very thinking so would be a Crime, which would require all Heaven’s Mercy to forgive. —I hope there are none guilty of so impious a Presumption.

But there are others, who, though they assign a far less guilty Pretence for their Insensibility of Fear in this, and other such-like dreadful Events, I cannot but look upon highly to be blamed :—I mean those, who ascribing every thing that happens, to natural Causes, will not allow there are any Indications of the Wrath of an offended Deity, except that which every Man feels in his own Bosom, in a Consciousness of having done a bad Action.

Among other Causes which I have heard assigned for the late Earthquake, by those who call themselves the Rationalists, one is, that the Planet *Jupiter*, in his Passage through the *Zodiac*, came so near the Earth, that the Precussion of his Atmosphere occasioned the Shock which so much alarmed us. Whether there be any thing in this Position, I am not Astronomer enough to take upon me to decide ; but I should think, had it been so, the Trembling would have been more general than it seems by the Accounts we have of it.

But be that as it may, can any one, but an Atheist, deny, that *Jupiter*, and every other Star, that is in the Heavens above, or in the Earth beneath, are under Direction of an over-ruling Providence ?—Is not all Nature actuated by the God of Nature ?—Who then but must tremble at the Irregularity in those Things which were created in the most perfect Order ?

Yes, *Semantbe*, Heaven, like a tender Parent, menaces before it gives the Blow : It is in us alone to avert impending Vengeance, by a timely Penitence and Submission. —I am sorry to hear so many People, for some of whom I have a great Regard, and a Good-will for all, were at the Play and Masquerade on a Night succeeding

ceeding that Day of Terror :—Those who had a true Sense of it would certainly have employed their Time in a very different Manner. I am, with the most perfect Amity,

Yours, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER XCVI.

Melancholy Tale of two Lovers: From Mr. Gay to Mr. F——.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World ; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped : The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which, however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished ! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech-Tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set Man, of about five and twenty : *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction. If she milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of Green Silk for her Straw-Hat, and the

Poſy on her Silver Ring was of his chooſing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed that he had any other Views than the lawful Poſſeſſion of her in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Conſent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of the Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was ſuiting ſeveral Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuſe her a Knot for her Wedding-Day. While they were thus buſied (it was on the Laſt of *July*, between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and ſuch a Storm of Lightning and Thunder enſued, that all the Labourers made the beſt of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to ſecure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a Crack, as if Heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſollicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſtept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and they ſpied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over, as to ſcreen her from the Lightning. They were ſtruck dead and ſtiffened in this tender Poſture. *Sarah's* Left Eye-Brow was ſinged, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breſt: Her Lover was all over black, but not the leaſt Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt Church-Yard*. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Requeſt, has cauſed a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we furniſhed the Epitaph, which is as follows:

“ When Eaſtern Lovers feed the Fun’ral Fire,
“ On the ſame Pile the faithful Pair expire: ”

“ Here

“Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
 And blasted both that it might neither wound.
 Hearts so sincere th’Almighty saw well pleas’d,
 Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz’d.

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People
 will not understand this, and Mr. *Pope* says he’ll make
 one with something of Scripture in it, and with as
 little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold**.

Yours, &c.

* The Epitaph was,
 Near this Place lie the Bodies of
John Hewet and *Sarah Drew*,
 an industrious young Man
 and virtuous Maiden of this Parish,
 who being at Harvest-Work
 (with several others)
 were in one Instant killed by Lightning
 the Last of July, 1718.

LETTER XCVII.

From a Lady to her Friend†,*

Written the Day before her Death.

Madam,

THIS is the last Letter you will ever receive from
 me, the last Assurance I shall give you, on Earth,
 of a sincere and stedfast Friendship; but when we
 meet again, I hope it will be in the Heights of im-
 mortal Love and Extasy. Mine perhaps may be the
 glad Spirit to congratulate your safe Arrival to the
 happy Shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my
 Concern for your Happiness is: Thither I have sent
 my ardent Wishes, that you may be secured from the
 flattering Delusions of the World; and, after your
 pious Example has been long a Blessing to Mankind,
 may calmly resign your Breath, and enter the Confines
 of unmolested Joy.—I am now taking my Farewel of
 you

* Mrs. Rowe.

† Countess of Hertford.

you here, but it is a short Adieu, with full Persuasion that we shall soon meet again. — But oh! in what Elevation of Happiness! — In what Enlargement of Mind, and what Perfection of every Faculty! — What transporting Reflections shall we make on the Advantages of which we shall be eternally possessed! — To him that loved us in his Blood shall we ascribe immortal Glory, Dominion, and Praise for ever: This is all my Salvation, all my Hope. That Name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the Families of the Earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing Confidence. In his Worth alone I expect to stand justified before infinite Purity and Justice. — How poor are my Hopes, if I depended on those Works, which my Vanity, or the Partiality of Men have called good; and which, if examined by Divine Purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious Sins! The best Actions of my Life would be found defective, if brought to the Test of that unblemished Holiness, in whose Sight the Heavens are not clean. Where were my Hopes, but for a Redeemer's Merit and Atonement? — How desperate, how undone my Condition! — With the utmost Advantages I could boast, I should step back and tremble at the Thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty! — Oh *Jesus!* What Harmony dwells in thy Name! Celestial Joy and immortal Life are in the Sound: — Let Angels set thee to their golden Harps, let the ransomed Nations for ever magnify thee. What a Dream is mortal Life! What Shadows are all the Objects of mortal Sense! All the Glories of Mortality (my much-beloved Friend) will be nothing in your View at the awful Hour of Death, when you must be separated from this lower Creation, and enter on the Borders of the immortal World.

Something persuades me this will be the last Farewell in this World; Heaven forbid it should be an everlasting Parting: May that Divine Protection, whose Care I implore, keep you steadfast in the Faith of Christianity, and guide your Steps in the strictest Paths of Virtue. Adieu, my most dear Friend, until we meet in the Paradise of God.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

From Miss Middleton to Miss Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death.

Dear Miss Pemberton,

JUST as I was setting out for *Worcestershire*, in order to follow my Sister, who, you know, has been some Time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me that she was taken ill last *Friday*, and died in two Days after. — Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid Beauty is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay; — for ever closed are those once-sparkling Eyes; — hushed is that Voice that gave so much Delight; — those Limbs, which Art has ransack'd to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb. — Ah! what is Life! — what all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! — what the vain Adoration of a flattering World! — Delusive Pleasures, — fleeting Nothings, how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reasonable Being! — You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no doubt, be surpris'd to find Expressions of this kind fall from my Pen; — but, my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake: — My Sister's Fate has roused me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me see the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment. — Who can assure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is! — And if so, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal! — In what a strange Stupidity have I pass'd fourteen or fifteen Years! (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.) — I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the least Care to arm against the Terrors of it. — Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary; yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage I must one Day take

take into another World :—What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minutest Requisites for Ease and Pleasure, in a Dwelling where I proposed to stay a few Weeks or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation ! Reason, just kindled, shudders at the Recollection of that endless Train of Follies I have been guilty of :—Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force ;—vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare Imagination of those Ideas, which her last Moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

“ Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
“ Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.

Whether it was the Suddenness of her Fate, or a Letter she wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this Alteration in me ; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodness of that Divine Power, without whose Assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no Apology for this melancholy Epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at last a reasonable Creature. I enclose you the Letter she sent, to the end you may judge with what Kind of Sentiments she left this World. — Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,

Your most afflicted humble Servant,

PEMBERTON.

L E T.

LETTER XCIX.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

Miss Middleton's Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity.

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging Fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever.—None about me pretend to flatter me with the Hopes of seeing another Morning.—Short Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation!—Yet I cannot leave the World, without admonishing,—without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly may arrive:—We have had the same Sort of Education, have lived in the same Manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces.—Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our Study,—Parade, Equipage, and Admiration our Ambition,—Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode our God.—How often, alas! have I profaned, in idle Chat, that sacred Name, by whose Merits alone I have Hopes to be forgiven! How often have I sat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without feeling the least Emotion at the Blasphemy!—Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in Question that Futurity I now go to prove, and am already convinced of! One Moment, methinks, I see the blissful Seats of *Paradise* unveiled;—I hear ten thousand Myriads of Myriads of Celestial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praise, to the unutterable Name.—The next, a Scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issues nought but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.—My fluctuating Imagination varies the Prospect, and involves

me

me in a sad Uncertainty of my eternal Doom :—On one Hand beckoning Angels smile upon me, while on the other, the Furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting Soul.—Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Reverend Doctor G*** suffer me to despair ;—he comforts me with the Promises in Holy-Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before, but now I feel them Balm to my tormented Conscience.—Dear, dear Sister, I must bid you eternally adieu ; I have discharged my Duty in giving you this Warning : O ! may my Death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that Weight I wish and pray for : You are the last Object of my earthly Cares :—I have now done with all below,—shall retire into myself, and devote the few Moments allowed me to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die,

Your sincere Friend,

And most affectionate and departing Sister,

BERINTHIA.

LETTER C.

To a Lady, on the Decease of her Husband.

Dear Madam,

I Sincerely sympathise in your Affliction, and I don't wonder that the Death of a Person so dear to you, should damp all your Spirits. To be forced to take a final Leave of that Form we love ; to bid a long Adieu to the Spirit with whom we have daily conversed with pleasing Intercourse, is very hard ; the sensible Heart-Strings must feel the dreadful Rent, the distressful Mind is torn with Anguish. But oh ! Madam, why do you say *for ever* ! The Separation is not surely for ever ;—soon you will see him in a more lovely Form ;—soon the well-known Mind, clothed with Heavenly Radiance, will congratulate your Arrival on the blissful Shore.—Why do you complain that *now he is a lifeless Lump of Clay* ? Mistake not ; he is all Bliss and active Spirit.

Spirit. Those shining Virtues, which, while you enumerate them, seem to add to your Grief, and which you tell me will ever renew your Sorrow, ought to be the pleasing Source of Joy. Though you lament his Loss, lament not his Exaltation, nor derive your Tears from the very Subject of his Felicity; he is in the Land of Virtue, its native Clime. How often do you repeat the Words *poor dear Man*, and dwell on Sounds expressive only of Pity! Pity, Madam, is not for Angels; it is you alone who are the Sufferer. O could you but be sensible of his Happiness, Extasy and transporting Rapture would dry up your Tears. Would you wish him back? Would you have him, to please you, leave the Seats of Bliss, and exchange the Regions of unfading Felicity, for a World of Sin, transient Happiness, intermingled with Pain and Trouble? No; this you cannot wish.

O my dear Madam! recollect yourself, and, filled with a generous and refined Devotion, repose your Mind on God; and endeavour to lose the Sense of your own private apparent Loss, in the delightful Contemplation of his transcendent Goodness. Repose yourself on his Sovereign Will, whose Determinations are always safest, wisest, best: Let every dewy Tear be wiped away, by the Happiness of him you loved: Love him still, but be disinterested in your Affection; imitate and rejoice in his Virtues; and while you dwell with Pleasure on his Felicity, anticipate your own. With the most tender Sympathy and Commiseration, believe me to be, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Friend,

SARAH WILLIS.

LETTER CI.

Censure of the Ladies Riding-Habits.

Madam,

AS I was lately, in a beautiful Evening, admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landscape every where

where around me, a little Party of Horsemen passing the Road almost close to me, arrested my Attention, and particularly a fair Youth, seemingly dressed up by some Description in Romance. His Hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a scarlet Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind him. He had a Coat and Waistcoat of blue Camblet, trimmed and embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat, edged with Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. His pacing Horse was adorned in the same airy Manner, and seemed to share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appeared to be educated as an Object of Sight alone, I perceived, on my nearer Approach, a Petticoat of the same with the Coat and Waistcoat; and now those Features which had before offended me by their Softness, were strengthened into as improper a Boldness; and she, who in Appearance was a very handsome Youth, was in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

These occasional Perplexities, and Mixtures of Dress, seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Characters is preserved, and would, if much more common, turn our Assemblies into a general Masquerade.

The Model of this Amazonian Hunting-Dress, for Ladies, was first imported from *France*, and well enough expresses the Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any thing, so it be with an Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly on our *English* Modesty. The Petticoat is too a kind of Incumbrance upon this Dress, and if we go on in thus plundering the other Sex's Ornaments, we ought to add to our Spoils, methinks, the more commodious Breeches.

There is so large a Portion of natural Agreeableness among the Fair-Sex of our Island, that they seem betrayed into these romantic Habits, without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would be *themselves*, that is, what Nature designed them; and,
to

to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how our Sex must appear to the Men, when so near Approaches are made by us to their Resemblance. I am, Madam,

Your most affectionate Servant,

LYDIA ARMSTRONG.

LETTER CII.

From a Lady in the Country, to one in London.

Dear Madam,

I AM now I don't know how many Miles distant from dear *London*, the Seat of your Joys, and must not expect to see again those Places of Diversion and Gaiety, to which, alas! I have been too much endeared. But I begin to fancy, that in a Month or two I shall be reconciled to gloomy Shades, tall Trees, and murmuring Brooks, and all the Sylvan Scenes which surround me; and even cease to regret my Distance from the genteel Entertainments of the gay and polite World; for if plain and simple Nature can ever appear agreeable, it must be here, where she shews herself in all her Beauties. What a Change have I already undergone! I arise at least three or four Hours sooner than I ever did in my Life before; and even go to Bed long before Midnight. Instead of the Rattling of Coaches, I now hear only the Rustling of Leaves, or the Warbling of Birds; and instead of rich Perfumes, my Senses are regaled with the milder Fragrance of Nature. You, I know, cannot perceive any Charms in such a rude Retreat, fit to engage the Attention of a fine Lady. Here are no powdered Beaus, or gilt Equipages, none of the splendid Allurements with which Ladies of your Vivacity are apt to be captivated: But, for my Part, a natural Tincture of Gravity may possibly make me more easily support the Absence of what your gayer Disposition may induce you to consider as the very Essence of Happiness.

Indeed,

Indeed, my dear *Cælia*, one Loss which I have sustained by my Removal, is my Distance from you, whose lively sprightly Disposition so tempered the serious Humour of your

Most sincere and affectionate

CLEORA.

LETTER CIII.

Domestic Rule the Province of the Wife.

Madam,

IMUST assert, that the Right of directing Domestic Affairs is, by the Law of Nature, in the Women; and that we are perfectly qualified for the Exercise of Dominion, notwithstanding what has often been said by Male-Cots to the contrary. Those who pretend to direct our Bringing-up, seem to have destined us to that Power which they would afterwards dispute. We are employed in our Samplers, or diverting ourselves with our Babies; we pass from our Mother's Nursery to our own, and from imaginary Visits to real ones, without fatiguing ourselves with a Variety of unnecessary Acquirements, on which the Men most value themselves. Indeed, which I would condemn too eager a Pursuit of, we are taught Singing and Dancing; but what are these to the Drudgery of Schools and Universities! The Business of a Family, when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole Circle of our Time, and affords no Room for any thing except innocent Relaxations. We certainly then are more likely to understand Domestic Policy than the Men, who have twenty other Things to mind: A mere Housewife, like a mere Scholar, is fit for nothing else, I admit, and will make a Man a very unsociable Companion. But as some Men of great Application to their respective Professions, have, notwithstanding, a very polite Behaviour, so a Woman may make the Government of her House the principal Care, without suffering it to become the principal Theme of her Discourse; nor do I think it

at

at all necessary that to establish a Character as a Manager, her Husband should twice or thrice a Week hear her scolding the Servants. This is one of the great Objections to Female Government, and our Adversaries would fain present it as a Thing as necessary to us, as a Standing Army to the Administration. But both may be Calumnies, and the mere Effects of a Desire to get into other Folks Places. Experience is wholly on our Side; for wherever the Master exceeds his proper Sphere, and pretends to give Law to the Cook-Maid as well as the Coachman, we observe a great deal of Discord and Confusion. When a Man, who is always a better Judge when Things are wrong, than of the Method of setting them to rights, entrenches on the Woman's Province, it is the ready Way to make the rest of the Family despise them both. But when a Woman of tolerable Good-Sense is allowed to direct her House without Controul, all things go well; she prevents even her Husband's Wishes, the Servants know their Business, and the whole Family live easy and happy. It is with great Concern that I perceive our Sex, of late, incline to mind any thing rather than their Families, which Inclination must have fatal Consequences. Can there be any thing more honourable for a Woman, than the right Management of her Family? And it may be observed to them, that they must take their Choice, either to manage their Children and Servants, or to be managed by them. If Liberty is the Thing they aim at, they certainly mistake the Road; a Woman's Freedom consists in Power, and not in a Licence to gad about, which is scandalous even in a Girl, and bespeaks a Giddiness of Soul below Compassion. The Conduct of the Estate or Business ought surely to be in the Husband; and if he parts with it, it is an Act of Weakness: The Conduct of the House belongs as justly to the Wife; and no Man ought to marry a Woman whom he would not trust with the Management of such Concerns. Adieu, dear Friend! incroach not on the Province of your Husband, but continue to be Mistress in your own. I am,

Your most affectionate Friend,

SYLVIA SHARP.

L E T.

LETTER CIV.

*Invitation to a Party of Pleasure.**Madam,*

PEOPLE are interested who invite you to be of their Parties, because you are sure to make them agreeable: This is a Reason why you will not perhaps always comply when you are asked to be of them; but it is certainly a Cause of your being solicited oftener than any Woman in the World. After you were gone Yesterday, Mr. *Williams* proposed an Expedition to *Richmond* for To-morrow; and he requested me (for he thought he had no Title to such a Liberty himself) to tell you that we all understood you to be of the Party, though you happened to be out of the Way when it was proposed.

I hope you are not engaged; the Weather promises to be favourable, and your Company you know how we value. I need not tell you that we shall suppose it a Matter of Form if you are absent: What we shall think it if you go with us, you will know when you remember what every body thinks who has the Pleasure of your Company. I beg you will not invent an Excuse, but go with us.

*I am, with the greatest Sincerity,**Dear Madam,**Your most obedient humble Servant.*

LETTER CV.

In answer, from the Lady invited.

YOU oblige me extremely, Madam, in naming me of your agreeable Party. I should have thought myself unhappy if I had missed my Share in an Expedition that, I dare say, will be so pleasant, by my going away before you broke up; but you know the Occasion of that, and you are sensible I could not avoid it. I have no Engagement for To-morrow,

morrow, and shall think myself very happy to be among you. I will call to know the Hour. *Williams* is an agreeable Person. I would not have you tell him I think so; but, positively, I hardly know, nay, I do not know, one that is more so.

I shall only thank you for your Compliments; tho' I might very well return them to you. I have never failed of being happy where I have met you; and as this is not always the Case, or with all People, I must suppose that it is, in some Degree, to be placed to your Account. Pray make my Compliments agreeable to as many of the Party as you see before we meet; and believe me to be, with great Respect,

Madam,

Your obedient Servant.

LETTER CVI.

An Invitation into the Country for the Summer.

My dear Sally,

I DO not know whether I flattered myself with an Opinion of your speaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that Place, of which I should be so ambitious, in your Esteem. I thought you spoke with Concern of our parting for the Summer upon our Family's retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Season in *London*? *Vauxhall* is not for more than twice; and I think *Ranelagh* one would not see above half a dozen Times in the Season. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together? I would fain persuade you to be out of Love with so disagreeable a Place, and I have an Interest in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to spend the Summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on *Monday*: Will you go with us? For there is a Corner in the Coach: Or will you come when we are settled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will please you. I am

sure

sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

You have not seen our House ; but it is a very pleasant one : There are fine Prospects from the Park, and a River runs through the Garden ; nor are we quite out of the Way of Entertainment. You know there is a great deal of Company about the Place ; and we have an Assembly within a Mile of us. What shall I say else to tempt you to come ? Why, I will tell you that you will make us all the happiest People in the World ; and that when you are tired you shall not be teased to stay. Dear *Sally*, think of it ; you will confer an Obligation on her, who is, with the truest Respect,

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER CVII.

Answer to the foregoing.

Madam,

I HAVE been honoured with your Letter, and never received more Pleasure from any thing I have met withal. You know I have not been in Love yet ; and certainly a Billet-doux is the only Thing that could please a Girl better than such a Testimony of Friendship from you, who must do Honour to every one to whom you allow that Distinction. Whatever I have said about my Uneasiness at your leaving *London*, be assured, Madam, was from my Heart, for I am never so happy as when with you ; and whatever I may have said as to my Thoughts of our Acquaintance, you may be very well satisfied had the greatest Sincerity, for there is no one whom I so much esteem. I thank you most sincerely, Madam, for the Invitation you are pleased to give me, but I am too much in Love with *London*. I am of the Sentiment of a Noble Lord on this Occasion, That *London*, in *Winter*, is the best Place in the World ; and *London*, in *Summer*, is better than any where else.

Do

Do not imagine, Madam, I am saying this as an Apology to decline your Invitation, for I go with you; only that you may know how certain it is I shall be tired of the Country in a little Time; and may not think it is the Company, when it is the Place, I run away from. I agree with you that *Vauxhall* is insipid, and *Ranelagh* is tiresome; but I am afraid too that the Prospects, and the Park, and the Garden, and the River, will be all in the same Places a Week after, that I find them in when I come down; and I am afraid that, if so, I shall certainly get away from them. Dear Madam, you tell me you love me, and I know you'll excuse the *Giddiness* of a Girl, for, honestly, I do not know that I have any other Fault. Only promise me that you will not take it amiss when I run away, and I am ready, and shall be very happy in waiting on you.

I am, with the greatest Respect, Madam,

Your very obedient and humble Servant.

LETTER CVIII.

From a Lady to her Acquaintance, who had gone home late the Night before, from a Visit.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE been in Concern about you the whole Night, and cannot deny myself the Satisfaction of sending to know how you do this Morning. I am sensible we kept you too late; and I have been uneasy ever since, for fear the Breaking-in upon your Hours should have disordered you. I beg to know how you have rested, and whether I may pardon myself for pressing you too much; I hope you have not suffered in the least Degree by it. Health, precarious as yours is, requires a most strict Guardianship; and though it is to yourself I speak it, you must forgive me that I say, while so much Goodness, and so much Satisfaction to others, depend upon it, it deserves all that Care which it requires, and that from others as well as from your own Regard.

M

I am

I am sensible that while I say this I am condemning myself ; but I shall be happy to hear that I have only been to blame, and you have not suffered by it. Excuse this Trouble, and believe me to be, with the most sincere Respect,

Your very humble Servant.

L E T T E R C I X.

The Answer to the foregoing.

Madam,

I HAVE your most obliging Letter, and am glad I can answer you, with the greatest Sincerity, that I am extremely well. I have perceived no Inconvenience from my sitting up, though it was very much beyond my usual Custom : And I may possibly be induced to venture it again, that I may, if practicable, break myself of a Tendernefs which, although I have escaped this Time, is indeed a Habit of Body, and not of Mind.

I am sensibly affected by the Civilities you have shewn me in your Letter, and understand myself the more obliged to you for them the less I deserve them. I am sorry for a State of Health that is so troublesome to my Friends, and if there be any Means beyond the Reach of Physic (for all that are in its Compass I have tried already) by which it is possible to strengthen my Constitution, I will attempt them, that I may be less wearisome to those who honour me with so generous a Friendship as you are pleased to profess for,

Madam,

Your obedient Servant.

L E T.

LETTER CX.

From an Officer's Wife, to a Brother whom she had not seen for many Years.

My dear Brother,

I MOST thankfully accept of your kind Invitation, and would gladly bring my little Boy with me, but that I think myself capable of giving your Family Trouble enough without him, and his Father tells me he has a Hundred Reasons against it, Ninety-nine of which he condescends to keep to himself, and the other I find is this, that he apprehends the Affection you have for the Child, will induce you to come and spend some Time with us this Summer in the Country.

And now, my dear Brother, as it is many Years since you saw me, and as Women do sometimes alter for the worse when turned of Thirty, to which Alteration, it is probable, *Half-Pay* may be no Hindrance, I desire you will avoid those natural Exclamations of *Dear Heart, how you are altered! Why, Sister, you art not the same Person! I protest I should not have known you! Why, the Wrinkles have devoured your Forehead, &c. &c.* for as it is a Rule with me never to tell other People impertinent unpleasing Truths, so I would gladly avoid hearing any thing of that Sort to my own Disadvantage. Pray inform our mutual Friends of this, and tell them I am a near Relation to the *Spectator*, and that I don't love to be stared at.

Dear Brother, adieu!—Next *Thursday* I hope to be happy, for then I hope to meet you at *Bath*. I shall set out in the Machine To-morrow. The Captain refuses to inclose his Compliments in this Letter: He says, 'tis more respectful to send a Person on purpose; and I am the *Courier* he has made choice of, whom he intends to dispatch, as I observed to you, in a Machine. I am, my dear Brother, and ever shall be,

Your affectionate Sister, &c.

L E T T E R C X I.

From a Lady to a Stranger, enquiring the Character of an Upper Maid-Servant.

Madam,

I HAVE a Request to make, on your complying with which I place a great Dependence. The Occasion of this Letter is nothing more than the common Form of enquiring the Character of a Servant; and I am very sensible, that in the general Way, this signifies little; for whatsoever was the Fault the Person committed, she begs Pardon when she goes away, and her Lady promises her a Character upon a Belief that she will mend. But, Madam, I beg Leave to mention to you, that I am too sensible how much Injury may be done by the Tattling of a Servant, much more by her Wickedness, if she is bad enough to take Bribes from designing Persons.

I have a Daughter grown up to Woman's Estate, who is as dear to me as a Child can be to a Parent; I have omitted no Care in her Education; and I think she wants no Kind of Goodness. I should be very unhappy to see such a Character sacrificed to the Malice of a Servant; or the Child (for she has some Fortune) attempted by needy Persons, because they can command enough to engage such a Person in their Service.

I beg Pardon for troubling you with so long a Letter on such an Occasion; but I intreat the Favour of you to inform me whether the Person whom you discharged a Fortnight since, *Mary Scarborough*, is fit for me.

I have the Honour to be,

Madam,

Your most obedient Servant.

L E T.

L E T T E R CXII.

*Answer to the foregoing.**Madam,*

AFTER the Letter you have written to me, I should be unpardonable to say any thing to you but the most perfect Truth. I know it is a Custom with Ladies to be too favourable to discharged Servants ; but it is a bad one. I would not be too kind to them on this Occasion, in any Case ; but in the present I shall think it a Duty to speak without the least Reserve.

The Servant who has offered herself to you, Madam, has left my Place six Weeks : The Occasion of her being discharged, was some Expressions that I thought did not carry a proper Respect ; but they were spoken to me, and not behind my Back. I will do her the Justice also to acknowledge, that, perhaps, she might have some Provocation : However, if I had been sensible I was in Fault myself, I would not have kept the Servant afterwards. As to the Circumstances you mention, I have no Cause to suspect them : I believe her to be very discreet and honest. How far what I have mentioned may plead against her, I cannot say ; you are to judge of it ; but, I think, as it is all that can be objected to a Person, otherwise very desirable ; and is all I have to charge her with, who have had Opportunities of seeing whatever Faults she has ; I should not, as the World of Servants goes, expect a better.

*I am, Madam,**Your very humble Servant.*

L E T T E R CXIII.

*Another to the same Purpose.**Madam,*

A YOUNG Woman, whose Name is *Sarah Johnson*, has applied for a Service in my Family. She says she lived three Years with you, and can have a

good Character, which to me is a great Recommendation; but as I do not know the Truth of this, and as it would be particularly imprudent in me to take a bad Woman into my House, I must beg the Favour of you to let me know how she behaved in your Service, and whether you think her a Person of Modesty, Integrity, and Discretion.

I know, Madam, 'tis too common for Ladies of humane Dispositions, to give Servants better Characters than they deserve. We are all apt to do it, in hopes they may mend their Faults for the future; and perhaps it may be sometimes right; but mine is a Case in which I am obliged to be very circumspect and exact, and therefore I must beg of you not to incline too much on the Side of Good-Nature; since there are other Places that may suit her very well, though she may not be altogether so proper for mine.

I have a Daughter, Madam, almost a Woman grown, who is as dear to me as a Child can be. Great Care has been taken of her Education, and she is of an amiable Disposition, and in all Respects a very good Child. Such a Character one would not have sacrificed to the Malice of a Servant, nor a Child so dear and valuable, and one who has some Fortune, seduced, or attempted by needy Persons, because they have Money enough to engage her Maid in their Service.

I beg Pardon, Madam, for giving you so much Trouble on this Occasion, which I should not have done, but you see how extremely improper it would be to admit a Servant into my Family, who is not trusty and of a good Disposition. I have the Honour to be, with the greatest Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

J. E. T.

LETTER CXIV.

From a Lady, with the Character of a Maid Servant, in answer to the foregoing.

Madam,

I OWN to you that I, like many others, have been perhaps too partial to Servants I have parted with ; and, if they were honest, have concealed their Faults on Promise of their Amendment ; but in Case of Dishonesty I never spare them.

In answer, however, to the Letter you have written me, I shall tell you the most perfect Truth, without Reserve, and conceal nothing which I think it my Duty to say, or your Interest to know.

The Servant, who has offered herself to you, Madam, lived with me three Years, and I parted with her because she gave me, in answer to a Complaint I made, some tart Expressions, which I thought favoured of Disrespect. This she was sorry for afterwards, and asked my Pardon ; but I would not keep her, lest from her having been so long in the Family, she should, after this, think herself of more Consequence to me than she really was. And sometimes, Madam, even the best Tempers, you know, may live too long together.

I don't know how far this may plead against her ; but as it is all that can be objected to a Person otherwise very defrable, I think, was the Case my own, I should not construe it particularly to her Disadvantage ; for I must do her the Justice to acknowledge, that she might have some Provocation. She is a Person of Good-Sense and Discretion ; I have always found her very faithful and honest ; and, as the World goes, I do not think you will meet with a better Servant.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.

L E T T E R CXV.

A Letter from a Lady to a Maid-Servant, who had left her. In which is contained an useful Lesson for all Persons in that State of Life.

Dear Sally,

I HAD your Letter very safe, and though I have failed to answer it before, yet my daily Prayers and best Wishes have constantly attended you. I trust you have the good Fortune to please where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary: I go by the old Saying, *No News is good News*. If you are so happy as to be in Favour with the good Family that you have the Honour to serve, I make no question of your continuing in it by a constant Endeavour to deserve it. I told you above, and I told you Truth, that I daily remember you in my Prayers; and at the same time I will not suppose that you forget to remember yourself. I fancy you lie with the other Maid, and know not that you have a Closet or Retiring-Place to yourself; but whether you have or not, I intreat you let no Pretence whatever prevail on you to omit the indispensable Duty of Prayer to God. I hope your Fellow-Servant thinks as she ought on this Occasion; but if she be so unhappy as not to do it, endeavour to gain her over by your Example, but beware of being perverted by hers: To wake in a Morning, and, without addressing the Throne of Grace, to commit ourselves to the Hazards of the Day, is such a Degree of Impiety and Fool-hardiness, as shocks one but to think on; and surely it is equally the blackest Ingratitude to close our Eyes at Night, without returning our unfeigned Thanks for the Dangers we have escaped; those Eyes, for aught we know, may never be again unclosed in this World.—I was going to offer some Advice of another Kind, but I recollect that, perform but your Duty to your Creator, and all the rest is included. Be sure, in whatever you are about to do, think always on what is due to the Dignity of your Nature. Consider, that although you are placed by
Providence

Providence in the Degree of a Servant, yet your immortal Soul is of an equal Rank with that of an Empress. This Counsel at the first Glance may appear to encourage Pride; but if duly attended to, it will be far otherwise, and prove the most effectual Means to extinguish it; for a proper Consideration on the several Degrees of Men in the Order the Wisdom of God has placed them with Relation to this Life, will teach you to condescend to your Superiors without Meanness, and learn you to distinguish yourself from those below you without Arrogance; it will hinder Adversity from approaching you; and if Prosperity be your Lot, (as I heartily wish it may) it will find you worthy of it; in a Word, it will make you equal to good Fortune, and superior to ill. Mr. H—— joins me in the best Respects to your Master and Lady, and Mr. ———. I desire you, whenever you are inclined to write to me, that you would chuse out half an Hour when you can best be spared, and ask Leave; this will save you the Confusion of equivocating, if you are demanded what has been your Employment, and prevent your turning an indifferent Action into a guilty one: For be sure never to forget, your Time is not your own, but is intirely due to those you serve, and that you can never justly employ any of it on your own Occasions without Leave. Pray, good Sally, think of that. I was concerned to find you had laid out so much Money in Play-Things for the Children; however, I acknowledge myself obliged to your Good-Nature. I shall take the Hint from you of sending this free to *London*, and save half the Postage: Observe my Method, and be not above being taught by any one, any thing that is worthy the Trouble of learning; no matter who it is teaches, provided the Instructions are good. Adieu, dear Sally; do me the Justice to believe this Letter dictated from a Heart full of the warmest Wishes for your Welfare, from one who will always regard every Piece of Happiness that befalls you as an additional one to herself; for I am, &c.

LETTER CXVI.

From a Lady to her Friend, on a second remarkable Shock of an Earthquake.

My dear Semanthe,

A GAIN has all-gracious Heaven vouchsafed to warn a sinful World of what it ought to expect:—Again has the Almighty, like a tender Parent, shook the Rod before the Blow is given, which, when it once descends, excludes Repentance; as I remember to have somewhere read,

“ The Years of our Probation past,
 “ All future Prayers and Penitence are vain.
 “ By the irrevocable *Fiat* doom’d
 “ To never-ending Bliss or Woe,
 “ Both Hopes and Fears in Certainty are lost.

We can die but once indeed, and, if well prepared, ought not to be too anxious in what Manner we make our Exit hence:—But the Pleasures and Temptations of this World are too alluring, alas! for the generality of People wholly to resist:—How many, perhaps, full of the Memory of the enchanting Entertainments of the preceding Evening, forgot to recommend themselves to the Divine Protection, before they yielded to that Image of Death, Sleep! How many were negligent of paying their Duty to the Deity, by forming Schemes in what Manner they should pass the next Day, what Visits they must return, and with what new Diversion they should kill Time!—How many were guilty of the same Omission, through the anxious Cares which Penury excites!—Much are these last to be pitied, though not excused; but, O *Semanthe*! what shall we say, what can we think of those, who, even in the Instant of that dreadful Shock, were by it interrupted in planning new Arts of Oppression, who were that Moment plotting Designs pernicious to Society!

“ The

" The sly Projector, (who designs to build
 " His Fortune on his Neighbour's, or, perchance,
 " His Country's Ruin,—'tis alike to him
 " If Individual, or whole Nations sink,) *and so forth*
 " Wakes with the Dawn, nor tastes a Morning's
 Slumber.

Others, less hurtful to Mankind, but unjust and
 cruel to themselves, who lay drowned in Lust and Wine,
 and fatigued with the last Night's Debauch, were
 rocked in so profound a Sleep, as not to be awaked by
 the tremendous Shock :—A Shock, which, had not in-
 finite Mercy interposed, might have buried all the In-
 habitants of our Metropolis under the Ruins of their
 City.

What shall I say then to the bold impious Man, who
 would rob the Almighty of Power, nor, till he feels
 his Vengeance, will be convinced he takes any Cog-
 nizance of what is done below ? Such I tremble for
 indeed.

But this Accident, as I before observed, in its most
 dreadful Effects, could but have anticipated our
 Fate, and done what Nature, some Time or other, will
 do without it,—no more than a thousand other Casual-
 ties, of a less dreaded Kind, might possibly have
 brought about :—Death, therefore, in itself, is not the
 proper Object of a wise Man's Fear, it is inevitable ;
 but there is a great Difference between a slow or sudden
 Death, as it may relate to the Happiness or Misery of
 an immortal Soul which is to survive the Body, and
 may humbly expect Favour in proportion to its Re-
 pentance. I cannot therefore call it Heroism in any
 Man, to say, that it matters not whether he dies of a
 Consumption, or is swallowed up in an Earthquake.
 —Let us reflect, that when national Transgressions have
 called down national Chastisements, forced long-neg-
 lected Mercy from her Seat, and all is left to *Justice*,
 at that Tribunal, who dare expect to be acquit-
 ted ?

Prayers and Humiliations can alone avert the me-
 naced Stroke, and those I hope will not be omitted. —

I am,

I am, with a Confusion of Mind too great for Words to describe,

My dear Semanthe,

Your's, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER CXVII.

From a Lady to her Friend, finding fault with her Manner of educating her Daughter.

My dear Aurelia,

I FLATTER myself you are too well convinced of the Sincerity of my Friendship, to imagine what I am about to say is dictated by any Ill-Nature, or a Desire of finding somewhat to condemn in the Conduct of those for whom I profess a Regard: I shall therefore make no Apology for telling you, that tho' in most Things you come as near Perfection as Woman can do, yet in *one* you are guilty of an Error, which may open a Door to let in that very Misfortune you are most careful to avoid.—I know you to be kind and indulgent to those over whom you have Command;—faithful to those you call your Friends;—a tender, affectionate Wife, and make it your Study to be the best of Mothers.—But, alas! it is in this last Article you fail:—You start, perhaps, at an Accusation which may seem to you so unjust.—You will reply, that you have nothing to do with the Education of your Son, and that you have early instructed your Daughter in the Principles of Virtue and Religion; that you have given her all the Accomplishments becoming her Sex and Rank, and have omitted nothing in your Power for forming her Mind, so as to know how to behave well through every Stage of Life:—All this I grant:—And, moreover, that you keep a most vigilant Eye over all her Words and Behaviour, so as to prevent her from having any Knowledge of, or Acquaintance with, the modish Fopperies of the present Age; and above all, that nothing which has the least Tendency

to

to Flattery shall ever reach her Ears. And here it is I think you are in the wrong; not that I would encourage any thing that might raise the Seeds of Vanity, that Bane to Virtue, in a Female Heart; and were you certain of having it always in your Power to defend that of *Corinna* from it, she would be blest indeed, and the Caution you use in this Point could never be too much extolled.—But, my dear *Aurelia*, consider with yourself, how almost impossible this is;—that, in spite of all your Care, some Accident may happen to lay her open to the Snares which are always spread for Innocence:—Some gay and self-sufficient Coxcomb may find an Opportunity of addressing her with all the Rhetoric of pretended Passion; and such Discourses being new to her, how can she be prepared to answer as she ought!—Believe me, when a young Girl, who has never been treated otherwise than as she really is made by Nature, finds herself all at once erected into a Goddess, she is too apt, if not to imagine herself such, to think her Worshipper does so:—Whereas those more accustomed to be entertained with such Fooleries, treat them with the Contempt they merit, and think no more of them when past.—For this Reason I cannot approve of a Boarding-School Education for Girls of Condition:—A Convent is much better, provided they avoid the Superstitions of the Place; because they are used to Gallantry at the Grate, from young Gentlemen who take Pleasure in entertaining the Nuns, and are no Strangers to the World when they come into it.—In a Word, too much Restraint is as dangerous as too much Liberty.—Let, therefore, the young *Corinna* see something of the Humours of the Town:—I am confident, the more she is acquainted with what you so carefully hide from her, the more her Good-Sense, and the excellent Rudiments you have given her, will teach her to despise it. I have much to add on this Subject, but Company prevents me, and I must defer what I have farther to say till another Opportunity; and, in the mean Time, am,

Dear *Aurelia*,

Yours, &c.

MIRA.

L E T.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

From a Lady to her Friend, on false Breeding and Affectation.

My dear Euphrosine,

THERE are a Sort of People in the World, pretty frequently met with, who, by an awkward Imitation of Manners, to which they have not been accustomed, not only render themselves extremely ridiculous, but also are equally troublesome to others :—I mean your Pretenders to Good-Breeding :—The Affectation without the Reality, produces a thousand Impertinencies, to which I know not if a downright Abruptness of Behaviour is not preferable.

There is a reigning Mistake in most Parents concerning this Point.—It is not those Accomplishments, which Persons of Condition usually give their Children, that, in my Judgment, constitutes the whole of Good-Breeding, though I own they very much contribute towards it.—One may sing, dance, play well on various Sorts of Instruments, have a perfect Understanding in Music, and speak the *French* and *Italian* Languages with the greatest Fluency ; yet, after all, be very far from what I call well-bred.—True Politeness is not a Science to be learned in Schools.—Nature must bestow a Genius :—That Genius must be improved by reading Works of Delicacy and Spirit, and heightened by a Freedom of Conversation with Persons of Taste.—It is an Enemy to all Kind of Constraint, does every thing with Ease, and, though it is sure never to offend, it also never is at the Expence of Flattery to oblige. What the witty Earl of *Rocheſter* said of Poetry, I think may be properly applied to Good-Breeding.—His Words are these :

“ In Poetry, that soonest wins the Heart,

“ Where most of Nature’s seen, and least of Art.

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Form and Ceremony, Things which so many People study, and take so much Pains to be well versed in all the Punctilioes of, spoil the best Education, and make the Person who practises them disagreeable and tiresome.

Sir *Thomas* ****, whom you know I greatly esteem on account of his Honesty and Good-Nature, brought his new-married Bride to visit me the other Day.—I had been told she was a fine-bred Woman, and received her in a Manner suitable to that Character; but, dear *Euphrosine*, how much did I find myself at a Loss, either to look or speak before her!—She so pestered me with Compliments and Assurances of the great Sense of the high Honour I had done her, in permitting her to wait upon me, that I had scarce a Word to answer in return.—I offered her a Pinch of Snuff, in order to gain a Moment's Truce; but she happening to have her Right-Hand Glove off, took the Box from me with her Left, and laid it in the Window, till she had drawn on her other Glove, saying, she would not be so rude to touch my Snuff with naked Fingers. I called for Tea sooner than I would have done, in the Hope of shortening her Visit; but, unluckily, put Sugar into her Cup, without asking whether she liked it or not.—She sipp'd and sipp'd, and all the Time praised the Tea, as the most excellent she had ever tasted.—Sir *Thomas* not having observed that I had put Sugar into the Cup, cried, *You are certainly, my Dear, the best Judge of the Flavour, drinking it, as you do, without Sugar.*—On which I remembered I had been guilty of an Indecorum, in not consulting her Palate on that Account, and asked her Pardon.—She appeared in a most terrible Confusion, and told Sir *Thomas* she was surpris'd he should mention any thing of it.—*Truly*, said the Knight, with his usual Simplicity, *I was quite ignorant of the Matter; but since it is so, I think I have more Reason to be surpris'd to see you punish yourself by drinking what, I know, you have an Aversion to, rather than speak a Word to prevent it.* To which she replied, “Oh! fie, Sir *Thomas*, how can you talk so! Where do you think I was bred?” Then turning to me, made a long Apology for the Abruptness of her Husband.—

I took

I took his Part, but durst not say too much, for fear of continuing the Dispute. At last they took their Leave;—I waited on them to the Head of the Stair-Case; but the good Lady so often turned back to prevent me, and dropt me so many Curtesies, that returning them made my Knees ache for an Hour after.

As I have the most perfect Regard for every Branch of your Family, I would wish you to warn your youngest Sister, who, I hear, is just come from the Boarding-School, not to mistake this overstrained Complaisance for true Politeness. She may possibly have acquired a certain Stiffness of Behaviour under the Tuition of her formal Governess, which, if not by Time softened into a more easy Habit, must render her other Accomplishments of less Merit in the Eyes of the Discerning. I am, my dear *Euphrosine*,

Yours, &c.

MIRA.

LETTER CXIX.

From a Lady, with an Account of a distressed Family she had relieved.

Dear Madam,

UPON hearing, a few Days since, of the Necessities of an honest but indigent Family, about a Mile distant from my Aunt's, I resolved to pay them a Visit, to indulge some of that sublime Pleasure which it is the greatest Advantage of a large Fortune to procure us. *Amelia* only was acquainted with this Visit; nor did I tell her of it till I was ready to set out, when I desired her to accompany me, to which she instantly consented. We found the unhappy Mansion situated at the Foot of a Hill, surrounded with several Inclosures of Orchards, Pasture-Grounds, and Corn-Fields: At the Entrance leading to the Door, was a short Walk between two Elder Hedges, which inclosed a small Kitchen Garden, with some Stacks of Hay, and near the main Building some Stables and Barns. But every thing was in profound Silence; for no Human Object was near, and nothing to be heard, but the warbling Songs of the airy Choristers, who fluttered amongst the Hedges,

Hedges, or sat making their Responses from the distant thorny Brakes. The solitary Stillness of the Place, added to the Reflection of the Business in which I was employed, contributed to render me thoughtful, and I could not help giving some Moments to the Consideration of the various unavoidable Miseries which attend Human Nature; Miseries which neither Virtue nor Prudence can always guard against. With a Mind thus dipped in Pity, I could not help hesitating a little when we came to the Door; but at last, rapping softly, we entered the Room, where Despair and Sorrow were painted in the strongest Colours, and in every Face such an undissembled Sadness, as struck me to the very Soul; for notwithstanding the Relief I intended to give them, I could not forbear sharing in the general Grief; and, indeed, it was with some Pain that I assumed an Air of Ease and Chearfulness, in order to comfort a pretty Boy who stood with his Eyes fixed upon his Mother, and pulling her by the Apron, cried at seeing her weep. Two other Children, too young to take the same Notice, were playing about the Room: But wherever I turned my Eyes, every thing was in disorder; nor was it possible to cross the Room, or take a Chair, for the confused Heap of Litter which was every Way strewed about. Alas! the poor Woman was in too deep Affliction to attend to the Management of her Family; her Mind too much discomposed to attend to Trifles! For a violent Distress almost always renders us inactive; it sinks and depresses the Spirits, and when no visible Assistance is in view, makes the Unhappy incapable of thinking or using their natural Abilities, in order to extricate themselves from the Pressure of their Difficulties.

These Observations, Madam, I have learnt from my Aunt, and have always found them agreeable to Truth. At one of the Windows sat a young Man, with Despair in his Eyes, and a Look that discovered he was grown stupid with Grief: A Book of Devotion lay open before him, on which his Regards were fixed; but fixed in such a steady Manner, as shewed that he was incapable of reading: He pored on the same Place, and neither his Eyes nor his Head moved to take in the

Compass

Compass of a Line. As soon as we entered the Room, the Good-Woman arose from her Chair, and seeming surprised at the Sight of Strangers of our Appearance, asked our Business; when taking the little Boy into my Arms, I wiped away his Tears, and kissing his pretty rosy Cheeks, told him I would wipe away his Mother's too if I was able; at this he smil'd, when emptying some Lumber out of a Chair, while the Mother made one ready for *Amelia*, we both sat down. At a Loss how to introduce the Cause of our Visit, and willing to oblige them in a Way as little painful as possible, I seemed mighty fond of the little Creatures that were playing around me: Then turning to the Mother, desired that she would look upon us as her sincerest Friends, and that we should think it a Pleasure to serve her; but she thanked me in a Manner that shewed that her Hopes were at a low Ebb, and too far sunk to be raised by glimmering Prospects, and airy Visions. However she called her Husband, who with more Firmness in his Countenance, but with Eyes drooping with Care, came to us from a Back-Room, and related the Cause of his Misfortunes, with that honest Frankness and Simplicity, which always affects the Mind, though uttered in the most plain and homely Language. He told me, That by the excessive Rains which had enriched the Farmers of the neighbouring Hills with several successive Years of Plenty, he was reduced from a State of Affluence to Penury and Indigence; that he should be obliged to sell the plentiful Crop that covered his Lands to a vast Disadvantage to satisfy his Landlord's Demands; and that he had no other Prospect than to lose the Fruit of his Labours, to be turned out of all his Possessions, and perhaps to glean the Fields he himself had sown; and all this for want of a small Sum, which his Landlord had now a particular Occasion for.—Willing to shorten his Uneasiness, I here interrupted him to know what Sum would remove his present Anxiety, and as soon as he had informed me, I told him with a Smile, that I thought myself very happy in having it in my Power to give Joy to an honest Family, and at the same Time emptied my Purse upon the Table. I now felt my

my Heart overflow with a sympathetic Extasy, arising from the Transports I myself had occasioned.

Thus with a little Gold that has long laid useless in my Chest, and for which I have here no Use, I have procured the Happiness of a whole Family, and given myself a Delight more exquisite than ever I experienced on the like Occasion; since the Advantage they have received from it (as they told me) may probably redound to their Children's Children. What Use could I possibly make of this hoarded Pelf to procure me equal Satisfaction? Or what is the Pleasure we receive from Pride, the Gratification of luxurious Appetite, or the Indulgence of the highest Animal Delight, compared to this Luxury of the Mind, the more natural Rapture which results from the Gratifications of our Humanity? I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CXX.

From a Lady to her Friend, with an Account of an extraordinary Adventure.

My dear Friend,

I AM afraid my having so long delayed acknowledging the Favour of your last, has made you by this time look on me as unworthy of calling you so; but I am very sensible you are not of the Number of those who judge altogether by Appearances, and flatter myself with regaining your good Opinion, when I shall acquaint you with the Cause of this seeming Negligence.

You may remember a Letter of mine, some Time ago, acquainting you that being reputed very rich, and known to be free from the Incumbrance of Children, had laid me under the Persecution of no less than three Lovers at once;—two of them I dispatched pretty easily, but could no more get rid of the other, than of my Shadow at Noon-Tide.—He had told me he had a large Estate in Possession, but as I had no Inclination

to

to be jointured out of it, I never gave myself any Trouble to enquire into the Truth of what he said.—Finding Self-Interest was not my darling Passion, he began to attack me on what is called the weak Side, and endeavoured to charm me by Dint of mere Love; to enjoy a Moment's Peace out of my Presence, was among the Things that are impossible in Nature:—I was no less than an Angel, a Goddess; a civil Look, or what he interpreted as such, raised him to the highest Heaven, and a Frown endangered his plunging himself into another Place.—Never was such an *Oroondates*, in all but his Patience;—in that indeed he was extremely wanting; for the Hero in the Romance thought a Kiss of his Mistress's Hand a sufficient Recompence for seven Years Service; this, doubtless, imagined he should carry my whole Person in seven Weeks.

In fine, he would take no Denial,—nothing I could say checked his Hopes:—In vain I forbid him my House;—he did not only follow me to all public Places, but found Means to get himself introduced to most of my Acquaintance; so that unless I could have resolved to seclude myself from all Diversion, all Conversation, I could not totally avoid him.—This Perseverence, this Assiduity, might, for aught I know, in time have persuaded me he really had found something in me worthy of a sincere Attachment, if a lucky Accident had not prevented the Deception he so well carried on from taking effect; and I might have thought, as *Hudibras* says,

“ His Passion true, and would survive

“ New Worlds, and Natures too outlive;—

“ And like to Heralds Moons remain

“ All Crescent, without Change or Wane.

But if I had any Vanity rising in me on this Score, you will see how it was mortified.—Lady *Fanny* had made a Party for Country-Dancing at her House; I was desired to make one.—*Clerimont* (for so my pretended Enamorato was called) was also either invited or intruded himself, I know not which; but I was no sooner in the Room than he came in:—After having

made

made his Compliments to her Ladyship, and some others in the Company, whom he knew, he approached, and saluting me with an Air very different from that with which he had accosted the others, entreated I would be his Partner; but as I was aware of his Intention, from the Moment I saw him enter, I had already engaged myself to a Gentleman who I was very certain had no Design upon me.—He seemed much chagrined, but that was not a Place for him to tease me with any Complaints, in impertinent Accusations of Cruelty.

Many Dances had not been led up before the Heat of the Exercise, joined to that of the Season, had the usual Effects.—*Clerimont*, in plucking out his Handkerchief, dropt a Letter, which fell just at my Feet:—Though every thing relating to him was a Matter of perfect Indifference to me, Curiosity put it into my Head to take it up, which I did, without, I believe, any of the Company observing it;—but how I was surprised, you may easily imagine, when I shall tell you, examining it after I came home, I found it a Letter from a Woman who subscribed herself his Wife; and indeed the artless and tender Expressions it contained, left me no Room to doubt her being so.—So flagrant a Piece of Villainy, in a Man of the Family and Fortune he pretended to be, extremely shocked me, and I could no Way fathom either the Motives of his addressing me, or the End he proposed to himself, had I been so weak as to listen to his Suit.—I resolved, however, to penetrate into this Mystery, if there was a Possibility, and accordingly sent for him the next Morning.

Such a Message, after the Treatment I had always given him, would certainly have greatly astonished him; but I thought there appeared more of Guilt and Shame, than either Pleasure or Surprise, in his Countenance when he approached me.—He was beginning, notwithstanding, to assume some Show of the latter, but did it in so awkward a Manner, that I then presently imagined he had missed the Letter, and had some Apprehensions of the Truth.—I was really in some Pain for him, and to put an End to his Dissimulation, let him know, in a few Words, the Discovery I had made,

made, without mingling the least Reproach with what I said.—This it was which perhaps gave him the Confidence to think of continuing to impose on me; and he replied, with all the Assurance of Innocence, “Alas! Madam, this Letter belongs to a Friend of mine, whose Marriage, for some Reasons, being a Secret, I consented, all the Letters from his Wife should be directed to me.”—This Turn, he had the Vanity to imagine, as he afterwards confessed, would have passed upon me; but unluckily there was one Passage in the Letter, which shewed to a Demonstration, that he was the individual Man to whom it was *meant*, as well as *directed*.—He had for several Days past had the Forefinger of his Right-Hand tied up, on account of a *Whitloe*;—this very *Whitloe* was mentioned by his Wife; you will see on what Account, by the Copy of her Letter, which I here inclose.—On my confronting him with this Proof, as it stood in the Text, he grew all Confusion: And after I had expatiated, in what I thought a proper Manner, on the Baseness of his Proceeding, he fell at my Feet, confessed all I had said was just, but conjured me not to expose him, as what he had done had been enforced by the most melancholy Necessity.

I then told him, that there was a Possibility for him to prevail on me to grant his Request; but it could only be done by his sincerely laying open the whole Affair, and convincing me there were indeed some other Inducements, besides a natural Propensity to Wickedness, that had led him into a Design so infamous in itself, and so highly criminal in the Eyes of God and Man.—On which, with an unfeigned Readiness, he confessed he had endeavoured to deceive me in almost every thing he had pretended;—that he was indeed of the Family he said, but was a younger Brother of a younger Branch of it;—that the small Fortune bequeathed him by his Father, was far from being sufficient to support himself in the Fashion he had been bred, much less a Wife; yet in spite of all these Considerations, he had married a young Creature, the Daughter of a Country Clergyman, whom he loved to the greatest Excess;—that she already had brought him one
Child,

Child, and was now pregnant with another, and that it was merely the Apprehensions of what she might be reduced to, (the greatest Part of his little Fortune being exhausted) which alone had put him upon this desperate Method of Relief, having in vain tried all others.

I asked him if she were privy to his Purpose, and he answering in the Negative, I desired to know, in case he had succeeded, by what magic Art he could expect to conceal the Crime he had been guilty of from either of us. — “As to that, *said he*, it might have been easy enough :—My Wife knows nothing of the Town, has never been in it, and I would have taken Care to have kept her always out of it ;—an Employment I had obtained here, was to be the Pretence when I left her ; and a Jaunt into the Country for my Health, an Excuse when I left you. — The greatest Difficulty, *continued he*, would have been where to find Balm to heal those Stings of my own Conscience, which I am sensible must have been severe and sharp, by what I feel in this Detection of my intended Guilt, even without the Perpetration.”

He accompanied every Article of this Confession with such bitter Sighs, and gave so many Tokens of a sincere Penitence, that I was touched with a great deal of Compassion. — I assured him that I was much better pleased with him for designing rather to make me his Convenience, than abandon, for my Sake, one who had the only just Title to his Heart ;—that I not only forgave the Ill he intended against me, but would also prevent his falling into any future Temptations from his Necessities, provided he approved the Means I offered. — He seemed quite ravished at the bare Imagination, and said he would gladly do any thing he was capable of. — I then told him there was a genteel Employment vacant in my Brother’s Office, which I did not doubt being able to procure for him ; adding, that as he had told me his Misfortunes, and I knew Money would be required, I would advance the Sum, and take his Bond for Quarterly Payments out of the Profits of his Post.

It

It would be needless to trouble you with any Repetitions of the Acknowledgments he made me; you will easily suppose them to be suitable to the Occasion.—I ordered him to come to me in the Afternoon, being resolved to go instantly about the Performance of my Promise.—Accordingly I dined that Day with my Brother, and obtained a Grant of the Post for the Person I recommended.—I made *Clerimont* write that same Night for his Wife to come to Town, and in two Days I had the Pleasure of seeing her;—she is very beautiful, but there is a native Sweetness and Simplicity in all her Air and Behaviour, which renders her more lovely than the finest Features in the World could do without it.—Her Mind seems conformable to her Person, and my Judgment is very much deceived, if she is not worthy of a Man incapable of the Treachery her Husband was about to practise;—but of that she is entirely ignorant, and, perfectly contented with her Lot, bends her whole Thoughts on pleasing him: He, doubtless, loves her no less than he assured me he did; and, I hope, as they are now in a Condition to live easy in the World, they will always be amiable to each other.—For my Part, it gives me an inexpressible Satisfaction, to think it has been in my Power, to make a virtuous young Woman happy, and of recovering a Man of some Merit, back to Honour, when he was attempting to be a Villain.

Thus, my dear *Mira*, while I have seemed to labour for the Good of others, I have been procuring a real one for myself; and sure, if those whom Heaven has so lavishly endued with the Means of being serviceable in their Generations, could be sensible of that refined Pleasure which results from conferring Benefits, there would be no such Thing as Misery in the World;—all Discontent,—all Envy,—all Murmurings at the unequal Distribution of Fortune, would cease; Compassion on the one Side, and a grateful Sensation on the other, would establish a perpetual Harmony between the *great* and the *inferior* World.—To me it is therefore strange, that so many of the *former* are indolent in what would certainly be of infinitely the most Advantage

vantage to themselves ; as the admirable *Cowley* justly expresses it :

“ Riches alone are of uncertain Date,
 “ And on short Life long cannot wait ;
 “ The virtuous make of them the best,
 “ And put them out to Fame for Interest :
 “ With a frail Good they wisely buy
 “ The solid Purchase of Eternity.

To avow those Sentiments among some of my Acquaintance, would infallibly draw on me the Censure of a Lunatic, or Enthusiast ; but I know to whom I am writing, and that it is as needless to make any Apology for what I have said on this Score, as it would be to entreat you to keep the inclosed Letter, and the Narration which depends upon it, an inviolable Secret, or to assure you that I never can be other than

Your faithful humble Servant,

ALTHEA.

LETTER CXXI.

Inclosed in the foregoing.

My dear Clerimont,

WHERE shall I find Words to express the Agitation I was in, on opening the last Letter you sent ?—Knowing, as you do, how much a Coward I am in every thing where you are concerned, you could not but suppose I should be terribly alarmed at seeing, under your Signet, a Hand-Writing so different from yours.—How could you then be so regardless of my tender Heart, or the Condition I am in, as not to order your *Amanuensis* to tell me at once the Cause, instead of beginning with those ambiguous Words, *I am obliged to employ another Hand to write to you ?*—Good God ! what dreadful Interpretations did I put upon them !—All that was shocking to Imagination came at once into my Head : Wounded,—sick,—dying perhaps,

haps, cried I, and had not Courage to proceed, but invoked my better Angel to explain what it was so easy for me to have told myself.—At last I ventured, tho' trembling with Suspense and Terror, to cast my Eyes a second Time upon the Paper, and (Thanks to Heaven) immediately found that all these horrible Apprehensions had been occasioned only by a *Whitloe* on your Fore-Finger.

I doubt not but you will laugh at this new Proof, added to the thousand others I have given you, of my Simplicity; but that you may not have too contemptible an Opinion of me, I must now acquaint you, that though I have nothing of the *Hero* in me, I am grown a Piece of a Philosopher since you left me; and as the *Chemists* pretend to extract Gold out of the basest Metal, I have learned the Art of bringing *Pleasure* out of *Pain*, and converting the worst of *Ills* into a *Good*.—As thus, my Dear, (for I cannot find in my Heart to keep you in a Moment's Suspense) I never give myself leave to think how unfortunate I am in your Absence, but how happy I shall be in your Return.—I recollect every little Event that has happened since your going, and range them in Order in my Memory, to entertain you with when you come home, and please myself with the Expectation of hearing from you many and more agreeable Narratives of those Occurrences which the great World you are at present engaged in cannot fail of presenting you with in abundance.

This, dearest *Clerimont*, is the Manner in which I anticipate, in *Idea*, the Blessing Heaven will, I hope, permit me soon to enjoy in *Reality*: And this is the only Method I could take to enable me to obey that strict Injunction you laid upon me, of not afflicting myself at our enforced Separation.—I do assure you, it has had so good an Effect upon me, that I have lost nothing of my Complexion, nor that Vivacity you used to say you thought so well became me; and if you do not stay (which God forbid) till my Shape is too much extended, I fancy you will find me much the same you left me; but whatever my *Form* may appear, there needs no Asseverations to convince you my *Heart* is incapable of changing.—I am resolved to
flatter

flatter myself with being no less secure of yours, and that all the Beauties you may happen to be acquainted with, will have no Charms for you, in prejudice of that Affection which Law has made my Due, and which makes all the Happiness, and is the sole Ambition of, my dear Soul,

Your ever-faithful Wife,

AMANDA.

P. S. I saw our little Boy Yesterday; he is pure well, and has cut two Teeth.—Heaven prosper your Undertakings, and send you soon to us again.

LETTER CXXII.

Translation of a Letter said to have been written by a certain GREAT PRINCESS, to the King of PRUSSIA.

May it please your Majesty,

I AM at a Loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late Victory, since the same Success which has covered you with Laurels has overspread the Country of *Mecklenburgh* with Desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my Sex, in this Age of vicious Refinement, to feel for one's Country, to lament the Horrors of War, or wish for the Return of Peace. I know you may think it more properly my Province to study the Arts of Pleasing, or to inspect Subjects of a more domestic Nature; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the Desire of interceding for this unhappy People.

It was but a very few Years ago that this Territory wore the most pleasing Appearance. The Country was cultivated, the Peasant looked chearful, and the Towns abounded with Riches and Festivity. What an Alteration at present from such a charming Scene! I am not expert at Description, nor can my Fancy add any Horrors to the Picture; but sure even Conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous Prospects now before me. The whole Country, my dear Country, lies one

frightful Waste, presenting only Objects to excite Terror, Pity, and Despair. The Business of the Husbandman and the Shepherd are quite discontinued; the Husbandman and the Shepherd are become Soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the Soil they formerly cultivated. The Towns are inhabited only by old Men, Women, and Children; perhaps here and there a Warrior, by Wounds or Loss of Limbs rendered unfit for Service, left at his Door; his little Children hang round him, ask an History of every Wound, and grow themselves Soldiers before they find Strength for the Field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate Insolence of either Army, as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the Operations of the Campaign: It is impossible to express the Confusion, even those, who call themselves our Friends, create: Even those from whom we might expect Redress oppress with new Calamities. From your Justice, therefore, it is that we hope Relief; to you even Children and Women may complain, whose Humanity stoops to the meanest Petition, and whose Power is capable of repressing the greatest Injustice.

I am, Sir, &c.



PART

PART IV.

Various FORMS of MESSAGES by CARDS.

CARD I.

MRS. *Jones's* Compliments to Miss *Butler*, hopes she shall have the Pleasure to hear she is not engaged for an Hour this Morning. Mrs. *Allen* has ordered the Coach at Twelve for an Airing through *Hyde-Park* and the *King's-Road*, and if Miss *Butler* will give her Leave, will take her up at a Quarter after. Nothing can add more to the Enjoyment of such a Morning than her Company.
Monday, Ten o'Clock.

CARD II.

The Party that were last Night at *Vauxhall* dine with Mrs. *Smith* To-morrow, and she entreats the Favour of dear Miss *Roberts's* Company. There is not one of the Company but has joined in the Request; so do not send any of your ready-made Apologies. I tell you all the Party dine with me; and you know who was one of them. But why should I suppose Miss *Roberts* needs any farther Inducement than to know she will make me happy in complying with my Request?
Thursday Afternoon.

CARD III.

Lady *Anne Russell's* Compliments wait on the most obliging Mrs. *Allsee*. She is incapable of expressing
N 3 her

her Concern for the Mistake of last Night, or of making any Apology for such a Rudeness as she has been guilty of. Begs Mrs. *Allsee* will believe that it was impossible for her to foresee the Accident that prevented her from waiting on her, and as much impossible to give her any Notice of it. Lady *Anne* shall not think Mrs. *Allsee* has forgiven her, if she does not appoint another Evening, when she need not promise not to fail paying her Respects, where it is so much her Inclination to pay them.

Tuesday Morning.

C A R D I V.

Mrs. *Sharw* does herself the Honour to send her Compliments to Miss *Burnett*. Hopes she is very well; and flatters herself that she has Good-Nature enough to pardon this Impertinence. She begs to be favoured with the Pattern of the *Vandyke* Handkerchief which Miss *Burnett* had on the other Night at *Hickford's*. Mrs. *Sharw* does not imagine this will fit upon any other Neck as it does on Miss *Burnett's*; but she is ambitious to appear like what is agreeable, if she cannot arrive at the Thing itself; to which indeed she has no Pretensions.

Wednesday Morning.

C A R D V.

Miss *Burnett's* Compliments to the obliging Mrs. *Sharw*. She has sent her the Patterns of three *Vandykes*. That with the Collar is what she had on at *Hickford's*; but she thinks the fringed one is prettier. As there is something particular in the Way of cutting them out, Miss *Burnett* sends her Servant with the Patterns, whose Assistance she begs Mrs. *Sharw* will accept; and believe that she understands this Request as the greatest Compliment.

Friday.

C A R D

C A R D VI.

Miss *Saunders* presents her Compliments to Mr. *Wray*, and thinks she is very civil that she sends five Cards at a Time. *Tuesday* is *Woodward's* Benefit. She has a Box; and desires Mr. *Wray* will dispose of so many Tickets to People who may be decently seen in it: For no professed Rakes will be admitted, himself excepted.

C A R D VII.

Mrs. *Jones's* Compliments wait upon dear Miss *Hall*, but she has given Orders that she shall not be disturbed. If Miss *Hall* is up, she would be glad to hear that she found no Inconvenience from the late Hour to which Mrs. *Jones's* Fondness of her Company kept her. If she has a Head-ach from the Time, or a Cold from the going home, Mrs. *Jones* will not easily forgive herself; if not, she begs Miss *Hall* will pardon her for the pressing her to stay so late. *Thursday*, Two o'Clock.

C A R D VIII.

Miss *Hall* is extremely obliged to the polite and friendly Mrs. *Jones* for her kind Enquiry after her Health. She has the Pleasure to tell that Lady, that she never was so happy as she was last Night; nor ever in better Health than she is this Morning. Begs that her sincerest Respects may be acceptable; and hopes she shall have the Pleasure of seeing her in *Bury-Street* very soon.

C A R D IX.

Mrs. *Thompson* presents her Compliments to Mrs. *Millar*; hopes she is well, and has been so during the many Months in which she has heard nothing from her. Three or four Friends will be at Mr. *Thompson's* this Afternoon to play at friendly Whist; and
nothing

nothing can add to the Pleasure of the Party so much as Mrs. *Millar's* Company.

Friday Afternoon.

C A R D X.

Mrs. *Millar* returns her sincerest Respects to Mrs. *Thompson*; is obliged to her for the strange and unexpected Visit of a Message; but confesses she had rather have been remembered on any other Occasion. Mrs. *Thompson* knows she has a settled Aversion to Cards; and when she has the Happiness to meet with her, must be most displeased with them, because they take the Place of a Conversation at once entertaining and instructive. She begs to be excused on the present Occasion, and shall be happy to obey any other Summons.

C A R D XI.

Mrs. *Bowden's* Compliments to Mr. *Price*. She has a Party for Cards To-morrow, about four Tables; and cannot think of such an Evening, without setting him down as one of the Party. Hopes he is not engaged.
Tuesday Morning.

C A R D XII.

Mrs. *Bowden* presents her sincerest Respects to Mr. *Cray*. She has a few Friends engaged for this Evening, about four Tables; and thinks it no more than Justice to that Esteem she has for Mr. *Cray*, to tell him of it. Begs that he will make no Apology, for she absolutely depends upon him.

C A R D XIII.

Miss *Wilson* has the Honour of Mr. *Simmonds's* Message. The Elegance of the Paper is ravishing. She is not possessed of any of these ornamented Cards; nor has a single drooping Cupid into whose Hand to put her Civilities. She thanks Mr. *Simmonds* for his unexpected Politeness; and as she is obliged to return her

her Compliments on a paltry Two of Hearts, has ordered her Footman in his Way to call at the Apothecary's, and for fear of the delicate Mr. *Simmonds's* fainting at the Sight of the Card, to take with him a Bottle of Sal-Volatile.

C A R D XIV.

Miss *Williams* takes the Liberty of sending her Compliments to Mr. *Brounker*. She has the Misfortune to hear that her dear Friend his Sister is very ill. Does not know that it may be proper to trouble her with a Message; and begs that she may know from Mr. *Brounker* how that Lady does. She is very unhappy that she did not hear of this sooner, that she might have taken earlier Opportunities of testifying her real Concern.

C A R D XV.

Mrs. *Savage* is sorry there should happen any Occasion of her troubling Mrs. *Knightly* with a Card, but she has forgotten the Direction of Mrs. *Ekins*, from whom she borrowed some Books which she is desirous to return. She begs Miss *Knightly's* Pardon for this Message, and for the Trouble she has given in leaving two or three Cards at her Door, and promises to be no farther impertinent.

C A R D XVI.

Miss *Knightly* sends her Compliments to Mrs. *Savage*, and begs she will believe that she is most extremely concerned to have received a Card from her with so much Resentment. Miss *Knightly* will not add to the Cause of her Displeasure so much as to suppose that it is without Foundation; but whatever may have been her Fault, she does most seriously and truly assure Mrs. *Savage* it was not any intended Disrespect. Miss *Knightly* will wait on Mrs. *Savage* To-morrow Morning to beg Pardon, and a Continuation of an Acquaintance which has been always very dear to her.

C A R D

C A R D XVII.

Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton's* Compliments to Miss *Williams*; they hope to have the Pleasure of her Company to the Assembly. A Corner of their Coach is at her Service, and they beg Leave to wait on her at Six.

Tuesday Morning.

C A R D XVIII.

Miss *Williams's* Compliments to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. *Singleton*. She is truly sensible of the Honour they intend her, and will do herself the Pleasure to wait on them at the Time proposed.

Tuesday Noon.

C A R D XIX.

The Bride and Bridegroom dine with Mrs. *Jones* Tomorrow, and they join with her in soliciting the Favour of Mrs. *Thompson's* good Company, as the only Thing that can add to their Happiness. None of your second-hand Apologies, pray now; for, indeed, my Dear, you must come. We are to be very merry.

Wednesday Morning.

C A R D XX.

Mrs. *Richardson* sends her most respectful Compliments to Lady *Lowewell*, and hopes her Ladyship will do her the Justice to believe, that she is inexpressibly concerned that she could not have the Honour of waiting on her Yesterday. Had she received the Card her Ladyship sent in any tolerable Time, she should not have failed in her Duty; but she was on a Party of Pleasure with Miss *Bloom*, and did not see the Message she was honoured with till this Morning.

Saturday Noon.



